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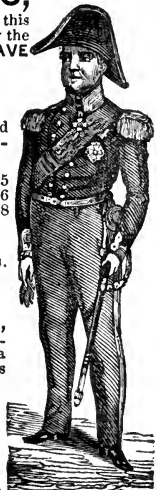
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CONTENTS

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PAGE.

ART. I. The Life of William Wilberforce. By his Sons, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M.A. and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A. 239

II. 1. Sabbath, Honor Neale, and other Poems. By Chenevix Trench, Author of the Story of Justin Martyr.

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2. An Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism. By the Baron Du Potet de Sennevoy.

3. Animal Magnetism and Homœopathy. By Edwin Lee, M.R.C.S..... 301

IV. A Treatise on the Church of Christ, designed chiefly for the use of Students in Theology. By the Rev. W. Palmer, M.A. 347

V. Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. The Merchant and Friar. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H. 372

ART.

PAGE.

VI. 1. A brief History of the Church in Upper Canada : containing the Acts of Parliament, Imperial and Provincial, Royal Instructions, Proceedings of the Deputation, Correspondence with the Government, Clergy Reserves' Question, &c. &c. By William Bettridge, B.D., (St. John's College, Cambridge,) Rector of Woodstock, Upper Canada.	
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3. A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, occasioned by the recent Meeting in support of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts	400
VII. Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.....	423

NOTICE OF BOOKS.	483
-----------------------	-----

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ART. I.—*The Life of William Wilberforce.* By his Sons, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, M.A. Vicar of East Farleigh, late Fellow of Oriel College; and Samuel Wilberforce, M.A. Rector of Brighthelm. 5 vols. London: Murray. 1838.

THE times are gone by, probably never to return, when monks stepped forth from the cloister to direct the counsels of mighty sovereigns, and to wield the secular destinies of Christendom. And little enough is the complacency with which men now look back to the days of frocked and cowed statesmen; for, scarcely can they endure the sight even of mitred legislators! And yet—(in spite of all this universal revulsion against the phenomena which, in former generations, were often witnessed in the high places of the earth)—we profess ourselves unable to look without something of a profound interest upon one particular aspect which those appearances present. During the *darker* ages,—(as it is the pleasure of our wise men to call them),—Religion was not held inherently unfit to stand at the helm, when the goodly vessel of the commonwealth was tempest-tossed, and close upon the breakers. It is true that there may always have been danger in admitting Piety to much discourse with worldly Ambition; seeing that Ambition might be more apt to transform Piety from what she is, to an idolatress, than Piety to convert Ambition to her own likeness. Still, ~~was~~ something that, in those times, Religion and Statesmanship were not regarded as utterly *dissociable* and incongruous things. To the men of those generations, there was nothing extravagant or inappropriate in the combination of a profession of sanctity with the arduous responsibilities of empire. It was never imagined that a faithful devotion to the service of God must, of necessity, disqualify any one for the vigorous and intelligent discharge of duties connected with the temporal interests of man. And we can scarcely prevail on ourselves to doubt, that when nations beheld their fortunes entrusted to the guidance

of men whose vocation dedicated them to God, they were thereby kept in remembrance of that, which now seems to have well nigh fallen into oblivion,—even that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that He alone is the Sovereign of all the kingdoms of the earth. The individual Churchman, exalted to political station, might sometimes chance to be, personally, rapacious, proud, and corrupt. But, still, he was the visible image and representative of a grand and sacred general principle,—namely, that earthly power is never so venerable or so commanding, as when it appears in close alliance with the mightiest influences of holiness.

For instance,—let us only think, for a moment, of such a man as Ximenes. Behold him, robed in the splendour of official greatness. And then, draw aside this gorgeous disguise, and see the shirt of penance in perpetual contact with his flesh. Observe his keen eye, his capacious forehead, and his majestic brow. And, then, peruse his countenance, at once furrowed with the cares of state, and sharp with the austerities of a mortified and self-denying life. Contemplate the man, whose ever-wakeful sense of his sacred calling might place him among the foremost of the saints; while his mastery in the arts of administration and of government might send all ordinary statesmen to school. And, then, consider,—was it possible, with an example like this before their eyes, for worldlings, and for Sybarites, and for traffickers and jobbers in the political exchange, to proclaim that, truly, the atmosphere of religion was one in which the wisdom that rules the earth must, always, be unable to respire; that the cell, or the cloister, or the manse, are the only proper habitation for the spirit of devotion; and that, if it were to intrude itself into the cabinets of princes, we should have nothing to look for, but mutilated energies and infatuated counsels? And was not something substantial gained to the greatest of all causes, by these august and visible proofs, that a man may be serviceable to his country, without forgetting his Saviour and his God?

The picture is one, upon the like of which we shall never look again. And, while we are pointing to it, we are prepared for the reply,—that, after all, the man was a monk and an inquisitor! And, in truth, we are far enough from contending that, in the present state of the world, it could be at all desirable to confound together the functions of the ecclesiastic and the politician. Neither are we maintaining, that, at any time, the cloister is the fittest place of training for the cabinet or the senate. But, nevertheless, in contemplating the loftiest eminences of life, at the present day, one cannot well avoid being struck with the prodigious contrast, which forces itself on our notice, between the practices of those *dark* times, and the habits of thought which distinguish this, our

age of light. At present, scarcely one man in a myriad ever thinks of looking for deep-seated religion in a statesman, or a politician. We look, indeed, for integrity, and honour, and magnanimity, and inflexible stedfastness of purpose; and, even for these we, too often, look in vain. But, as for exalted piety, or strict sanctity of life,—we scarcely more expect it, than the valet of the Premier expects to find the sackcloth, or the monkish girdle, beneath the fine linen of his Right Honourable master. And, if at any time, so strange a phenomenon should occur, as an earnest profession of piety in a great public character, the probability is, that, instead of being welcomed as a source of strength, it would only be deplored, or scorned, as an indication of weakness. What,—it might be asked,—has a priest-ridden conscience to do in the council-chamber, or the senate? What is to become of us all, if the laboratory of legislation is to be converted into one vast scruple-shop? The man has, most certainly, mistaken his vocation. He might have made a decent sort of prebendary enough; or, perhaps, a very tolerable bishop. But he is sadly out of place among lawgivers and statesmen!

This, however, is not all. A profound sense of Christian responsibility seems, to a fearful extent, to have become obsolete, not only in the region of politics, but almost throughout the whole compass of our aristocracy; the aristocracy of Rank,—the aristocracy of Wealth,—the aristocracy of Intellect. In venturing on this sweeping statement, we must, of course, be understood to speak with a due regard to many glorious and gratifying exceptions,—more in number than can be duly estimated by any, but by Him who seeth in secret, and shall reward openly. We speak, mainly, with reference to the general tone of manner and of feeling, in the exalted regions of the community. And, there, we do find that religion is too much regarded as an attribute which great folks may very well contrive to do without: and that, when it does appear, it often involves something like a loss of caste,—a partial excommunication from the pale of *good society*. Its restraints are, there, but little felt in the hour of prosperity, and its consolations but very partially known in the season of adversity. It is either forgotten altogether; or, if remembered at all, it is apt to appear with the terrors of the fabled head, which looked the beholder to marble. If it escapes contempt, or apathy, it will probably be dreaded as an austere, ungenial influence, which kills the young heart of gaiety and blithesomeness; and, in manhood, freezes the current of all generous and useful energy. And hence it is that the high and brilliant world is provided with good store of nick-names, by which religion may be proscribed from all chance of a cordial reception. Enthusiasm—fanaticism—pusil-

lanimity—hypocrisy,—these are among the “ brave words” which are perpetually on the lips of the towering leaders, or the abject followers, in the world of power, of fashion, and of intellect. And excellent is the service which these phrases are found to do, in behalf of those who aspire to be thought superior to the feebleness and prejudice of ordinary minds. And the result has been, that an awful desecration has come upon a large and elevated region of society; to the inexpressible injury of those who are more humbly placed. For, it can scarcely be expected that the poor will escape some temptation to doubt, whether religion can be the one thing needful for them, so long as their betters appear to regard it as the one thing needless or superfluous for themselves; or, at least, as a thing of which their betters may take just as much, or just as little, as may chance to suit their convenience, or their taste.

In a state of things like this, what mortal tongue can do fitting honour to the man, who should stand forward, in the face of the world, and lift up his testimony against this foul degeneracy of Christian men? What words can do justice to him, who should,—not only by his own personal walk and conversation, show how very possible it is to be a faithful and energetic public man, without ceasing to be a lowly and watchful soldier of the cross,—but, who should, likewise, make nearly the whole of a long life one continuous protest against the folly and the madness of doubting that possibility? What shall we say of one, who, for a long course of years, regardless of contempt and obloquy, persisted in the discharge of his baptismal vow; and declared,—in the world of statesmen, and of nobles, and of adventurers in the secular strife for masteries,—that the knowledge of Christ, and him crucified, was, after all, the only knowledge really worth the pursuit of any reasoning man? What shall we say of one, who, while toiling in the furnace of political contention, yet had no hurt, neither was a hair of his head singed, neither were his garments changed, nor the smell of the fire had passed upon him? Now, whatever great and glorious things may be said of such a man, may, nearly to the letter, be said of William Wilberforce. It is true, that Wilberforce was, himself, no statesman. But, he lived perpetually in the midst of statesmen. He moved and had his being in the region, where are forged the thunder and the lightning which shake, and which terrify, the place beneath. And there was he, for the most part, to be seen, in the calm and almost sinless peace which denotes a member of the City of the Living God. It would have been no small thing to say that he was born to the sphere, in which such “ fantastic tricks are played before high heaven” by them who seem to “ have the world as

their confectionary ;” by them, who look upon it as their rightful inheritance to hold

—the eyes, the ears, the tongues, and hearts of men
At duty, more than they can frame employment ;

and further, that he was bred to a familiarity with the tree, the fruits of which are pleasant to the eye, and which seem much to be desired to make one wise ; and yet, that neither Wealth nor Literature could speak to him, as they speak to so many others, with the voice of the tempter, proclaiming—*Ye shall be as Gods!* It would have been no small thing to say thus much of any man. But, noble as this praise might be, it would do but scanty justice to the name of Wilberforce. His most eminent and palmary commendation is, that, even while walking in the labyrinth of statecraft, he never lost the clue which guideth to a better country ; that he made the walls of the legislature to ring with his faithful and courageous testimony to the Truth ; that the false wisdom of the hustings or the court could never rase out from his heart the awful saying,—Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also deny before the angels of God !

The man of whom thus much can be affirmed, has won an immortality which heroes, and politicians, and patriots may well envy. If nothing more could be said of him, this would alone make good his title to a sepulchre in the midst of our most honoured and illustrious dead. He has ceased from his labours, and his works will, doubtless, follow him. The latest posterity shall bless his name on earth ; and the souls, which his example and his writings have helped to save, shall bear witness for him, before all the company of heaven. He shall, there, surely, find that he has a name better even than that of sons and daughters ; that he has a long succession of spiritual inheritors, written on the roll of that bright genealogy, which the Seraphim shall look upon with delight and joy. In the mean time, it is not wonderful that all who honoured and loved him while he was yet in the flesh, should be impatient for a faithful record of his trials and his victories. And such a record, the hand of filial affection has now prepared for us.

It is our purpose to give but a brief and rapid outline of this pregnant history. In this province of our office, contemporary publications have been beforehand with us. We, accordingly, may spare ourselves the labour, and our readers the weariness, attendant upon a very copious abstract of his biography. Our endeavour shall be to seize the points which are most striking and momentous, with reference to his influence on the higher interests of human society. The public are already aware that his parentage was of the highest respectability. We find, among his

ancestors, the stately name of Ilgerus de Wilberfoss, who served in the Scottish wars, under Philip de Kyme, and who intermarried with a daughter of that same powerful house. His grandfather, (who first adopted the modern orthography of the name), was a man of ample property, and of much repute for talent and integrity, among his fellow-townsmen at Hull; at which place William Wilberforce was born, August 24, 1759. His frame in childhood was extremely feeble. But his mind was vigorous and active, and his temper singularly tender and affectionate. His sense of religion manifested itself, in his boyhood, with a degree of seriousness which seems to have alarmed his friends; for they, straightway, came to the rescue, and called in the aid of gaiety and self-indulgence. Their views were potently furthered by the festive and genial spirit at that time predominant in the society of Hull. Under this fostering care, his social aptitudes sprung up into very promising development; and his rare skill in singing made him a welcome guest in every mirthful company. At the age of fourteen, though still much immersed in frivolity and pleasure, he was smitten with a profound detestation for the slave-trade; and vented his indignation and disgust in a letter to the editor of the York newspaper. In October, 1776, he was removed from school to St. John's College, Cambridge; his reminiscences of which are by no means eminently honourable to that Body. We pass them over, however, in the hope and belief that the persons whom he chanced to fall in with, were not fair specimens of the learned society in question. All this time, it would appear that there was an under-current of deeper feeling, beneath the gay and laughing ripple of his outward and superficial life: for, he sacrificed, for a season, the convenience of a degree to certain conscientious scruples touching subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. These misgivings he conquered by subsequent inquiry; but, at that time, was inflexibly resolved to withhold his concurrence from dogmas which he had not thoroughly examined.

The early portion of his political life is sufficiently well known;—his opposition to Lord North;—his close and familiar intimacy with Pitt;—his foreign travel with that youthful prodigy of statesmanship;—his election for Hull,—and, subsequently, for Yorkshire. At this period, he was assailed by the combined seductions of ambition and of pleasure; and, as yet, he had not buckled on the armour by which alone they could be successfully resisted. His eloquence and talent opened to him the brightest prospects of political eminence. His delightful easiness of temper, his winning frankness and vivacity, and his variety of pleasing accomplishment, floated him, easily and pleasantly, into the most

enchancing scenes of dissipation. And his abundant fortune invited him to an unreserved enjoyment of these perilous *advantages*. There was enough of delicacy and refinement in his nature to repel the grosser pollutions of a licentious life. But, of high-wrought luxury, he confesses that he took his fill. He was a member of five distinguished Clubs, at each of which the style of living was prodigal and elaborate. He was, even, very near being drawn in by the Maelstrom of the gambling-table; and was awakened from that dreadful infatuation only by the remorse excited by his own *good* fortune, which, on one occasion, sent him home laden with £600,—the spoil of certain youthful patricians, who could ill afford to be plundered to that amount. His vocal talents recommended him to the Prince. His powers of mimicry increased the circle of his admirers. But, of this last dangerous habit he was happily cured by the caustic remark of the veteran Chancellor, Lord Camden, who pronounced that mimicry, after all, was but a vulgar accomplishment; and who positively refused to be present, when invited to witness the proficiency of Wilberforce.

Hitherto, then, the religious principle within him had given but faint and dubious signs of life. It was not dead. But its slumbers were deep enough to save him from severe and frequent molestation. The sleeper was awakened by what most men would call an accident, but what Wilberforce, more fitly, spoke of as a providence. In 1784, he was anxious to find a companion in a continental tour. He applied to his friend, Mr. W. Burgh. To his surprise, the offer was declined. It appears, by the event, that, if we may so express it, the vacancy had been kept for another. At Scarborough he chanced to meet with Isaac Milner, the brother of the Schoolmaster and Ecclesiastical Historian. The well-stored mind and masculine good sense of Milner seemed to point him out as the person of all others the most to be desired for the purpose. The invitation was given and accepted. But, as the biographers observe, "little could either party then imagine the gracious purpose for which this choice was ordered." The depth of Milner's principles was, then, unknown to Wilberforce; who confesses, broadly, that an earlier knowledge of them would certainly have prevented the engagement. Strange as it may seem, the secret convictions of Milner had, then, merely a theoretical existence. At least, no virtue went forth from them, to influence his outward walk and conversation. He appeared, at that time, as an ordinary man of the world. He mixed in all companies; and joined, as readily as others, in the prevalent Sunday parties. The first intimation of his views was conveyed in his reply to a remark of Wilberforce,

relative to a clergyman of the name of Stillingfleet, whom he (Wilberforce) described as a good man, but one who carried things too far. "Not a bit too far"—said Milner: and this opinion he stoutly maintained in a subsequent conversation. This led to discussion; and, at last, to a proposal, on Milner's part, that they should take Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion* with them, and read it on their journey. The result was, that Wilberforce resolved, at some future time, to examine the Scriptures for himself.

The convenient season, however, did not immediately arrive. On his return to England, he was, once more, in the giddy whirl of fashion. He dined three times a week with Pitt—joined Harry Duudas in the joyous festivities of Wimbledon and Richmond—sat up all night singing—shirked the Duchess of Gordon at Almack's—and danced till five in the morning! But the crisis was now at hand. In the summer of 1785, he resumed his travels, and his discussions, with Isaac Milner. They went through the Greek Testament. They carefully examined its doctrines. They conversed, and they investigated: till, at length, he returned home, "another man, in his inward being, though manifesting outwardly but little of the hidden struggle." It is evident, from his own retrospect of this important period, that the fire had, all along, been shut up in his bones, although, for the most part, in a *latent* condition. Sometimes, indeed, the vivid element would make itself felt. "Often"—he says—"while in the full enjoyment of all that this world could bestow, my conscience told me that, in the true sense of the word, I was not a Christian. I laughed, I sung, I was apparently gay and happy. But the thought would steal across me—what madness is all this; to continue easy in a state when a sudden call out of this world would consign me to everlasting misery; and that, when eternal happiness is within my grasp." And yet—"it was not so much"—he has said—"the fear of punishment by which I was affected, as a sense of my great sinfulness, in having so long neglected the unspeakable mercies of my God and Saviour. And such was the effect which this thought produced, that, for months, I was in a state of the deepest depression, from strong convictions of my guilt. Indeed, nothing which I have ever read, in the accounts of others, exceeded what I then felt."

The path which now lay before him was sufficiently perplexed and rugged. While he was, himself, an altered man, the friends of his youth continued unchanged around him, and utterly unsuspecting of his defection from the service in which they were still very contentedly engaged. In order, therefore, to make his way clearer and more direct, he found it expedient distinctly to

announce to his former intimates, and to Pitt among the rest, the revolution which his own principles had recently undergone. The reception which these communications met with would be amusing enough, if they did not exhibit the *children of this world* under an aspect too melancholy to be contemplated without pain. Some treated the whole merely as an indication of temporary depression. One actually threw his letter into the fire. Others there were, who knew that his life, though often frivolous and dissipated, was never positively vicious. And these persons instantly concluded that nothing could possibly remain for him but to turn *ascetic*; a proceeding which they exceedingly regretted, seeing that it would inflict upon themselves the loss of his social accomplishments and political assistance. Pitt was among those who thought that his poor friend must be out of spirits; and, accordingly, prescribed the never-failing specific of social intercourse and animating conversation. But Wilberforce was not so easily to be put aside. He sought and obtained an interview with Pitt, and grappled with him for two hours. The statesman laboured vigorously to reason the convert out of his convictions. But the cause was too hard for him. He found himself unable to combat the correctness of these impressions,—*provided always that Christianity were true!* Whether it were true or not, was a question, which had, probably, never engaged the serious and sustained attention of the youthful patriot. From boyhood, his whole faculties were absorbed in his own lofty, but bewildering, vocation. It seems, however, that he *had* read the work of Bishop Butler: and the state of his mind may be pretty clearly discerned from the declaration he then made, that this celebrated treatise had raised in his mind more doubts than it had answered. We are not greatly surprised at this. The *Analogy* of Butler is, doubtless, a glorious and immortal work; this mightiest of Vindication. But, still we do not very well see how any man is to make much progress towards mastery in divine truth, if he studies nothing but merely its defensive resources. The grand maxim, after all, is this—he that is desirous, and resolute, to do the will of God, shall know, of the doctrine whether it be of God. If this maxim be forgotten, or disregarded, evidences and analogies, it is to be feared, may be pored over to little purpose. If we would obtain any adequate perception of the beauty and majesty of truth, we should look upwards to her citadel and her sanctuary, instead of creeping for ever about her outworks and her bastions.

It was during the agony of his internal conflict, that Wilberforce commenced the practice of registering, more or less copiously, in a private Journal, all the vicissitudes which befel his inward man,—all the ebbings and flowings of devotional feeling,

—the sunshine and the shadow—the rising or the falling temperature—in short, the whole phenomena of his own spiritual meteorology. Of this practice, it would be idle to speak in general and sweeping terms, either of censure or of approbation. Its effects must depend a good deal upon the peculiar constitution of the individual. It has been said that he who is his own lawyer, is sure to have a fool for his client; and that he who is his own physician is equally sure to have a fool for his patient. These maxims, of course, must be understood and applied in a spirit of reasonable and cautious limitation. And, in that same spirit, we may, at least, venture to say, that it is not every man who is quite fit to be his own confessor. The habit of observing and recording every secret symptom,—the anxious and constant manipulation of the moral pulse,—the incessant watching of the graduations of vitality,—all these are likely enough, in some cases, to bring on a low, morbid, and nervous state of feeling. They may chance to keep the mind, if we may venture on the phrase, in a state of religious *fidjet*. Or, they may convert the man of “*aspin conscience*” into an hypochondriac self-tormenter, a sort of *malade imaginaire*. With some, they may end in a condition of unearthly mysticism and abstraction. With others, on the contrary, they may operate something after the manner of a course of cordial waters, to which the patient has the very dangerous power of helping himself, *ad libitum*. Instances are, doubtless, to be found, in which the practice in question may have been useful and salutary enough. And such, we are disposed to believe, was the case with Wilberforce. His Journal was, to him, a species of sanctuary, to which he could, at any time, retreat from the stunning and bewildering din of worldly strife. It was like the ear of a familiar friend, of undoubted fidelity and secrecy, into which he could pour out, without reserve, all the secrets of his heart. The stamina of his mind were too sound, and his faculties too highly disciplined and cultivated, to leave him much enfeebled or disordered by indulgence in the somewhat dangerous luxury of self-communion. And his perpetual contact with the stirring world around him, would act as an effectual corrective to the propensity towards spiritual caprices and imaginings. His own object was to keep his heart in a state of humility and watchfulness. And, for this purpose, we question not that he may have found an useful auxiliary in his Journal.

But, whatever may be the uses, or abuses, of a religious Diary, a very grave question indeed may arise, respecting the propriety of publishing to the world any such collection of private memoranda. By some, it has been contended that these written soliloquies ought to be held as sacred as the secrets of the confessional:

and, that to make them public—at least without the express consent of the writer—is utterly indefensible. By others, it is maintained that serious injury may be inflicted upon society by large disclosures of this nature. The example, it is said, must have a tendency to deluge the world with a vast influx of worthless, and perhaps pernicious, musings and meditations. Many weak brethren, and some false brethren, may be tempted by it, to think of building up a reputation for sanctity out of no better materials than the miserable fragments of thought, which they are pleased to dignify with the title of *communings with their own heart*. The weak enthusiast, the self-conceited spiritual sentimentalist, and possibly the double-minded adventurer in religion—half devotee, half hypocrite—all these, it is apprehended, may chance, in their turn, to be set up as models for imitation. And thus, the healthful tone of religious principle and feeling may be exposed to the most serious injury; and, in many instances, may be almost incurably vitiated.

We cannot say that we are quite so awfully smitten with these scruples and alarms, as certain of our contemporaries. We are by no means prepared to affirm that no case can possibly occur in which the publication of such private records might be honestly, safely, and judiciously, hazarded. Thus much, however, will doubtless be universally allowed,—that too much delicacy and caution cannot well be exercised by those who have such documents at their disposal. With regard to the *Journal of Wilberforce*, the chief fault to be found with it, is, that, for the most part, it is terribly monotonous. Day after day, month after month, year after year, we have all the permutations and combinations, which could possibly be formed out of a given number of notes, perpetually iterated; and, we must candidly avow, that the effect, upon the whole, is dull and wearisome. It must be almost needless for us to declare that, in saying this, we mean to utter nothing disrespectful to the memory of the journalizer; nothing in disparagement of his profound sincerity and singleness of heart; nothing which may cast contempt or slight upon the struggles and the exercises, through which he passed to his reward. But, it is absolutely impossible that the daily spiritual experiences of any long life, should be otherwise than tedious, unless the individual should chance to be distinguished by some startling originality of character, or, his internal history should be marked by a series of heart-stirring vicissitudes and trials. The *Confessions of Augustine*—for instance—must be interesting, to the end of time. His early entanglement in the monstrous errors of the Manichees—his flounderings and buffetings through the conflicting elements of the heathen philosophy—his long servitude

to the lower passions of our nature—the tender and untiring solicitude with which his mother watched him throughout all the dangerous windings of his course—the reply of the bishop, whom she had wearied with the outpouring of her sorrows and her fears, “Woman, go in peace; it is not possible that the child of so many tears should perish”—and, finally, the planting of his footsteps on the steep and narrow way that leadeth unto life,—all these, and such as these, are matters which at once enchain the attention and edify the spirit. The autobiography of Baxter, again, is, in many respects, most valuable and instructive; and, more especially so, because it shows us that one of the last acquirements of a mature Christian, is the habit of resting chiefly on the prime, simple, and fundamental verities of Revelation, and a growing distaste for matters of merely *doubtful disputation*. But the spiritual life of Wilberforce abounds with no “disastrous chances,” no “perilous accidents,” no “hair-breadth scapes.” Neither does the chronicle exhibit much power of mind, or rich originality of thought. The history of his progress is poor in materials. When once he had torn to pieces the silken net which hung about his youth, the miseries of his captivity were at an end. Like other Christian men, indeed, he had still an internal warfare to undergo. But, it was a warfare which, though sometimes formidable and harassing enough, was marked by no striking variety of adventure. And hence, whatever is to be learned from it, may be nearly as well learned from the perusal of any score of pages taken at random, as from a careful study of it from beginning to end. All this may, doubtless, have been a happiness for him. But it is not a happiness for them who have to follow him throughout all the stages of his pilgrimage. We are, therefore, almost tempted to wish that his biographers could have satisfied their sense of duty by a much less prodigal exhibition of the contents of his Journal. It might, we do think, have been well, if they had simply stated, as a fact, once for all, that he was in the habit of noting down the results of his daily self-examination; and, then, had been content with producing, occasionally, the more important and remarkable specimens of the voluminous record. By this procedure, it is true, the work must have been reduced to about one half of its present size; and grievous disappointment might thereby have been inflicted on a numerous class of readers, who would have bitterly deplored that a word or a syllable of his should have been lost. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the biographers should be unwilling to take upon themselves the responsibility of selection, or suppression. They were, very naturally and amiably, anxious that their father’s character should bear, with its whole influence, upon Christian

society; and, accordingly, they dared not to trust themselves with the exercise of a discretion, which might possibly have shorn it of some element of power.

But, to proceed with the main narrative. The change that had passed upon the mind of Wilberforce, was, finally, proclaimed to the world, by his secession from all the clubs of which he was a member; "a precaution which he thought to be essential to his "safety, in the critical circumstances in which he was placed." From that time, his public life was principally devoted to three objects; the discharge of his parliamentary duties—the improvement of his country in morals and religion—and the abolition of the slave-trade. We gladly leave to others the office of tracing him throughout the whole of his political course. We shall content ourselves with remarking that he utterly abjured the character of a party man. He placed himself in the position of an independent member: a sort of anomaly which, under the peculiar form of our constitution, is seldom regarded with much confidence or favour. In conformity with this resolution to keep his conscience and his judgment unfettered, he opposed the revolution war—for a time, was alienated from Pitt—incurred the displeasure of his friends—and, once, was openly *cut* by the King. By this renunciation of the ties which usually bind public men together, he brought upon himself the sarcastic commendation, that "you might always be sure of Wilberforce—*when you did not want him!*" He was, probably, but little disturbed by the dispersion of *voces ambiguae* like these. Votes are, generally, most *wanted*, when some very questionable object is to be obtained. And these were, precisely, the occasions on which it was to be expected that a *truly* independent man would be most likely to fail his political friends, and thus expose himself to the charge of cowardly or treacherous defection. In spite of all such insinuations and reproaches, he held on his course; with what degree of judgment, we leave others to decide; but, doubtless, with an unsullied and self-approving conscience. How the business of a constitutional government, under a limited monarchy, could be carried on, if every member of the legislature were thus to consider himself as a free, disengaged, unconnected unit, is a problem which we cannot take upon ourselves to solve. And, we are the less solicitous about it, because the solution is not likely to be very soon required. In the mean time, the political world, we trust, is not likely to suffer much from an occasional example of inflexible integrity. The desperate, unflinching, unreasoning fidelity of party men, is an affair of every day's occurrence. And, whatever may be the necessity for it, it is impossible to witness, without grief and shame, the sacrifices frequently demanded

by this relentless and remorseless principle. The contrast to it, presented by the instance of a senator, who acknowledges no supremacy but that of conscience, has, at all events, something about it fitted to ennoble and refresh the heart. It is a spectacle which elevates us to the contemplation of better and purer times than have ever yet been witnessed upon earth.

His efforts for the improvement of the moral and religious character of his countrymen may be speedily enumerated, though it would be no brief matter to follow them out to their full development. His first enterprize was the establishment of a Society for the Reformation of Manners. In the prosecution of this object, he traversed nearly the whole kingdom. He visited many of the bishops. He sought out the most influential of the laymen. For occasional repulses he was habitually prepared: and one of these it is impossible to read of, without unspeakable disgust. "So then, young man,"—said a nobleman, whose house he visited,—“you wish to be a reformer of men’s morals. Look “then, and see what is the end of such reformers,”—pointing, as he spoke, to a picture of the crucifixion!—Gracious heaven!—to think that any one should be found in a Christian land, capable of producing the example of the Saviour, for the purpose of *detering* a faithful and zealous follower of the Saviour, from a labour of piety and love! The Society, however, was soon in useful and active operation, and, as the biographers remark, “was “the first of those various Associations, which soon succeeded to “the apathy of former years.” This effort was, in due time, followed by others of a similar character and tendency;—the Church Missionary Society, in 1797; the attempt to form an Association for the better observance of the Lord’s Day, in 1798; and last, though certainly not least, the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1803. Of all these enterprizes, Wilberforce may, almost literally, be said to have been the main spring,—the grand moving force: and the publication of his celebrated work on practical Christianity, which appeared in 1797, must, at this period, have armed his name with a most overpowering influence. That book came forth at a period when, to use the words of his friend Mr. Hey, “hell seemed to be broke loose in “the most pestiferous doctrines, and most abominable practices, “which set the Almighty at defiance, and break the bonds of “civil society.” And, we are disposed to agree with his biographers, that the effect of it can scarcely be overrated. Its circulation, they inform us, was, at that time, altogether without precedent. In 1826, fifteen editions had issued from the press in England; some of them very large impressions. In 1807, it was eagerly read in India. In America, the work was imme-

diately reprinted; and, within the same period, twenty-five editions had been sold. It has been translated into the French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and German languages. And, beyond all reasonable question, "it gave the first general impulse to that warmer and more earnest spring of piety, which, among its many evils, has happily distinguished the last half-century." While addressed, in the first instance, to his personal acquaintance, it reasoned on the common principles of human nature. It was devotional, not controversial. It spoke the language of no sect or party, but brought out clearly and forcibly the great outlines of the revealed Gospel, contrasting them keenly but soberly with the ordinary practice of the day. It was therefore well fitted, like the *Manual of à Kempis*, to spread throughout the whole church, and call on every side into practical efficiency admitted, though long dormant, principles. Its composition would naturally increase its influence. As a literary work it might be judged to need greater condensation; but its style was the best suited to produce effect. 'I was purposely,' he has said, 'more diffuse than strict taste prescribed, because my object was to make an impression upon men in general.' 'Do not curtail too much,' he once said to a friend, 'portable soup must be diluted before it can be used.' There is in truth throughout the volume a rich and natural eloquence, which wins its way easily with every reader. Its illustrations are happy; its insight into motives clear; and above all, its tone is every where affectionate and earnest. It was seen to be 'the produce of his heart as well as of his understanding.' He addressed his fellow-countrymen moreover from an eminence on which he could be heard; as a layman safe from the imputation of professional bias; and as one who lived in the public eye, and was seen to practise what he taught. He raised indeed a strict, but his own example proved that it was a practicable standard. His life had long been a puzzle to observers. Some had even thought him mad, because they could not comprehend the strange exhibition of his altered habits; but his work supplied the rationale of his conduct, whilst his conduct enforced the precepts of his work. Any one might now examine the staff "of the Wizard and learn the secrets of his charmed book."—vol. ii. pp. 203, 204.

So much for this courageous protest against the moral and spiritual degeneracy of the times. With regard to his other exertions in the same cause, it may be questioned whether the good effected was not considerably qualified and lowered by a certain infusion of evil. His close connexion, for instance, with mixed and motley Religious Associations, may have been produc-

tive of some effects which, probably, would have startled and astounded him, if he could distinctly have foreseen them. He was perhaps, not very unnaturally, captivated and seduced by the hope, that force might be accumulated and condensed by the formation of a grand alliance, out of the followers of every imaginable variety of religious belief and discipline. It would be needless and invidious to dwell upon the results of such experiments. Those results have been the subject of much angry and bitter controversy; and we should be unwilling to be visited by the spirit of strife and discord, while contemplating the life and labours of this eminent servant of the Prince of Peace. Thus much, however, we trust, may be said without offence; that,—whether the effect were designed or not,—the employment of miscellaneous levies, for the service of morality and religion, has actually done much towards reducing and diluting the principle of reverential allegiance to the Church of our Fathers; nay, that it has done much to keep the Church in ignorance or forgetfulness of her own majesty and strength. It must, indeed, be confessed that, at that period, the state of the Church was, in some important respects, such as almost to invite the hand of unfilial rashness. It was the hour of her blameable weakness, and self-oblivion. And some, we fear, there were, even among her own sons, who then approached, unreverently, their slumbering parent, and went and told their brethren without, of her unbecoming and powerless condition. But, among these undutiful and most unnatural children, Wilberforce, most assuredly, is not to be numbered. The utmost that can be said of him, is, that, partly from accidents beyond his control, he had not been regularly trained to a due estimate of her inherent and indefectible claims upon our submission and respect. He had, probably, been taught to venerate the Church of England, rather as the religious establishment of his country, than as one branch of a divine institution. And, hence, he might scarcely be conscious of the evil and the danger of seeking assistance and co-operation from those who were either separated from her, or but feebly and loosely attached to her communion. We cannot but believe him to have been ignorant that, among his fellow-workers, there were some, who, not only despised her, but were secretly labouring for her dishonour and destruction.

But, the grand exploit of Wilberforce was the demolition of the *English* slave-trade; (we wish we could describe the issue of his exertions in more comprehensive terms). We say, his *grand exploit*, because it is chiefly by this, that his name is known, throughout the world, as the great benefactor,—the advocate-general,—of the human race. It would be idle to attempt a brief

history of this marvellous enterprize. We have already seen that the subject appears to have taken possession of him in his early boyhood. It was in 1787 that he publicly devoted himself to the cause. For twenty tedious years did he toil, and heave, and struggle. For a long time, the adventure appeared about as hopeful, as a change in the complexion of the beings whose deliverance he sought. It seemed like an attempt to subvert the laws of nature,—to alter the position of the tropics,—or to reform the vicissitudes of the seasons. The labour was, often, truly of a Sisyphean type. The stone would, sometimes, for a while, be hopefully advancing towards the summit: and then it would rush back again with an impetuous recoil. The hardy adventurer, however, appeared to laugh at “chance, and sufferance,” and disappointment. He seemed resolved to weary out the powers of evil themselves: and, at last, he met with his reward. On the 23rd of February, 1807, in the midst of the acclamations of the House, Romilly entreated the younger members to let that day’s event be a lesson to them, how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition: and, he, then, contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French in all his greatness, with those of that honored individual, who would, that night, lay his head upon his pillow, and remember that the *Slave-Trade was no more!*

At an early stage of this stupendous undertaking, he was animated by the following letter from John Wesley, probably the last he ever wrote; for it is docketed by Wilberforce—“Wesley’s “last words:”

“My dear Sir,

Unless the Divine power has raised you up to be as *Athanasius contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise, in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY.”

Whether, or not, slavery itself be a state of man utterly, and always, incompatible with the spirit of the Gospel, as this letter seems to take for granted, is a question which we shall not undertake to discuss. Be that as it may, still, with respect to the de-

testably inhuman process by which the slave-market of our colonies had been long supplied, no question will, surely, now be raised, except among men, whose nature is well nigh brutalized, and whose human sympathies have been seared by the burning lust of gain. The cause, then, to which Wilberforce dedicated all his noblest energies, was, most undoubtedly, a holy and a righteous cause: and his triumph was among the most astonishing in the history of man. It was, nevertheless, a triumph which was not to be achieved without the application of perilous instruments, and a resort to strange and wild auxiliaries! It is manifest that, in order to accomplish the victory, it was needful to appeal,—not only to the tender-hearted Christian,—not only to the enlightened and intelligent philanthropist,—not only to the high-minded, far-seeing, and disinterested patriot; but the fanatics of revolution,—the preachers of the rights of man,—the self-elected representatives of injured and oppressed humanity,—all these must, of necessity, be called in, to swell the general chorus of execration against the monster-abuse of the age. A banner was to be erected which should summon mankind into universal insurrection against fiendlike selfishness and crime. The cross of fire was to go forth, far and wide; and *the gathering* was to be from every tribe, and family, who professed to bear allegiance to the sacred cause of liberty.

The above is scarcely an exaggerated exhibition of the process, by which alone, *humanly speaking*, the adventure could possibly be achieved. To rely, for success, solely upon the suffrages of wise, and virtuous, and holy men, would have argued an intensity of faith, such as it would be almost a vain thing to look for, in the present state of the world. We scarcely see what was to be done, in those days, by any uninspired man, but to put his trust, under God, upon the power of those moral and humane emotions which have generally survived the fall. On carrying back our thoughts to the period, at which Wilberforce began to act, we can easily imagine how potently he must have been tempted to become all things to all men, in order that he might gain some to the cause which excited his own consuming zeal. Nay—more than this—from the moment in which he lifted up his voice in the legislature, we are unable to perceive how, if he had most earnestly desired it, he could possibly have preserved himself from the incumbrance—(for such it sometimes was),—of miscellaneous confederacy and aid. Philanthropy, like misery, will, sometimes, “acquaint a man with strange bed-fellows” and companions. And, thus it was with Wilberforce. He commenced his labours solely with the intent to deliver a large portion of the human race from physical sufferings too horrible to be thought of without anguish,—and a vast extent of coast from a frightful state

of moral depravity and degradation. But, the result to himself, personally, was, that he soon found himself the member of a vast and mixed fraternity, and claimed as the friend and the ally of nearly all the liberals and revolutionists in Europe.

In short, he found it unavoidable to call up "from the vasty deep," the potent and tremendous Genius of Agitation. And never, we verily believe, since the days of the Crusades, was that turbulent power brought into such general and mighty action. We all know how that power went forth, in those ruder times. We know how it stirred nearly all that is good, and all that is evil, in man's nature. We know how it collected, beneath the banner of the Cross, brave hearts that were beating with fervent though ill-taught devotion, and miscreant adventurers and ruffians, who, naturally, had their being in the midst of spoil, and havoc, and destruction. And we look with astonishment on the operation of the pure fire from the altar, when thus brought into sudden combination with the baser elements which pervade the world. Now, some thing of this sort, we cannot help thinking, was exemplified, during the whole of that astonishing process which ended in the downfall of the British traffic in "human flesh." It was an enterprize which was fitted to awaken all the purest feelings, and the grandest human energies. But it was, likewise, an enterprize which gave scope and occupation to the restless and legionary spirit of mischief and confusion. It brought together the Christian and the Infidel, —the steadfast Churchman and the unquiet Sectarian—the devoted loyalist and the Jacobinical conspirator,—the single-hearted friend of man, and the *Ami des Noirs*! All these it united, (as it was hoped,) in a blessed league, a holy alliance, against one of the most remorseless and abominable systems of cruelty and oppression with which the earth was ever cursed. The confederacy succeeded, it is true. And, we are bound to be thankful for its success. But, then, we may likewise be pardoned if we tremble at the terrible secret which was gradually disclosed in the course of its protracted operations,—the secret of that resistless strength which belongs to the spirit of universal and unwearied *Agitation*.

Little, we are fully persuaded, did Wilberforce suspect that he had summoned forth a spirit, which will probably never be commanded back to its confinement. From that time, to the present hour, it has been "going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it." It was brought up to do the bidding of benevolence; to labour in a task which seemed to approve itself to God and man. But it has, since, been toiling in the service of very different masters. It has been the life and soul of what is called the *movement*. It has been driving forward the process of political regeneration. It has unchained the Papacy in Ireland.

It has let in a deluge of democracy upon our constitution. It is, at this moment, straining all its powers to undo the work of ages. It is loosening all the joints which have so long held the fabric of the monarchy together. It is busy in destroying the solid ducts and channels by which the waters of life should be safely and regularly distributed to every corner of the land; and it will not rest satisfied until the embankments are broken down, and the waters rush forth in turbid streams, spreading confusion over the country which they were designed to fertilize. In short, such is its compass and intensity of action, and such is its fierce malignity of temper, that, in our darker moments, we are tempted almost to regard it as one of the ever-varying forms of that mysterious power, to which the word of prophecy hath assigned the title of Antichrist.

It was not long before Wilberforce himself had "some taste of the quality" of this formidable and capricious "drudging goblin." For, it played him a shrewd knavish trick in the summer of 1792. The Jacobin Convention then delighted to honour him for his distinguished services in the cause of suffering humanity: and, as the most illustrious of all rewards that could be lavished on public virtue, they recorded his name on the immortal roll of French citizenship! It must be confessed that both he and his friends were vilely ungrateful for this high distinction. "I was provoked," writes one of them, "to see your name placed "on the list of citizens by the French *savages*. And for what? " Merely for taking up the cause of humanity, previous to their " taking up the cause of freedom; the love of which, even during " their first and best exertions, was not strong enough to induce " them to follow your humane steps." The embarrassment of Wilberforce may be easily imagined. It might have been awkward to divest himself of his blushing honours by any direct disclaimer or rejection. But it appears that he was extremely anxious and impatient "to prevent the ill effect which this vote " might have upon the abolition cause." And, accordingly, he went to a meeting held in London for the benefit of the French Emigrant Clergy; and there he consented to be on the committee, at Burke's request; *partly, as he acknowledges, to do away French citizenship!* And then who can describe the motley crowds which the cause of abolition, together with his other multifarious projects, perpetually collected round him at home; the "black spirits and white, the blue spirits and grey," which haunted his antichamber and his breakfast-table! It was his friend Hannah More who said that the scene reminded her, at times, of Noah's ark; a vast menagerie of "clean beasts, and of " beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that

"creepeth upon the earth." His anti-room, we are told, was thronged from an early hour. Like every room in his house, it was well stored with books; and the experience of its necessity had led to the exchange of the smaller volumes, with which it was originally furnished, for cumbrous folios, "which could not be carried off, *by accident*, in the pocket of a coat." On one chair sat a Yorkshire constituent, manufacturing or agricultural. On another, a petitioner for charity, or a house of commons client. On another, a Wesleyan preacher; while side by side with an African, a foreign missionary, or a Haytian professor, sat some man of rank, who had sought a *private* interview, and whose name had, accidentally, escaped announcement. (Vol. i. p. 256, 257.) This was his life in 1790; and it was very much the same, in 1808, at Kensington Gore. At that place, he was one morning endeavouring to relax the stiffness of a "starched little fellow," whom he was anxious not to disgust, when Andrew Fuller of Kettering was announced. Not a moment was to be lost. So, before the rugged preacher was admitted, he said to his little friend, "You know Andrew Fuller?" "No, I never heard his name." "O, then you *must* know him. He is an extraordinary man, whose talents have raised him from a very low situation." The way being thus prepared, in walked Andrew, doing no harm, it is true, but looking the very picture of a blacksmith. "What extraordinary people Wilberforce does get around him!" exclaimed Banks one day in amazement. His astonishment, it seems, had been excited by the appearance of Dr. Coke, the Wesleyan, whom Wilberforce himself thus describes:—"I wish I could forget his little round face and short figure! Any one who wished to take off a Methodist could not do better than exactly copy his manner and appearance. He looked a mere boy when he was turned fifty; with such a smooth apple face, and a little round mouth, that, if it had been forgotten, you might have made as good a one by thrusting in your thumb." On another day, his diary records "a large party to dinner, of very miscellaneous materials; some whom I had asked, but who had sent no answer; others coming without notice. Dr. Constaucio, Portuguese physician, intelligent, speaks English. Mr. Townsend, dissenting minister, Borough. Mr. Proctor from Yarmouth, James Stephen, Dicey, and some more. Rational day enough." Besides this almost daily influx, the Slave Committee dined with him once a week during the labours of the Abolition. Messrs. Clarkson, Dickson, and others, whom Pitt, wickedly enough, entitled Wilberforce's *white negroes*, were his constant inmates, and formed a bureau, employed in classing, revising, and abridging evidence under his own eye. "I cannot invite you here," he writes to a friend about to visit London, "for, during

"the sitting of parliament my house is a mere hotel."—(vol. iii. p. 255—257.)

When once the warfare of the Abolition Cause had been accomplished, other views began to expand themselves before the eyes of Wilberforce and his fellow workers. They were at length persuaded that their work must be miserably imperfect if it terminated in any thing short of the emancipation of the negroes, and the total destruction of slavery in our Colonies. And here, again, the blessing of Providence seemed once more to descend upon the labours of our *Athanasius contra mundum*. While he was on his dying couch, in July, 1833, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery was read, for the second time, in the House of Commons; and, the last public information he ever received, was, that his country was willing to redeem itself from national disgrace, at any sacrifice. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness the day, in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling, for the abolition of slavery." It was, indeed, a glorious and animating *Nunc dimittis*, which he was then enabled to utter, after nearly half a century of arduous and incessant struggle! His friends had been led to express a hope that he might be spared to witness the consummation: and the fulfilment of their anticipations "added signal interest to an event which, in the course of nature, might shortly be expected."

And yet, after all, it is with but a faltering voice that we can echo back the notes of exultation with which the triumphs of Wilberforce have been welcomed! The British Slave Trade, it is true, has been demolished: and slavery itself is, at this moment, in a course of speedy extinction throughout our Colonies. But, alas! our example, as yet, has been almost powerless with the rest of Christendom. Slavery, in its most odious form, still disgraces and afflicts the fairest provinces of America,—the land whose independence was built up on the *self-evident* maxim, that all men are created free and equal! And, as for the horrors of the African traffic,—there is too much cause to fear that they have been frightfully aggravated by the partial success of our efforts for its abolition. Flags are still found to float over this horrible merchandize: and, the very restraints with which our humaner laws now seek to limit and embarrass it, have, hitherto, had little other effect, save that of sharpening the remorseless craft and ingenuity of those who still fatten on this vile source of gain. The vessels employed, in former times, in the African slave-trade, were, indeed, little better than pestilential dungeons, even under the regulations framed for their improvement by our legislature. But, unless we are grossly misinformed, they were spacious palaces, when compared with the floating *sarcophagi*,

which have, since, been substituted for them. We have heard from naval men, who speak from knowledge and experience, that the slavers now in use are sharp and narrow shells, of 70 or 80 tons burden, built for the express purpose of outsailing every thing, and of thus setting our cruisers at defiance. On board of these a living freight is crammed so closely, that a dreadful and quick mortality is the inevitable consequence. And the accursed calculation of the traders is, that, if only one-fourth of their cargo can be brought alive into the market, their adventure is sure to be prosperous and gainful! We dare not to trust ourselves with too close a contemplation of the maddening wretchedness which must be endured by the victims thus immolated to Mammon and to Moloch. If the cruelties inflicted on these poor degraded creatures were practised on so many swine, it would be a disgrace to human nature! Happy must they be whose sufferings are most speedily brought to an end! Neither is it possible to reflect, without unspeakable horror, on the ferocious barbarism thus perpetuated along a vast extent of country. The insatiable demand for slaves is found to obliterate every vestige of the domestic charities among the natives. Husbands will sell their wives, and parents will sell their children, if not for a mess of pottage, for a few gallons of rum, or a few pounds of gunpowder. Neighbouring tribes will carry on a perpetual course of kidnapping against each other. And the wretches, who themselves are undergoing suffocation and torture beneath the hatches of the slaver, would have consigned their brethren of the next village to the same fate, if such had been their fortune. Nay, we have actually heard of a negro who was thrice captured, and thrice released; and who, in spite of his repeated experience of the horrors of a slave-ship, sold himself again, each time, probably for no better a price than a modicum of alcohol, or a pouch-full of ammunition! One or two tribes there are, who sternly reject all attempts to engage them in this execrable commerce. But, still, these men scruple not to hire themselves among the crews of the slave-ships; and, instead of feeling compassion for the stifled crowds below, do but exult in their sufferings, as the fit reward of their own baseness and infatuation. It is melancholy and astounding to think that such a *residuum* of murderous atrocity should still be left, after all the *weariness and painfulness* of the abolition conflict! It would almost seem as if the God of mercy had, as yet, for unsearchable reasons, forborne finally to set his seal to a work, which, in human estimation, has on it the impress of beneficence and holiness. But, however this may be, it would really appear as if the labours of the gleaner were likely to be far more severe than those of gathering in the harvest!

One Wilberforce sufficed for the destruction of the British Slave Trade. But, at present, it seems doubtful whether a whole host of Wilberforces would suffice for the universal abolition of the traffic. And, without its universal abolition, what, it may be reasonably asked, has been gained to the cause of humanity?—If Agitation must needs be the grand agency by which, henceforth, the world is to be moved, who can forbear to wish that its powers had been wholly lavished upon the final extermination of this gigantic mischief, in its aggravated horrors, before it began to disport itself in wild experiments upon the sacred fabric of civilized society? It would, in that case, have had work enough for its occupation until the present hour. The *blacks* might, then, have had some prospect of deliverance from misery and degradation. And the *whites* might, at least, have had a long respite from the turmoil and terror of ceaseless movement and giddy revolution!

What remains to be told of Wilberforce's public history, though interesting enough in itself, is of subordinate importance when compared with the achievements we have already noticed. Of his other labours in behalf of the best interests of mankind, the most remarkable are his unwearied exertions for the promotion of Christianity in our Indian empire; and his efforts to extort a legislative recognition of the duty of providing for the moral and spiritual instruction of our colonial dependencies in general. His political course was still distinguished for independence and liberality. He opposed the grant to the College of Maynooth; but was a decided advocate for the emancipation of the Roman Catholics. He was disposed to put his trust in safeguards and securities: and he imagined that, even if the consciences of the Roman Catholics should be able to slip through the noose of a strict and solemn oath, still no *gentlemen* could ever be found who, after swearing not to disturb or endanger the Established Church, would dare to rise and propose any measure to its detriment. The event has shown that the safeguards and securities have all the solidity and strength of a rampart of the loosest sand; and that *gentlemen are* really to be found, whose sense of honour has been disciplined precisely in the same school, in which their consciences have been informed. He was moreover a steady supporter of Parliamentary Reform; and to this course he was chiefly impelled by his just abhorrence of bribery and drunkenness. When the final struggle arrived, which ended in the triumph of that cause, he had retired from public life; and we know not whether he was able to look, without dismay, on the tremendous sweep of the experiment.—His liberal friends were extremely anxious to secure the sanction of his name to their scheme of Mechanics' Institutes, and the

London University. But this was rather too much ! To instruct our artisans in natural philosophy, and to leave them in ignorance of the grounds of our faith, appeared to him to be merely an expedient for training up a race of self-conceited sceptics. And, to keep the most influential classes unarmed with a knowledge of the evidences of Christianity, in order to obtain the support of the Jews, was, in his judgment, "to render a measure, abominable in itself, still worse, by the motive assigned for its adoption." For a time, however, he lent his name to the project, in the hope of promoting some change in the system. But, in 1829, he found himself under the necessity of finally removing it.

In 1825, he retired from Parliament altogether ; and the rest of his days was passed in the serenity of domestic enjoyment, in varied literary recreation, and in the blessedness of that peace which passeth understanding ; though heavy trial awaited him before he was removed to the place where all trials are at an end.

His time was, henceforth, chiefly divided between one or other of his *parsonages*, as he called them : that is, between the residences of two of his sons, who were in the Church, and moderately beneficed. In 1833, he went to Bath, for the benefit of the waters : but, after a trial of two months, it was thought advisable that he should go to London, for the purpose of consulting Dr. Chambers. He arrived in Cadogan-place, Sloane-street, on the 19th of July ; and, there, with but a single groan, he peaceably breathed his last, on the 29th of July, aged seventy-three years and eleven months.

Notwithstanding the profound interest attached to the public career of Wilberforce—his toils in the promotion of good—his grapplings with evil—his wrestlings with spiritual wickedness in high places and in low,—we can hardly doubt that his biographers have found the chief delight and solace of their task, in the memorials of his private and domestic life. In this department of their work, they must have felt themselves, in every sense of the word, perfectly *at home*. At every step, they must have been consoled and supported by the thought, *Eheu ! quanto minus est cum aliis versari, quam tui meminisse !* They must have had the image of their honoured parent perpetually before their eyes. And seldom has there been seen on earth a more winning impersonation of virtue and holiness. If we may venture to say so much—it really seems as if there had been a perpetual rainbow round his head—a halo, bright with all the purest colours of heaven. There was not, indeed, much of outward comeliness in his form. On the contrary, his figure was somewhat diminutive, and devoid of symmetry ; and his features, individually regarded, must have appeared positively plain and ordinary, but that they were

flexibly obedient to the impulses from within. And yet was the appearance of this small ungainly person, the signal for enjoyment in every company that he approached. By natural temperament, indeed, he appears to have been full of vivacity, and cheerfulness. But, when these native qualities had been visited by

“The touch ethereal of Heaven’s fiery rod,”

they assumed an unfailing serenity and brightness, which seemed to mark him out, to all who saw him, as one who was destined to shine in the eternal treasury, in the day when *the jewels* shall be finally made up. “You must allow that Mr. Wilberforce is “cheerful,” said some of his friends to one who had just passed a week in the same house with him, and who had been assailing religion with the everlasting imputation of dulness. “Yes,” she replied, “and no wonder. I should be always cheerful, too, if I “could make myself as sure, as he does, that I was going to “heaven.” The words were designed to convey a heartless, and we cannot forbear to add, an exceedingly stupid, sarcasm. But, —something after the manner of Caiaphas,—the speaker gave utterance to a substantial truth, albeit she knew it not. It might be said of Wilberforce that he felt habitually certain of heaven: for the kingdom of heaven was already within him. He was never inflated with the vapours of spiritual presumption. That was far from him, at all times; and, even when death was at hand, his very last words were expressive of a humble trust, but not of a positive confidence, that his feet were *on the rock*. But, still, throughout all his days, he appeared to be, as it were, on the confines of heaven; for he lived in a perpetual atmosphere of gratitude and love. Every thing he saw and heard supplied his *heart* with aliment. To him, flowers were the smiles of the beneficent Creator.

“The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him, were opening paradise.”

He found “sermons in stones, and good in every thing.” Religion invested him with that, which is said to be one of the choicest attributes of genius,—the power of extracting nectar out of insipidity itself,—the faculty of discerning the elements of beauty or of grandeur, where others can see nothing but monotony and littleness. It was said of him by Mackintosh that he never met with so *amusable* a man,—with one who touched life in so many points. The secret of his happiness may be seen in his *Journal*, which is pervaded, throughout, by the spirit of humility and thankfulness. “Who is there,” he there asks, “that has so many “blessings? Let me record some of them:—Affluence, without

“ the highest rank. A good understanding and a happy temper. Kind friends, and a greater number than almost any one. Domestic happiness beyond what could have been conceived possible. A situation in life most honourable ; and above all, a most favourable situation for eternity—the means of grace in abundance, and repeated motions of conscience, the effect, I believe, of the Holy Spirit. Which way soever I turn I see marks of the goodness and long-suffering of God. Oh, that I may be more filled with gratitude !

“ How merciful that I was not early brought into office, in 1782-3-4 ! This would probably have prevented my going abroad, with all that, through the providence of God, followed. Then my having such kind friends, my book, &c. All has succeeded with me, and God has by his preventing grace kept me from publicly disgracing the Christian profession. O my soul, praise the Lord, and forget not all His mercies. God is love, and His promises are sure. What though I have been sadly wanting to myself, yet we are assured that those that come unto Him He will in no wise cast out. I therefore look to Him with humble hope, I disclaim every other plea than that of the publican, offered up through the Redeemer ; but I would animate my hopes, trusting in Him that He will perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle me.”—vol. iii. pp. 61, 62.

That he was ever on the watch against the treacherous whisperings of the passion which tempts us to seek *great things for ourselves*, is manifest, both from the tenor of his life, and the secret record of his thoughts. “ On looking back,” he says, in 1805, “ what sad proofs have I had lately of the inward workings of ambition, on seeing others, once my equals, or even my inferiors, rise to situations of high wordly rank, station, power, and splendour ! I bless God, I do not acquiesce in these vicious tempers, but strive against them, and not, I hope, in vain. Remember, O my soul, no man can serve two masters. Have I not a better portion than this world can bestow ? Would not a still higher situation place both me and my children in less favourable circumstances for making our calling and election sure ? Covet not then, O my soul, these objects of worldly anxiety. Let God be thy portion, and seek the true riches, the glory and honour which are connected with immortality. Yet turn not from those who have these honours with cynical or envious malignity, but rejoice in their temporal comfort and gratification, while you pray for them, and strive to do them good, by preventing them from being injured by their exaltation.”—vol. iii. pp. 209, 210.

That charity, was with him the brightest of the Christian

graces, is sufficiently proved by the fact, that the strictness of his own views never betrayed him into an ungenerous estimate of the worth of other men. Of Pitt he pronounced that he was the first of *natural men*, though the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he. And, afterwards, he adds the following noble testimonies :—" He (Pitt) is really,—I say it solemnly, appealing " to heaven for the truth of my words,—in my judgment, one of " the most public-spirited and upright, and the most desirous of " spending the nation's money economically, and of making sacri- " fices for the public good, of all the men I ever knew." And, again ;—" I will declare my solemn conviction," he writes to a friend, " that you greatly injure Mr. Pitt by the opinion you en- " tertain of him. And it is my deliberate judgment, formed on " much experience, and close observation, that he has more dis- " interested patriotism and a purer mind than almost (I scarce " need say almost) any man, not under the influence of Christian " principles, I ever knew. That he has weaknesses and faults I " freely confess, but a want of ardent zeal for the public welfare, " and of the strictest love of truth, are not, I believe as God " shall judge me, of the number. I speak not this from the par- " tiality of personal affection. In fact, for several years past, " there has been so little of the *eadem velle and eadem nolle*, " that our friendship has starved for want of nutriment. I really " love him for his public qualities and his private ones, though " there too he is much misunderstood. But how can I expect he " should love me much, who have been so long rendering myself " in various ways vexatious to him, and above all, when, poor " fellow, he never schools his mind by a cessation from political " ruminations, the most blinding, hardening, and souring of all " others ?"—vol. ii. pp. 269, 270.

Nay, even Lord Byron was not excommunicated from the pale of his benevolent and charitable hopes. For, one day, when a friend was reading to him some passages from the life of that strange being, he suddenly interrupted the reader by the exclamation : " There now ; surely there was good feeling in that !"

With the peculiar complexion of his religious principles, the world has long been perfectly acquainted. If those principles are to be judged solely by the fruits which they produced, in his own personal character, we should be impelled to pronounce that they left scarcely any thing to be desired. On a more deep and comprehensive view, however, we may perhaps be forgiven for the suggestion, that a profounder acquaintance with the earlier history of the Church, and a more correct estimate of her office and position, might have given a more vigorous, and more truly *Catholic* tone, to his theological opinions, and have armed him with a still

more beneficial influence on Christian society. However, as controversy and discussion are not our present objects, we shall abstain from a topic which might possibly appear ungracious and unseasonable. We are reluctant to speak, or even to think, of defects, where we find so much to love, to honour, and to admire. One or two things we feel ourselves bound to notice, in justice to his memory; because they show that the natural bias and tendency of his mind was towards the soundest views, touching religious matters. In the first place, we find, from his Journal, that, notwithstanding his habit of recording his own religious experiences, he was early on his guard against the seductive error, that the religious state is to be ascertained by the application of a sort of spiritual thermometer. "This morning (Sunday)," he writes, in 1795, "I felt the comfort of sober religious self-conviction. Yet, true Christianity lies, not in frames and feelings, but in diligently doing the work of God." Further,—although he was, in general, ready enough to learn from the wise and the good of every denomination,—he appears to have been very properly apprehensive of the danger of *itching ears*, and of the propensity of men to *heap up teachers to themselves*. On one occasion, he refused to go and hear Robert Hall; alleging that we attend public worship, in order to be edified, not by human eloquence, but by the Holy Ghost. Again,—the following extract of a letter of his to Hannah More, in 1823, shows that he escaped the epidemic infatuation which was then crowding, almost to suffocation, the meeting-house of Edward Irving:—

"You have doubtless heard of the prevailing *fashion* of resorting to the conventicle to hear Dr. Chalmers's late assistant, Mr. Irving. It is not merely the opposition members of both Houses, Lord Lansdown, Mackintosh, &c. that attend him; their political nonconformity might be supposed to endear to them his ecclesiastical dissent: but the orthodox Lord Liverpool, the vindicator of existing institutions Mr. Canning, press into his meeting-house; and even with tickets you must be at the door an hour before the service commences, if you wish to get in without losing one of your coat-pockets by mere mobbing. I have not yet been to hear him. Indeed, I did not think it quite of good example to adopt the prevailing rage. It is literally true (I was told by one who was present), that an opera frequenter related as a part of the green room's conversation of the last Saturday night, 'Shall you go to Irving's to-morrow?' It is with no little pleasure I have heard that he is a man not only of extraordinary powers, (though even once hearing him speak at one of our anniversary meetings satisfied me that he sadly needs the chastening hand of a sound classical education,) but of orthodox principles and personal piety, and I am assured too, of a fine, disinterested spirit. I thought that you would like to receive some certain intelligence of this extraordinary 'performer;' for such, with all his merits, he now appears."—vol. v. pp. 188, 189.

Lastly, we learn that he lamented the desuetude into which the ordinances of the Church had fallen, as regards the observance of the days appointed for fasting and humiliation. "We attend too little to these days," he writes, on Ash-Wednesday, in 1831. The delicacy of his own constitution was such as to make rigorous abstinence impracticable, at any time. But he never lost sight of the principle. He varied the quality of his diet, on suitable occasions, in such a manner, as to remind him that practical Christianity involves a crucifixion of the flesh.

One word respecting the intellectual capacities and accomplishments of Wilberforce. He appears to have been gifted with a singular activity and versatility of mind. His resources were ample and various, and easily producible. In the estimation of Madame de Staël—who seems to have thought that talking was the chief final cause of the creation of man—he must have been among the first of human beings; for she said of him, "Mr. Wilberforce is the best *converser* I have met with in this country. I have always heard that he was the most religious, and I now find that he is the wittiest man, in England." The House of Commons, however, was the theatre of all others the best fitted for the exhibition of his mental peculiarities. His oratory was rich and vivid, and, frequently, impassioned in a very high degree. But it was, also, at times, loose, and rambling, and deficient in that vigorous condensation which acts with the momentum of a battering-ram. This might, occasionally, be the consequence of insufficient preparation. But, for the most part, we conceive, it may be ascribed to a peculiarity of temperament. He was, by nature, active, almost to restlessness. He found it difficult to plod, long together, in a perfectly even path. His motions were circuitous. He was as laborious as the bee; but, withal, quite as brisk, nimble, and excursive. His erratic propensity was exemplified, in various ways, throughout a considerable portion of his life. At one time, no man ever lived so much upon the wing. It would be curious to trace out all his flittings from one spot to another. A single instance may suffice. At the close of an excursion, in 1827, his Diary records that, in the course of six months, he had made no less than six and thirty visits! These rapid and devious movements were, in a considerable degree, typical of his mental character, as it sometimes manifested itself in his public and parliamentary exertions. Nevertheless, he was capable of the mightiest efforts. On grand occasions, he has rarely been surpassed. It has been justly observed, that he held a very "high and conspicuous place in oratory, even at a time when English eloquence rivalled whatever we read of in Athens or in Rome." He was, moreover, eminently en-

dowed with that sagacity and tact, which are among the most serviceable qualities of a great public speaker. "If there is any one," said Canning, "who understands thoroughly the tactics of debate, and knows exactly what will carry the House along with him, it certainly is my honourable friend, the member for Bramber." Of this, we have one most memorable instance. In 1817, he supported the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, as a severity which, under all the existing circumstances of the country, he deemed absolutely unavoidable. On this, he was assailed by an honourable member, with the following most unworthy and offensive sarcasm:—"The honourable and religious member"—as this person addressed him, in the midst of cries of *order* from all sides of the House—"could hardly vote for any measure more opposed to *vital Christianity*." The retort of Wilberforce was exterminating! "I shall take no notice," he began, "of what has been said concerning myself; though I claim no credit for my silence. For, I am well convinced, that there is not a man in this House who would not feel lowered by replying to such language as the honourable member has allowed himself to use." And afterwards, turning towards the aggressor, "How," he exclaimed—"how can the honourable member talk thus of those religious principles on which the welfare of the community depends? I would fain believe that he desires as sincerely as I do myself to perpetuate to his country the blessings she enjoys. But if I could be base enough to seek the destruction of those institutions which we both profess to revere, I will tell him what instrument I would choose. I would take a man of great wealth, of patrician family, of personal popularity, aye, and of respectable talents, and I am satisfied that such a one, while he scattered abroad the firebrands of sedition under pretence that he went all lengths for the people, would in reality be the best agent in the malevolent purpose of destroying their liberties and happiness."—vol. iv. p. 328.

"Never, in my Parliamentary life"—said a member present—"never did I hear a speech which carried its audience more completely with it, or was listened to with such breathless attention!" His opponent, we are told, was remarkable for a tall erect figure. But, "when Wilberforce turned round to address him, amidst the cheers of the House, he seemed like a pigmy in the grasp of a giant. I never"—says the witness—"saw such a display of moral superiority in my life."

But, here we must break off. It is well known that, in consequence of a public and most honourable requisition, the remains

of this illustrious Christian, instead of being deposited in a private sepulchre, were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey. "It was remarked"—say his biographers, with whose words we conclude—"by one of the Prelates who took part in this striking scene, that considering how long he had retired from active life, and that his intellectual superiority could be known only by tradition to the generation which thus celebrated his obsequies, there was a sort of testimony to the moral sublimity of his Christian character in this unequalled mark of public approbation. For while a public funeral had been matter of customary compliment to those who died in official situations, this voluntary tribute of individual respect from the mass of the great legislative bodies of the land, was an unprecedented honour. It was one moreover to which the general voice responded. The crowd of equipages which followed his funeral procession was unusually great. The Abbey was thronged with the most respectable persons. 'You will like to know,' writes a friend, 'that as I came towards it down the Strand, every third person I met going about their ordinary business was in mourning.' A subscription was immediately opened among his friends in London; it was agreed to place his statue in Westminster Abbey, and as a yet more appropriate memorial, that some charitable endowment should perpetuate his name. Public meetings were held at York and Hull on the occasion, and in the former place, a county asylum for the blind has since been founded in honour of him, while his townsmen of Hull have raised a column to his memory.

"It would be vain to mention all the marks of respect which were paid to him by the public societies in which he had borne part. Nor were there wanting other more private, but not less affecting, tokens of regard. A number of those who had been indebted to his kindness met after his funeral, 'with feelings,' as one of them expressed it in touching, and, it is hoped, not unseemly words, 'almost as disconsolate as those of the bereaved apostles, to lament his loss.' 'Great part of our coloured population, who form here an important body,' writes a dignified clergyman from the West Indies, 'went into mourning at the news of his death.' The same honour was paid him by this class of persons at New York, where also an eulogium (since printed) was pronounced upon him by a person publicly selected for the task, and their brethren throughout the United States were called upon to pay the marks of external respect to the memory of their benefactor. For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies: it was his nobler portion to clothe a people with

“spontaneous mourning, and go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor.

“It is impossible to conclude this history without observing the striking testimony which it bears to that inspired dictate; ‘Godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come.’ If ever any man drew a prosperous lot in this life, he did so, who has been here described. Yet his Christian faith was from first to last his talisman of happiness. Without it, the buoyancy of his youthful spirits led to a frivolous waste of life, not more culpable than unsatisfying. With it came lofty conceptions—an energy which triumphed over sickness and languor, the coldness of friends and the violence of enemies—a calmness not to be provoked—a perseverance which repulse could not baffle. To these virtues was owing the happiness of his active days. Through the power of the same sustaining principle, his affection towards his fellow creatures was not dulled by the intercourse of life, nor his sweetness of temper impaired by the irritability of age. A firm trust in God, an undeviating submission to His will, an overflowing thankfulness—these maintained in him to the last that cheerfulness which this world could neither give nor take away. They poured even upon his earthly pilgrimage the anticipated radiance of that brighter region, to which he has now doubtless been admitted. For ‘*the path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*’”—vol. v. pp. 376—378.

ART. II.—1. *Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems.* By Chenevix Trench, Perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants, Author of the Story of Justin Martyr. London. Moxon. 1838.

2. *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent, and Historical Poems.* By Richard Monckton Milnes, Author of a Tour in Greece. London. Moxon. 1838.

3. *Poems of many Years.* By R. M. Milnes. London. Moxon. 1838.

LOOKING at poetry in its results, what strikes us most forcibly is its value in enabling mankind at large to sympathize with each other; not in that general and rough way which arises naturally from a common object, common friends, or common subjects of interest, but through all the minuter shades of thought and feeling. This sympathy not only furnishes one of the highest and most acute pleasures of social intercourse, but is, as every one

must feel, almost the peculiar instrument by which esteem is warmed into confidence and affection. The constraint and distance which we are so apt to be conscious of in the company of those whom we highly respect, but whose peculiar tone of feeling we cannot appreciate, or who seem careless or incapable of entering into ours, is a ready proof of this, especially when contrasted with the easy and almost affectionate familiarity which often springs from an apparent coincidence of sentiment and taste, even with little or no evidence of soundness of heart. This however is obviously a superficial feeling, and proportionably common. The sympathy which is really to be coveted is deep as well as delicate; being based on that which is the only real foundation of friendship between earnest men, similar moral tendencies, ripening as life goes on, if they do not grow rank and sickly, into similar or analogous objects and pursuits. That this kind of sympathy is incomparably more valuable both in the way of enjoyment, and in its influence over our own and others' conduct, is a matter of experience which a large, perhaps the larger, proportion of ordinary men know to be true, and the rest would not willingly appear ignorant of. Each is good in its way, but one lies at the bottom of our nature,—is what we were made for; the other is only its amusement and exercise. One is to the other what a noble statue is to an arabesque pattern, deep music to pleasing sounds, happiness to amusement, a noble enterprize to a game at chess. The one, though fraught with pleasant excitement, and probably with intellectual improvement and kind feeling, we feel to be but of momentary interest; the other, within the mere outward form of wit, imagination, subtlety or vigour, betrays a life of which they are but the bodily limbs, full of rich and indefinite promise. In this case each coincidence of thought becomes, like the opening of an interesting subject, a pledge for we know not how much besides of friendship and confidence. If in conversation any one merely uses an argument, an illustration, a conceit, which has occurred, or very nearly occurred to ourselves, and which, as having done so, we think ingenious and happy, we are amused and think no more about the matter; but if any one displays a point of characteristic feeling, or implies any fact, not obvious, in his own moral nature, of which we are also conscious in ourselves, we instantly feel so much the nearer him than we were, more anxious to like him, more inclined to find meaning in what he says, and ourselves in turn almost privileged to assume a more confidential tone, and to expect greater attention. This is the sympathy which, in private, makes men love instead of liking each other; and in public, binds masses together for great purposes, penetrating into every subject, from the most minute to the greatest, and swaying, with

a power unanalyzable and incalculable, a multitude even more easily, as historians say, than a fire-side party. No one who has observed the inconsistent obstinacies and vacillations of ordinary men on matters of opinion and practice, can fail of seeing that, in point of fact, one half of what is done or believed, is done and believed by or for the sake of this sympathy. Men will, in general, obstinately submit to the mere assertion of those who have given them proof of having hearts like their own, and obstinately resist the most unanswerable arguments of an uncongenial mind; will abide by the guesses of him who feels their perplexities, rather than the demonstration of him who does not. In spite of speculative difficulties they will, with few exceptions, fall ultimately into that society, that political or religious party, with whom they can feel; or, if they do not, it will be far more generally by the influence of some counter sympathy, from individual friendship or the absence of circumstances to bring their false position home to them, than from attachment to any mere abstract opinions. Again, let any one compare the additional weight which actually attaches to any given opinion from being held by considerable bodies of men, with what might be expected if the mere probability arising from their concurrence were accurately weighed in the eye of simple reason. Men will not embrace a system, however strong the arguments for it, unless it promises them something, as it were, of a home, and will embrace any if it does. Indeed the mere fact that we are separated by thousands of miles or hundreds of years, by mere space or time, from those who act on a certain theory, is capable of acting on the will like an argument against it.

Now, to the regulation of these sympathies, poetry addresses itself in a way in which nothing else does or can. Its power to produce broad and strong effects over uneducated masses is enough attested by all history, from Tyrtaeus to Dibdin, (writers, by the way, who aim with a directness quite remarkable at calling forth a *fellow feeling* among their hearers,) and is pointedly recognized by one well capable of judging, in the well-known aphorism that "if he might make a nation's ballads, whoever would might make their laws." This however is here merely mentioned lest we should seem to exclude it, our especial wish being to illustrate its advantages for uniting in moral sympathy *educated* minds. This will be best seen by observing what are the obstacles it has to overcome. That which it is to elicit is obviously, as one of the highest, so one of the rarest kinds of enjoyment. And why? In the first place, the harmony of feeling on which it is founded is not very general; but besides this there are peculiar difficulties in the way of its reciprocal expres-

sion even where it does exist. Few people know any thing at all below the surface of their own feelings till it is told them, and not immediately even then ; still fewer can convey them adequately to others. Again, what lies deep does not, and cannot while mankind is what it is, form the ordinary subject of conversation, and when it is introduced it is very difficult to be sure that it is genuine feeling and not mere formulæ and technical inferences which we are exchanging. Feelings are difficult to analyze, difficult to express, seldom brought forwards into view, and suspicious when so brought forward.

Now the first and most fatal obstacle, real dissimilarity of character, it certainly is not the office of poetry, scarce of any kind of literature as such, directly to remove. Poetry is addressed, if to any, to those who do sympathize if they knew it ; speaking loosely, it only elicits and gives shape to feeling ; does not destroy, or create, or infuse it ; it does not convert ; for this something more real and stringent is required. Facts are ordinarily necessary ; actual kindness conferred ; actual sympathy shown ; actual good examples given. Literature, indeed, may be a record of facts, which if believed may be of indefinite power in changing men's hearts : but here literature does not act as such. Or, again, wonders may be worked by the exhibition in practice of feelings which poetry first revealed to their possessors. But here poetry does not act *directly*. The utmost which it thus does is to smooth down inconsistencies.

Its effect in furnishing vent and communication to feeling which does, distinctly or indistinctly, exist, is not thus limited. There is no objection or obstacle to the expression or recognition of feeling which it does not seem peculiarly calculated to meet. First, it enables us to know ourselves, and is an expression of that knowledge. Numberless minute thoughts and emotions pass through our mind without leaving any impression, which it is the peculiar office of the poet to arrest, expand, and present to us. Some of these may be important, some may not. Often certainly they are most meaning, and such as we feel most pleasure in sharing with others. But in any case there would be comparatively little chance of our recognizing them in ourselves or tracing them in others were they not so presented.

Many persons will have felt that a poetical expression of feeling, the truth of which hardly struck them at all on reading, has yet, when once admitted into the mind, taken advantage, as it were, of some after-circumstances to make itself understood, and has then instantly seemed to furnish a picture of or clue to a whole course of past feeling and action : and that in so plain and unambiguous a way, that we are quite unable to account for our having failed so long to connect the reality with the represen-

tation. This is even a stronger instance for our purpose than those more obvious cases where the thought strikes home at once. Our having failed to recognize our own feelings when first set before us, shows more unquestionably the degree of indistinctness from which poetry has to rescue us. Even as furnishing similar objects of contemplation to those who were at heart alike, as familiarizing their minds with, and interesting them in the same parts of their nature, this would go far towards bringing them into tune, as it were, with each other: and in fact it does much more, in enabling them to meet at once and understand each other in points where they will most readily respond. The poet not only is a connecting link, but he points to a common ground. He brings the instruments into harmony, and suggests the chords which are to be sounded.

Again, if we were all ever so conscious of our own feelings, and ever so able to express them adequately, there would remain a still more important hindrance to their communication in the reserve which people feel concerning what touches them deeply—a necessary reserve arising from the double fear of speaking confidentially to those who do not really sympathize with them, and of seeming or being ostentatious of their sensitiveness. We know how long men of very high and acute feelings may be misunderstood by those in most constant communication with them, as heavy, proud, cynical, or even unfeeling; not perhaps without some fault of their own, but still with no greater than men ordinarily incur in some way or other in common society, and how, in their turn, they misunderstand men of freer and more buoyant tempers; each perhaps despising the frivolity, or disliking the moroseness, of the other for the same fancied deficiencies, and from the very same cause; because each moves about with more or less of a veil on. And if any thing of this *appears*, being a thing which by its nature escapes observation, it must *exist* to an indefinitely greater extent.

Now all this, as has been before implied, is no obstacle to men's acting together, or to their respecting each other; but it is a very great obstacle, as great as well can be, to warm confidential intimacy, which is not so plentiful in the world that we can afford to lose it. Here is the difficulty: confidence,—sympathy ought to be, it is scarce too much to say, our greatest earthly pleasure; that which, even in our general intercourse with each other, we should always be striving to enjoy, if a Christian community were what a Christian community ought to be, and should feel that we performed a duty in enjoying. We see many frank and eager people who consciously or unconsciously do so act; who will never rest in mere agreeable routine conversation, but are ever flying to something which has a stronger hold on their

own or others' feelings; people who are strongly alive to the claim which every human being has to be an object of interest to every other human being, who are good-hearted enough to take this universal interest in others, and simple-hearted enough to expect it for themselves. Often of course this is but frivolous egotistical chattering, but often it is not; and when men join with it, as they often do, modesty, strength, and independence of character, when the objects which occupy their own minds are sufficiently rational, and their mode of dealing with them sufficiently true and manly to give them a fair claim on the attention of others, and when the sympathy with which they answer such attention is that of benevolence, not of gossiping curiosity, then the kind feeling which they create around them, and the good qualities which, by expecting them, they bring to light, may serve to show us how very much we lose, not only of enjoyment, but of improvement, by moving about unknown to one another. By seeing the good which such men do elicit, we may judge how much we may be undervaluing each other. It is one thing however to see our disadvantages, another to remedy or obviate them. It is true that such persons as have been described do draw forth good when any one else would fail to discover it. But any observant and refined mind would scarce fail to see that this is not done without considerable infraction of the respect due to thoughts and feelings, which, not only as our own, but as shared and cherished by many wiser and better than ourselves, deserve to be treated in no random or inconsiderate way. It implies a peculiar kind of insensibility or inattention; a want not exactly of delicacy, but of tact and observation. Persons who are thus general in their communications would perhaps be as much shocked as any one else at the thought of speaking in their honest confidential way to those who at heart ridiculed or despised, or were wearied at it. Still they do so speak—they are “too good for this world”—too ready to judge of others by themselves; and when they speak of what strongly and rightly interests themselves, they do not expect, and are therefore slow to perceive, that they are being put off with cold acquiescence, or hollow unreal affectation, and in consequence, without seeing it, they do dishonour to the good feelings which they so nakedly exhibit. What, then, is to be done? Are we still one by one to go through the same alternations of hopes and disappointments, thoughts elevating and degrading, perplexities, struggles, failures, and consolations, unencouraged by the knowledge that others are passing along our own course, many far before,—many, perhaps, we know not who, far behind; but still thousands more or less, and some with a strangely minute coincidence, conscious of all those great and little temptations, impediments, desires, and reliefs, which, with-

out some intimation of their existence elsewhere, we should fancy too eccentric or complicated, perhaps too inconsistent or unworthy, to have sprung up in other hearts than our own? How are those who feel they have something within them to do justice to that something, to give it form and shape, and to plant it in the hearts of others, without setting themselves up as butts for cold ridicule or foolish sentimental interest? Some men struggle against the difficulty by throwing deep truths abroad on the world wrapped in jest, irony, or paradox, unveiling themselves only to those who have quickness of perception to detect the warmth within this uncongenial clothing. Irony and paradox, however, seem but inadequate media to convey that which should be above all things winning and elevating. Vigorous, indeed, penetrating and earnest, if earnestly used, they are, but of a forbidden and suspicious aspect: they scarce lose their ambiguity even when understood. We seem to want a voice, which, while it seems unmeaning to the world, speaks loudly and freely to those who are worthy to hear,—a writing, if it were possible, which should be colourless to the many, but flash unfailingly into meaning and brilliancy under the warm gaze of kindred feeling. Words, if it may be reverently said, like those of Scripture, which shall carry indeed a sufficient and intelligible sense to all who apply their intellects to seek it,—far more, perhaps, shall have grandeur and beauty and power to extort admiration from the critic and man of taste, yet only unveil the real and abiding truth which they contain to those whose hearts have half anticipated it. Let us see whether poetry does not in a very remarkable way answer this difficulty.

A *poetical* way of viewing things is that which is opposed to a matter-of-fact one; it is poetical so far as it does not rest in the mere phenomena which it handles, but aims at informing them with something spiritual, ideal, unearthly; and any object or thought is ordinarily called poetical so far as it refuses to be appreciated except through this medium. A comfortable English homestead, for example, which has a very sufficient explanation of its own, less so than a landscape, which forces on us fantastic associations, desolation, or a storm; or, again, a storm itself is less so to sailors on board, on whom it enforces certain definite practical consequences quite sufficient to engross their attention, than to landmen, who can contemplate it in quiet. What again constitutes a metaphor or an illustration poetical? not the mere grandeur or grace of the images of which it is composed; nor yet its truth, its efficacy in explaining the subject in hand, or in concentrating the attention on it. Rather the contrary; rather its virtue in transmuting what it touches, in carrying our eye through

the material phenomena with which it is occupied to that, perhaps most vague, something which is the associating link in the poet's mind; which to his eye both illustration and thing illustrated point at or embody, the truth to which they are a kind of approximation. Mr. Wordsworth's poem, called "Nutting," though it cannot be called illustration or metaphor, is a very pointed instance of what we mean. Again, what is the common poetical element in the characters of Hamlet, Miranda, Shylock, and Caliban? Not certainly goodness or beauty, if the two latter are poetical conceptions; not merely their truth or consistency, else Miss Austen would be one of the greatest of poets, but that indescribable glowing elevation of tone which runs alike through all, and seems alike to lift us off the ground and make us tread in air while we read them. Poetry is essentially an aspiration; is the effort to realize, or rather more, the partial realization of things not seen or proved; is faith,—often a false and wicked faith,—often an unconscious faith, (for it does not analyze itself,)—often most indefinite in its object in proportion as it is unearthly, and dealing with those indefinite intimations of what is unearthly, which we find in feelings, coincidences, and analogies. Without this feeling no man can be in any true sense a poet; though a clever man, by simulating it, may write interesting poetry; with it in some sense he *must* be. Accuracy of observation, fertility and vividness of conception, power and variety of language, activity and comprehensiveness of thought, skill in combination and disposition,—a certain number of these are necessary to make a great poet, for by great poet we mean one who gives an adequate shape to all he feels; all, and perhaps many more, to make a faultless one; but they are mere accessaries, conditions for the expression of poetry, not the thing itself. There is not one of them which may not belong to the merest wit, the merest politician, or the merest reasoner. One who is a poet indeed has or is struggling after a solution for nature, (if he is a good man too, *the solution*,) which he is ever, according to his talent, applying to all the opposite phenomena which surround him. His solution indeed is not a logical one,—it is no proposition or set of propositions, no analysis or explanation of the wonders and inconsistencies of nature. He receives results fearlessly and in faith, as he finds them, and though, viewed through the rich ether with which he clothes them, they cease to be difficult or perplexing, wonders and inconsistencies they remain. It is his tone, his way of seeing, which harmonizes every thing, and which he struggles to communicate. He is ever presenting different objects under the same light, and the same objects under different lights, changing our position and his own, like one who wishes to make

us see towers and faces in the clouds or in the fire ; trying every avenue to our hearts, every joint in our armour, if by any means men may be awakened into seeing with their eyes ; or in pure joy at the light he has, he is throwing it forth in his own way, in the full faith that there must be those in the world who have the heart to comprehend it.

This, it must be confessed, is somewhat vague ; but it is at any rate so far true, that, while it leaves the poet truth as his subject, it gives him the privilege of not being taken *quite* literally. He is allowed to place his thoughts and feelings before others, not *exactly* as he thinks and feels them, but with a certain golden colouring, in which far more of firm faith or acute sensibility may be expressed than he would venture in plain truth to arrogate to himself. And if he is not bound to feel *exactly* what he expresses, to how much is he bound ? What are we to understand him really to mean ? What is ornament and what deep truth ? What heart and what fancy ? We must be content to guess how much he means, by feeling ourselves how much is true : as in the case of irony or caricature. We must believe not what his poems *say*, but what they *evidence*. And as a writer who does not claim or receive credit for what he says because he says it, but only so far as it carries intrinsic evidence of being genuine, feels that he may speak nobly without ostentation, so he may paint freely, without profaning, his own feelings and their objects, when he knows that those who would treat the realities with coldness or ridicule, are in no way likely to suspect the existence of any reality at all, but would view and criticize its expression (if it did not escape them altogether) as a mere poetical licence, a flight of imagination, a conception, good or bad, successful or a failure, as might chance. And what poetry is to the poet, criticism on his poetry is to his admirers. It has been observed already, what every one must feel who has ever discussed a favourite author, how unfailingly it elicits similarity of sentiment when that similarity exists. It ought here to be remarked how naturally and unostentatiously it does so. The line between dispassionate scientific criticism and that which comes from the heart is as elastic as that which separates poetical ornament from reality. And the critic accordingly has his share of the poet's security ; he is only appreciated when he is true, only understood when he is appreciated. But this need not be dwelt on ; no one at all conversant with popular conversational criticism can fail to see how much it is the case. We should like to know how many of the Elizabethan gallants who thought Caliban a good joke, or of the ladies who thought Ariel a sweet little thing, for such people, or their counterparts, must have been then, as now, detected, or

would have cared for that idea of pure unworldliness which the whole scheme of "The Tempest," as well as almost every character and contrast which it contains, from Ariel to Caliban, from Miranda to Trincalo, from Prospero to Sebastian, is calculated to bring out. And yet it is not unusual with Shakspeare, rather it is his habit, consciously or unconsciously, so to dedicate his plays; to make the characters, bad as well as good, converge, as it were, on some noble moral conception. Pomp and magnificence form the appropriate atmosphere of the play in which Henry VIII. is the presiding luminary, and in it Buckingham, Katharine, and Wolsey are raised before us, one by one, to show in their successive falls, and Cranmer, in his trial, how pride of birth, of place, and of conscious innocence, and, lastly, how meek humility avail against sudden ruin. So unsuspecting confidence seems, as it were, the key note to "Othello;" energy of will and the domestic duties to "Macbeth" and "King Lear;" and to suggest at random, what may easily be polished into accuracy, perhaps loving generosity to "The Merchant of Venice," the kindly grace of nature to "As you like it," and justice (as its name implies) to "Measure for Measure." The last, indeed, one could almost fancy an allegory emblematic of the providential government of the world. And it is worth while observing this, though it is somewhat treading on our own footsteps, as one of the modes in which Shakspeare protests against the notion, that what is true deserves to be represented in poetry by mere virtue of that truth, that the poet's office is merely to hold a mirror up to nature. Taken in its full extent, this maxim would deprive the poet of all principles of selection. And few, we suppose, would so hold it, though many speak as if they did. Certain it is great poets have not been content with the homeless liberty which this inflicts upon them: they have not so deserted their vocation. They have used their keen insight into nature with boldness and energy,—but still *as an instrument*; an instrument by which to render intelligible to others those forms of ideal excellence which they felt to be the legitimate objects of admiration. Often, indeed, "the light that was in them was darkness." We know that many in our own and other ages have laboured to throw a poetical splendour over pride, revenge, sullen misanthropy, and voluptuousness. Such writings will indeed give little pleasure to minds of a different cast by the mere talent they exhibit. They will be too painful and revolting. That vicious notion of excellence which is such a poet's idol, may, and will in proportion to his power and originality, so consistently impress itself on his conceptions, his language, and even perhaps his rhythm, as to tinge them all with its own offensive character. But there has been a living spirit in what such men have done,

though it has been an evil spirit. They have been poets. Even vanity, with all its contemptible egotism, still leaves them poets, and if not an exclusive passion, perhaps great poets. Bad as they have been, they have done homage to the law which demanded of them not indiscriminately to reflect, but to be something and to be the preachers of something. We would venture to predict that it would be found no elusive task, though a most difficult one, no mere exercise of ingenuity, but a most true and important course of criticism, to extract from the writings of all our first poets, and to exhibit vividly and intelligibly that notion, not exactly of beauty, nor yet exactly of moral excellence, but rather perhaps of *the admirable*, which governed their thoughts and language. Few men would be equal to it; but the mere names of Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Burns, or to take a few prominent poets of our own day, of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, and Moore, are by their mere recital almost enough to show the reality, as well as the interest and variety, which such a discussion would have.

On the whole, if what has been said is true, it amounts to this. We may admire poetry and take pleasure, a great deal of pleasure, in it for the sake of the art which it displays, as we might in a piece of mechanism; with such admiration as critics and practised connoisseurs make it their business to dispense. This is obviously not enough, we are here only pleased at observing a skilful adaptation of means to an end:—what is that end? And this critical admiration is a sadly meagre feeling in comparison with those which poetry is unquestionably capable of exciting:—what are those other feelings? Are they the excitement produced by a vigorous description of an eventful story, novel and true conceptions, or rich and fanciful imagery as such? There is certainly nothing self-contradictory in supposing that excitement, elevation, or whatever it is to be called, is the ultimate end of poetry, if people will allow that this is a real and adequate account of the highest kind of pleasure which they have felt from it. But, we believe, that those who are in the habit of trying to appreciate the inner meaning of poets will not allow this; we believe they will be conscious of having felt a still deeper kind of satisfaction, and one which bore the stamp of a higher authority in the sympathy they have found there, expanding and bearing evidence to all that their own feelings had told them, and often replacing a sense of insulation and peculiarity by an intelligent expectation of a wider communion with others. We believe that the expectation of this sympathy, whether from a large or from a small circle, from one friend or the whole world, is the poet's legitimate inspiration, egotistical only when he asks others

to feel *for* him, instead of *with* him; when he writes for *admiration*, instead of sympathy; and that in the bestowing and seeming to receive it is the truest pleasure which he enables each individual reader to enjoy. And we have attempted to show at some length the greatness of the end which this opens to him, no less than to educate and bless mankind by teaching them to sympathize with each other; the peculiar capabilities in the nature of poetry which seem to mark it out as the proper instrument for this work; and the power which by dint of these capabilities it does actually exercise. But it is time to proceed to the two poets on whose heads we have discharged this dissertation, hoping that it will be found to throw some light on our estimate of their merits.

What gives Mr. Trench's poems their charm, is their exceeding truth and reality; he seems unable to write except from the bottom of his heart, and his poems have all that noble delicacy of expression, the chastened and reverent simplicity which springs from truth. Nothing is overdrawn. Whether his subject require majesty, or tenderness, or pathos, a spirit of thoughtful self-possession breathes ever through his rhythm and language, which is our warrant for delivering our minds unreservedly to him while we read, with a feeling of most delightful security, from all the exaggerated passion and exaggerated calmness, the elaborate conceits and prettinesses serving to convey nothing but themselves, which a charitable and patient reader wearies himself with sifting, analyzing, and reading backwards and forwards, in the fruitless hope of discovering here and there one or two unstudied indications of genuine feeling.

The volume before us has every appearance of being a most true reflection of the author's mind. He would seem possessed of warm poetical susceptibilities, but also, happily, of a deep and earnest heart; and as such incapable of being permanently imposed on by those aimless emotions which any man of imagination may excite in himself, even to morbidness, by the mere survey of his own, perhaps picturesque, conceptions. He beautifully exhibits in his "Introductory Stanzas," the power and the helplessness of poetry, how little it can give to an anxious mind if earnestly seeking an adequate object for its perplexed feelings, while only (what some maintain it only should be) a *creation*, the evoking of a pageant which is to vanish,—snow companions which melt like Lailah's in the evening; and how much, to him who breathes it forth as a voice expressive of those realities which he cannot otherwise communicate,—the thrilling touch by which others may be won, not merely to fancy his fancies or conceive his conceptions, but to fathom those truths which are his "peace and joy." Speaking as one who had sought in cherished poetical

feelings a refuge from disquieting thoughts, an answer to an enigma which he must read if he would be at rest, he proceeds,—

“ Something thou spak'st, but nothing to my need,
So that I counted thee an idle thing,
Who, having promised much, could'st no true succour bring.

IV.

And I turned from thee, and I left thee quite ;
And of thy name to hear had little care :
For I was only seeking if by flight
I might shun her, who else would rend and tear
Me, who could not her riddle dark declare :—
This toil, the anguish of this flight was mine,
Until at last, inquiring everywhere,
I won an answer from another shrine,
An holier oracle, a temple more divine.

V.

But when no longer without hope I mourned,
When peace and joy revived in me anew,
Even from that moment my old love returned,
My former love, yet wiser and more true,
As seeing what for us thy power can do,
And what thy skill can make us understand
And know—and where that skill attained not to ;
How far thou canst sustain us by thy hand,
And what things shall in us a holier care demand.

VI.

My love of thee and thine—for earth and air,
And every common sight of sea and plain,
Then put new robes of glory on, and wear
The same till now, and things which dead had lain
Revived, as flowers that smell the dew and rain :
I was a man again of hopes and fears,
The fountains of my heart flowed forth again,
Whose sources had seemed dry for many years,
And there was given me back the sacred gift of tears.

VII.

And that old hope, which never quite had perished,
A longing which had stirred me from a boy,
And which in darkest seasons I had cherished—
Which nothing could quite vanquish or destroy—
This with all other things of life and joy
Revived within me—and I too would seek
The power, that moved my own heart, to employ
On others, who perchance would hear me speak,
If but the tones were true, although the voice were weak.

VIII.

Though now there seems one only worthy aim—
 For poet,—that my strength were as my will!—
 And which renounce he cannot without blame—
 To make men feel the presence by his skill
 Of an eternal loveliness, until
 All souls are faint with longing for their home,
 Yet the same while are strengthened to fulfil
 Their work on earth, that they may surely come
 Unto the land of life, who here as exiles roam.

IX.

And what though loftiest fancies are not mine,
 Nor words of chiefest power, yet unto me
 Some voices reach out of the inner shrine,
 Heard in mine heart of hearts, and I can see
 At times some glimpses of the majesty,
 Some prints and footsteps of the glory trace,
 Which has been left on earth, that we might be
 By them led forward to the secret place,
 Where we perchance might see that glory face to face."

Mr. Trench will not degrade poetry to any lower purpose. Hence, it has been said, his great charm, and hence perhaps his defect, which is a want of freedom and elasticity. His poetry aspires to embody that which lies deepest in his own heart; and it might be fancied that he had aimed at pruning off so vigorously all that he did not know to be in good faith there, or that being there savoured of frivolous levity, as to have debarred himself from that healthy play of the fancy which is to the poet what games and festivities are to youth,—though a most unworthy end, yet an expanding and invigorating education, of its varied powers. If this has been the case, the result has been something of a loss. Perhaps, indeed, the loss has been more than compensated. If freedom was to be bought at the expense of one atom of that calm serious beauty which pervades the volume, we could not wish things otherwise than they are. But we cannot help thinking that they must have co-existed to a greater extent. It may be unfair to judge, that what a poet has not chosen to introduce into a duodecimo of 180 pages, not professing a miscellaneous character, he does not possess; but in this case the omissions have a characteristic appearance. There is no playfulness in the volume—there is nothing indicating a discriminating view of human character—nothing which shows a painter's eye—judging from this volume it would be quite correct to say, that Mr. Trench loved nature, not quite so to say that he was remarkably alive to natural beauty as such. Scenery, we should guess, would

interest him not as introducing him to new and surprising forms of grace and grandeur, but as a kind of seal and evidence to certain thoughts which his mind had previously dwelt on; an effect which might happen to be produced by the most ordinary, nearly or quite as well as by the most beautiful sight. What we have said of scenery we should expect to find true, *mutatis mutandis*, of intellectual truth and human character. We should expect to find Mr. Trench uninterested by them, except so far as he distinctly appreciated in them a moral or religious element. Hence, *we* should say, his omissions; and hence (for we are not left to mere negative evidence against him) some few poems in which graphic spirit might fairly be expected as "Harmosan," "Sabbatun" and others, are far less successful than those in which the author's personal feelings seem to be more distinctly embodied. And the converse of our accusation is certainly true; that, as it is not Mr. Trench's nature to do justice to that which is unconnected with his deeper feelings, so a valuable thought, which is connected with them, he sometimes puts into metre, though it really has not a fair claim to stand as poetry, but would be more appropriately placed in a "golden grove," or "sacra privata." Some of the "Century of Couplets" are, we think, liable to this objection.

xxxv.

"If humble, next of thy humility beware,
And lest thou should'st grow proud of such a grace have care.

xxvii.

Despise not little sins—for mountain high may stand
The piled heap made up of smallest grains of sand."

It is possible that in many positions these might become poetical, but they want a position to make them so; as many of Hamlet's beautiful reflections when torn off and quoted piecemeal, without the colouring which his character sheds on them, sink into apophthegms. We are ready to believe that when Mr. Trench is become a more voluminous writer, and his readers consequently better acquainted with him and his mode of feeling the truths which he so nakedly puts forth, his mere enunciation of them may be sufficient to effect the same purpose; in the meantime certainly *hæremus*.

In all these respects his present volume differs somewhat from his first. It is more concentrated: Mr. Trench seems to have found more completely his own appropriate form of expression, and to confine himself to it. His step is firmer and more collected, his meaning more undiluted, the flow of his poetry more strong and deep, with that tinge of chastened severity which was

perhaps wanting to make his former volume all that religious poetry ought to be. But still he has lost in glow and variety. Perhaps this loss may be a necessary condition of the gain;—if it is so, we need not complain, for it is far more than compensated. We repeat we would not sacrifice one jot of serious earnestness to gain or regain the power of a vivid description, the discriminating perception of external beauty, the play of which we yet feel the absence. But we do not think it need be sacrificed, nor does Mr. Trench. He would agree with us in thinking that physical and intellectual Beauty are to natural religion, in some respects, what incomprehensible Truths are to revealed. We cannot tell its bearings, we cannot tell why it should exercise over our feelings that power which it does exercise, (else what do we mean by the word ?) and with something approaching to the authority of conscience, any more than we can tell why mysteries are given us by the word of God. Yet He has affixed to each in its appropriate place its own sufficient evidence, nor in either case can we venture to say how we may be maiming our conceptions of Him, by neglect of the present means which he has given us of enlarging our hearts and minds to His knowledge, whether through the words of his messengers, or through the varied reflexions of His greatness, which he has enabled us to recognize. If even our humility is a shadow of some adorable attribute of His, which the great fact of the Christian dispensation evidences, what may not be so? But Mr. Trench's own words shall speak for himself and us. We shall be easily pardoned for lengthening our extract beyond what is to our present purpose.

“ Have we left

Our love for nature, now to love her less,
 Now we have learned that all we so admire
 Is yet but as her soiled and week-day dress,
 And nothing to the glory she shall wear,
 When for the coming Sabbath of the world
 She shall put on her festival attire—
 Or closed our hearts to what of beautiful
 Man by strong spell and earnest toil has won
 To take intelligible forms of art,
 Now that all these are recognized to be
 Desires and yearnings, feeling after Him,
 And by Him only to be satisfied,
 Who is Himself the eternal Loveliness.

Has it been so with us, that men should say,
 That they should say with reason we have now
 Narrowed our hearts, forsaken our old joy
 In Nature, or renounced the glorious hope
 That once we cherished for the race of man?

That hope, that joy, that longing, still are ours,
 And shall continue with us to the end,
 Else better not to be. True is it, we walk
 Under the shadow of such mysteries,
 That how should they not darken us sometimes ?
 And how in such a mournful world as this
 Should Love be other than a sorrowing thing,
 A call to grieve ? for though its golden key
 Sets open to us a new world of joys,
 Yet has it griefs and sorrows of its own ;
 Making things grievous that we once could bear
 To look at with a careless tearless eye."—pp. 151—153.

We ought not, however, to forget that one of the most beautiful of his poems, Honor Neale, from which we only do not quote because we fear to do it injustice by selecting portions, shows very different powers, being as faultless and as keenly touching a specimen of simple homely pathos as we ever remember to have read. With this mention, and one more extract, breathing all over the deep unexcited fervour which is characteristic of the volume, our readers will have a pretty accurate notion of the style of poetry in which Mr. Trench feels himself at home.

" If there had any where appeared in space
 Another place of refuge where to flee,
 Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
 And not with thee.

" For we against creation's bars had beat
 Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
 Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
 Where thou wert not.

" And only when we found in earth or air,
 In heaven or hell that such might no where be,
 That we could not flee from thee any where,
 We fled to thee."

Mr. Milnes's poetry stands in remarkable contrast with Mr. Trench's. If his volume gives us a true notion of its writer, a sonnet in the Memorials, beautiful and very true to nature, in itself, is so amusingly characteristic of him that we cannot resist extracting it *in limine*.

" I love the forest ;—I could dwell among
 That silent people, till my thoughts up grew
 In nobly-ordered form, as to my view
 Rose the succession of that lofty throng :—
 The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves
 Formed by the slow decay of numerous years,—
 The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,
 Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—

The chirp and flutter of some single bird,—
 The rustle in the brake,—what precious store
 Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferred?
 And then at times to send one's own voice out,
 In the full frolic of *one* startling shout,
 Only to feel the after-stillness more!"—p. 5.

We find everywhere the working of a rich and active fancy; a warm and susceptible mind readily impressed by all the varied forms, not only of natural beauty but of affectionate feeling. There is a graphic energy, a free play about his poems which is exactly what we have accused Mr. Trench of wanting. But they are constantly suggesting to us that the feelings of which they are the result are more lively than deep; such as the author would not much care to expel or intrude upon by "the full frolic of one startling shout." They are not unaffected. Mr. Milnes easily conceives a feeling, and too readily gives himself credit for being possessed by it. The consequence is, that in many very striking poems we are met by a most provoking mixture of what has the touchingness and much of the simplicity of truth, with what is very glaring and artificial, of life and beauty with unreality. He is apt to forget on these occasions that true feeling is simple: that even when it most preys upon itself, analyzing, tormenting, probing what least bears the touch, contemplating and repining at what should be combated, it shrinks, so long as it is true, from expatiating on the results of its painful analysis. It *allows itself to be seen*, does not protrude itself, colour, explain, and illustrate. And if it does force itself, like Washington Irving's Italian, to paint the hideous phantom which haunts it, least of all does it frame, glaze, and send it to the Exhibition. We must avow there is, to us, a kind of self-contradictory absurdity in all those definite statements of strong feeling, morbid misery, and so on, thrown into the first person, which are inflicted on us remorselessly by the "lay-it-on-thick" school of poetry. They condemn their authors at best of unreality, at worst of swaggering sentimentalism, uncravatted and unprincipled; and we do wish Mr. Milnes had shown them no favour. The strained manner, however, of which this is part, pervades too many of his compositions, though in very different degrees: generally, and most strongly, as may be supposed, when he attempts to paint deep and powerful feelings from imagination, as in "The World's Exile," "The Lay of the Humble," "Lines to Myrrha," "Two Visits to a Grace," and many nameless poems. We are far from denying the poetical skill and power which several of them display; but, to our feelings their overwrought tone more than counterbalances their merit of this kind. On the other hand, in some poems where the feelings

embodied are of a lighter kind, or only used as a basis for rich or wild ornament, he is enabled to give his fancy free play, without at all exceeding the licence which is allowed to such efforts. So, too, where his lines are suggested by a plain, manly, moral feeling, or by events so personally touching as to bring home to him the impiety of morbidness or extravagance, he writes with a seriousness and absence of display which we wish were invariably to be found in his poems. There is a rich sweetness, almost unalloyed, about the following stanzas on a lady in declining health.

“ Gently supported by the ready aid
Of loving hands, whose little work of toil
Her grateful prodigality repaid
With all the benediction of her smile,
She turned her failing feet
To the soft-pillowed seat,
Dispersing kindly greetings all the while.

* * * * *

“ There seemed to lie a weight upon her brain,
That ever prest her blue-veined eyelids down,
But could not dim her lustrous eyes with pain,
Nor seam her forehead with the faintest frown ;
She was as she were proud,
So young, to be allowed
To follow Him who wore the thorny crown.

“ Nor was she sad, but over every mood,
To which her lightly-pliant mind gave birth,
Gracefully changing, did a spirit brood,
Of quiet gaiety, and serenest mirth ;
And thus her voice did flow
So beautifully low,
A stream whose music was no thing of earth.”—p. 64.

A stanza, indeed, which we omit, at the end, is a blot ; but in poems of this personal character, even if the author is sometimes inconsistent with his better self, we gladly acquiesce in the prohibition to criticize with which he closes another composition.

“ It is the homage of a kinsman’s grief
Written for kindred ; nor has other claim :
They will inform the vague imperfect frame
With inward-flowing music of their own,
The melodies of mournful recollections,
The supplement of personal interest,
The sympathies that come far out to meet you,
And other judgment I acknowledge none.”

But to return to poems which may be more legitimately dis-

cussed; the following extracts are taken from a group with which the volume of *Poems* opens, on Youth and Childhood.

“ Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
 Thy even way,
 Thou pantest on to win a mournful race ;
 Then stay ! oh, stay !
 Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain ;
 Loiter,—enjoy :
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
 A second boy.
 The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
 When seen from far ;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace
 Hides what they are.
 The dark and weary path those cliffs between
 Thou canst not know,
 And how it leads to regions never-green,
 Dead fields of snow.
 Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain,
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
 A man at last.”—p. 7.

The next lines are from a poem called the *Flight of Youth*—a half playful complaint that

“ — he never will come back
 Never again — ”

and seem to us to be thrown off with a great deal of picturesque grace.

“ Bow your heads very low,
 Solemn-measured be your paces,
 Gathered up in grief your faces,
 Sing sad music as ye go ;
 In disordered handfuls strew
 Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue ;
 In your hands be borne the bloom,
 Whose long petals once and only
 Look from their pale-leaved tomb
 In the darkness lonely ;
 Let the nightshade's beaded coral
 Fall in melancholy moral
 Your wan brows around,
 While in very scorn ye fling
 The amaranth upon the ground
 As an unbelieved thing ;
 What care we for its fair tale
 Of beauties that can never fail,

Glories that can never wane ?
No such blooms are on the track
He has past, who will come back
Never again !"—p. 11.

This volume expresses itself to be "Of many years and many moods;" and these two extracts, though beautiful in their way, are of a somewhat discontented one. We will hope that it has been displaced by the more healthy tone of "*Youth's fair Resolve*," which is a conclusion of good omen to the group.

"Let us go forth and resolutely dare
With sweat of brow to toil our little day—
And if a tear fall on the task of care,
In memory of those spring hours past away
Brush it not by !
Our hearts to God ! to brother men
Aid, labour, blessing, prayer, and then
To these a sigh."

These extracts, however, are somewhat disjointed: a longer one will, probably, give a fairer notion of the author. The one which we select, though tinged with his characteristic defect, appears to us an evidence of no ordinary poetical ability.

"THE MARVEL OF LIFE.

"O LIFE ! how like the common-breathèd air,
Which is thy outward instrument, thou liest
Ever about us, with sustaining force,
In the calm current of our usual days
Unfelt, unthought of ; nay, how dense a crowd
Float on upborne by thy prolific stream,
E'n to the ridges of th' eternal sea,
Spending profuse the passion of their mind.
On every flower that gleams on either bank,
On every rock that bends its rugged brow,
Conscious of all things, only not of thee.
Yet some there are, who in their greenest youth,
At some rare hours, have known the dazzling light
Intolerable, that glares upon the soul,
In the mere sense of Being, and grown faint
With awe, and striv'n to press their folded hands
Upon their inner eyes, and bowed their heads,
As in the presence of a mighty Ghost,
Which they must feel, but cannot dare to see.
It is before me now, that fearful truth,
That single solitary truth, which hangs
In the dark heaven of our uncertainties,
Seen by no other light than its own fire,

Self-balanced, like the Arab Magian's tomb,
 Between the inner and the outer world ;—
 How utterly the wretched shred of time,
 Which in our blindness we call human life,
 Is lost with all its train of circumstance,
 And appanage of after and before,
 In this eternal present ; that we Are !
 No When,—no Where,—no How,—but that we Are,—
 And nought besides ;—nor when our dazèd sight,
 Weaned from its first keen wonder, learns to fix
 The surer and more reasonable gaze
 Of calm concentrated philosophy
 On this intense idea, have we gained
 One instant's raising of the sacred veil,
 One briefest glimpse into the sanctuary.—
 We grasp at words, and find them meaningless,
 Bind thoughts together that will not be bound,
 But burst asunder at the very time
 We hold them closest,—find we are awake
 The while we seem to dream, and find we dream
 The while we seem to be the most awake ;
 And thus we are thrown on from sea to sea.
 Can we take up the sparkles of choice light,
 That dance upon the ruffled summer waters,
 And make them up to one coherent sun ?
 Can we transform the charred and molten dust
 Into its elemental diamond ?
 And, tho' thus impotent, we yet dare hope,
 From this embasèd form, half earth, half heaven,
 Of most imperfect fragmentary nature,
 These scant materials of dethronèd power,
 This tarnished beauty, marred divinity,
 To fabricate a comprehensive scheme
 Of absolute existence—to lay open
 The knowledge of a clear concordant whole,
 And penetrate, with foully-scalèd eyes,
 The total scope and utmost distances,
 Of the creations of the Living God.”—p. 117.

* * * * *

Let this be a specimen of Mr. Milnes's mode of throwing his mind upon a great thought. It will illustrate all we have said to place by the side of it a parallel, but very different poem, of Mr. Trench's, certainly one of the most beautiful in his volume.

“ THE DAY OF DEATH.

‘Thou inevitable day,
 When a voice to me shall say—
 ‘Thou must rise and come away ;

All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last.'
Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?
Art thou distant, art thou near ?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear ?
Day with more of hope or fear ?
Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, light and life are o'er ?
Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face ?
Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap, round my bed
Prayer be made and tears be shed ?
Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan ?
Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve ?
Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore ?
Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death-like slumber o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep ?
Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain
From its half divided chain ?
Little skills it where or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow ;
Come thou must, and we must die—
Jesus, Saviour, stand thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye."—p. 99.

There can be little doubt that the first of these poems is the most brilliant. Those who are attracted by rich imagery, by a rapid and bounding torrent of thought and language, and a bold animated conception of greatness, must recognise these in no ordinary degree in Mr. Milnes's lines. They are far more calcu-

lated to attract *admiration* ; with very much of truth, they display perhaps more, strictly speaking, of poetical *talent*. One or two bursts are really magnificent. But there is a deep authority, a moral power in the calm unhurried spirit with which the poet fixes his eye on the "Day of Death," which even in point of poetical merit is of a higher order than talent. Every expression seems to flow calmly and immediately from the heart—whereas about Mr. Milnes's poem an effort is perceptible—though one, it must be said, which is not in all places displeasing, or much so here. It seems as if he were not uttering his heart, but had worked up his imagination and wrote from it ; not so much perhaps *impressed*, as *seeing vividly how he might be impressed* by the beauty and grandeur of the thoughts which he evokes. In poems distinctly of the imagination this is of course more or less an appropriate state of mind ; not so however where the writer claims the higher, far higher office of "diffusing what has sprung up freshly and purely in his own moral being."—(*Preface*.) It then at least becomes an inconsistency, which is the legitimate object of criticism. This is most unpleasantly the case with Mr. Milnes when he ought to be most in earnest—when, that is, he touches on the direct objects of religious veneration. But on this point something should be said. The author seems to have received many of his religious impressions from Rome and Roman Catholics ; to have been led to a higher appreciation of religion by feeling keenly the grandeur of the outward form which it there assumes, both in her solemnities, and in the entire devotion which the higher arts pay to her. He recurs with admiration to the days preceding the Augustan age of modern Italy, when this was more real and indeed exclusive. Days when painters

" never moved their hand
Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

Mem. p. 93.

and were exalted in return to infuse into their art a deep principle of life which showed its power by producing Raffaele and Titian, and its origin by melting in their very hands * when they dared to paint their mistresses. This state of things, when religion absorbs or groups round itself all that is beautiful and

* The following is a note of Mr. Milnes's :—*Mem.* p. 74. "The decline of pure religious feeling in art at Vienna may perhaps be most accurately dated from the influence of Aretino over Titian ; up to that time he had hardly ever painted a profane subject, and no other artist ever seems to have thought of it." The degradation was not so sudden as "in the Roman school from Raffaele to Giulio Romano, and in the Bolognese from Francia to Guido ; but too soon came the younger Palma and his followers, the Caracci of the Venetians."—The decline of the whole art from that time forth every body knows.

imposing, he recognizes as rightful. Rightful it is—but it has its obvious dangers. Where religion is so very beautiful, men are much tempted to forget that it is more. We contemplate on the threshold, instead of entering to obey. And if the element of self-control is left out of religious feeling, if the divine economy is felt as affecting only, not commanding, as a wonderful phenomenon, not the voice of a ruler, it will soon be treated as other phenomena. Our impressions of beauty will not rise into religion, but religion will subside into them,—will become, not an end, but an effective subject for art; and we shall feel at liberty to handle, dissect, criticize, and illustrate sacred things with all the freedom of touch, which we apply to what is merely beautiful. Something of this is often discernible in persons who have been in the way of seeing the great facts of Christianity made the constant subjects of art; and perhaps most people, when they rationally consider the frame of mind in which they are apt to look at a sacred picture, (say, in an exhibition,) or to hear sacred music, (say, at a concert,) will find some reason to be dissatisfied with themselves in this respect. In Italy the temptation must be almost overpowering; and to Mr. Milnes it has been quite so. He is apt to touch holy things without awe. He can appreciate this feeling, he can describe glowingly its beauty and appropriateness, but it is not in his heart, else it would be to him, what it is in itself, a *prohibitory* feeling. He feels no difficulty at introducing sacred words and associations merely to give a kind of force and poignancy to his phrases, which really, in its broader form, (as

“Dear God! how wondrous that, &c.”

or

“had the unnatural bondage of a school
Blasphemed the Godhead of thy vernal years,”)

is but a more civilized kind of swearing—“shotting his discourse, as the worthy captain was wont to call it.” And even when it confines itself to using, for ordinary purposes, phrases which have somewhat of a consecrated meaning, as applying to Raffaele, Poussin, and their brother painters, merely as such, the term “glorified society,” it is, we think, if intended, an ill-judged mode of gaining strength, and unworthy of a writer who has Mr. Milnes’s resource. Again, he speaks of an infant’s likeness to a picture “of the God-boy who slumbered in the manger,” and seems to find a pleasure in this kind of bold simile and unchastened language. But the poems of Mr. Milnes which most offend in this respect are among the “Pictures in Verse,” translations, as it were, into poetry of different remarkable sacred pic-

tures, in which this loose artist-like way of dealing with them has most opportunity of displaying itself. It is difficult to judge of these compositions fairly without knowing the pictures which they profess to represent, and of the author, without allowing fairly for that unreal tone of mind which an exposure to the sensual attractions of Romanism is likely to generate, particularly if unchecked by a submission to its asceticism. Still there is much, which cannot be excused, under the largest allowances; a rude and indelicate particularity which is boldly applied where rudeness is least pardonable. He forgets that he is describing, not a picture only, but a reality—that he is inventing feelings for those whose hearts evangelists would have shrunk from exposing. But we shall best exemplify the feeling which we should have desired to find in poems of this kind, by simply extracting a few stanzas from a poem of Mr. Trench's, almost translated from a legend of the middle ages, which he gives in a note. The conduct and language of this story exhibit, far more vividly than we can explain, the kind of transparent veil which a reverent mind loves to throw between itself and the object of its contemplation. The noble "Gertrude of Saxony," on her way to an Alsatian convent, from her eagerness in pressing forward, finds herself and her party benighted on a moor—suddenly they see a palace, with doors and windows open—and enter, but being able to find no inmate,

————— "for awe
And secret fear well nigh were tempted to withdraw.

VI.

But when they for a season waited had,
Behold! a matron of majestic air,
Of regal port, in regal garments clad,
Entered alone—who, when they would declare
With reverence meet what need had brought them there
At such untimely hour, smiling replied,
That she already was of all aware;
And added, she was pleased and satisfied
That they to be her guests that night had turned aside.

VII.

And ere the meal she spread for them was done,
Upon a sudden one there entered there,
Whose countenance with marvellous beauty shone,
More than the sons of men divinely fair,
And all whose presence did the likeness wear
Of angel more than man—he too, with bland
Mild words saluted them and gracious air;
Sweet comfort, solemn awe, went hand in hand,
While in his presence did those wondering pilgrims stand.

VIII.

Then turning to that matron, as a son
Might to a mother speak familiarly,
He spake to her—they only heard the tone,
Not listening, out of reverent courtesy :
And then with smile of large benignity
Saluting them again, he left the place,
And was not more seen by them—only she,
That matron, stayed and talked with them a space,
Whose words were full of sweetness and of heavenly grace.”—p. 58.

The next morning they proceed on their journey, and turning to look back, find the palace has vanished ; and on inquiry, hear from the people of the country that none such has ever been known on that place.

XII.

“ Thereat from them did thankful utterance break,
And with one voice they praised his tender care
Who had upreared a palace for their sake,
And of that pomp and cost did nothing spare,
Though but to guard them from one night’s cold air—
And had no ministeries of love disdained ;
And ’twas their thought, if some have unaware
Angels for guests received with love unfeigned,
That they had been by more than angels entertained.”

We do not know whether these extracts will give our readers the same impression which the whole poem leaves on the mind. It appears to us to embody the very spirit of unpresuming faith, shrinking timidly from imposing a hasty interpretation on the favours which it has received from God, or asserting positively what He has left only probable, yet not less grateful or less believing, for its silence. Let this be contrasted with the lines which in Mr. Milnes’s hands, that child, “ the prophet of the Highest,” who leapt in the womb for joy at the voice of the mother of his Lord, addresses to his Saviour.

“ JESUS AND JOHN CONTENDING FOR THE CROSS.

“ *The Child John trying to take the Cross out of the hand of Jesus.*

“ Give me the Cross I pray you, dearest Jesus !
Oh ! if you knew how much I wish to have it,
You would not hold it in your hand so tightly :
Something has told me—something in my heart here,
Which I am sure is true,—that if you keep it—
If you will let no other take it from you,—
Terrible things I cannot bear to think of,
Must fall upon you ; show me that you love me ;
Am I not here to be your little servant,
Follow your steps and wait upon your wishes ?

Why may I not take up the heavy plaything,
 And on my shoulder carry it behind you ?
 Then I am older, stronger too, than you are ;
 I am a child of the desert and the mountains ;—
 Deep i'the waste, I shouted at the wild bees,—
 They flew away and left me all the honey :
 Look at the shaggy skin I've tied about me,
 Surely if pain or any other evil
 Somewhere about this mystery be hidden,
 I am the fittest of the two to suffer !”

This is not childlike love, but childish familiarity, into which the original notion of the picture, beautiful if reverently treated, introduces itself about as harmoniously as a crucifix into a fashionable boudoir. It is wonderful, feeling apart, that even Mr. Milnes's perceptions of beauty did not preserve him from such a composition. One would have supposed that mere intellect would have told any one, even an infidel, that awe would be an ingredient in the feeling with which St. John the Baptist should be made to address our Saviour ; if at least he intended in any degree to conform to the spirit of those Scriptures from which he took his subject : and certainly in the poem we have quoted, it is not very easy to discover any trace of such a feeling. But we will not take our leave of Mr. Milnes in a bad humour, and shall be sorry if our readers do so ; and accordingly will close our extracts with a somewhat long one, the seriousness and grace of which are disfigured by none of the reckless tricks of the trade. It is a pity only that the scriptural illustration of tradition is not as accurate as it is beautiful.

It is said, that on reading in the New Testament the account of our Saviour's last supper and agony, Charlemagne was seized by a strong desire to discover the music of that hymn which Christ and his disciples then sung. The consequent story we shall give in Mr. Milnes's words :

“ . . . first he called to counsel in the hall
 Wise priests of reverend name,
 And with an open countenance, to all
 Declared his hope and aim.
 He said ‘ It is God's pleasure that my will
 ‘ Is made the natural law
 ‘ Of many nations, so that out of ill
 ‘ All good things I may draw.
 ‘ Therefore this holy mission I decree,
 ‘ Sparing no pains or cost,
 ‘ That thus those sounds of dearest memory
 ‘ Be not for ever lost.’

They spake, ' Tradition streameth thro' our race,
 ' Most like the whistling gentle air
' To which of old Elias veiled his face,
 ' Conscious that God was there.

' Not in the storm, the earthquake, and the flame,
 ' That troubled Horeb's brow,
' The splendour and the power of God then came,
 ' Nor thus he cometh now.

' The silent water filtereth thro' the earth,
 ' One day to bless the summer land,
' The word of God in man slow bubbleth forth,
 ' Toucht by a worthy hand.

' Thus in the memory of some careful Jew
 ' May lurk the record of a tune,
' Wont to be sung in ceremonial due,
 ' After the Paschal noon.

' And thy deep yearning for this mystic song
 ' May give mankind at last
' Some charm and blessing that has slept full long
 ' The slumber of the past.'

The king rejoined, and at this high behest
 Men to all toil and change inured,
Past out to search the world, if east or west,
 That legend still indured.

What good or ill those venturous hearts befel,
 What glory or what shame—
How far they wandered, I have not to tell,
 Each has his separate fame.

I only know that when the weight of hours
 The prime of mortal heads had bowed,
He, slowly letting go his outward powers,
 Spoke from his couch aloud.

' My soul has wasted many a lingering year,
 ' To taste that one delight,
' And now I know at last that I shall hear,
 ' The hymn of Christ to-night.

' Look out good friends! be prompt to welcome home,
 ' Straight to my presence bring
' My messengers who hither furnisht come,
 ' The song of Christ to sing.'

Dark sank that night, but darker rose the morn
 That found the western earth
Of the divinest presence stript and shorn
 It ever woke to birth.

It seemed beyond the common lawful sway
 Of death and nature o'er our kind,
 That such a one as he should pass away,
 And aught be left behind.

In Aachen abbey's consecrated round,
 Within the hallowed stone,
 They placed the imperial body, robed and crowned,
 Seated as on a throne.

While the Blest Spirit holds communion free
 With that eternal quire,
 Of which on earth to trace the memory,
 Was his devout desire."

We need say little more of Mr. Trench or Mr. Milnes, except to wish them well in their career. About the first of these gentlemen we need have little misgiving. He has found his line, and feels all the realities of his position; when that is the case, men are not apt to fall away. His style may issue in something altogether different from what we see, or it may only mature; still there is a heart in his poetry which will remain one and the same—and in truth we should ourselves be surprised at any marked alteration even in its external character. He may never become a popular poet; ten years ago he would have been voted insufferably tame—many perhaps will think him so now; and some minds are unquestionably so constituted, that by no means could they be led to perceive that he was any thing else. But whether generally admired or not, a poet who represents with singular grace and majesty some of the best and deepest feelings of our nature, will not want *some* admirers in every age, and the affection which the few will bear to his writings will not be lessened because the many will not understand them. Prospects, however, do in fact look more promising; the chastened and thoughtful cast of feelings which Mr. Trench represents, are becoming day by day more appreciated among us; people are sick of the Byron school and all that savours of it, and long for truth and repose. And in this state of things we should not wonder to see Mr. Trench's present and future compositions become as generally, as they certainly will be deeply, admired.

Of Mr. Milnes we must speak more indefinitely. It is said that original minds, before striking forward on their appointed course, are obliged to go through a certain number of preparatory oscillations: that their earlier compositions are sacrifices, as it were, to the various circumstances or masters by which they are being formed. Mr. Milnes still oscillates; he is not various only, but inconsistent; he has not at present that dominant impelling force, without which no one yet gained and kept a high

rank among poets. We hope it will make its appearance in due time, and that a desire of display will not form an element in it. And we are willing to think it will be so. Setting aside Mr. Milnes's remarkable talents, which we should be most sorry to see wasted or abused, there is so much of kind feeling towards his friends, so much appreciation and admiration of what is good and noble, so much truth in his theory of a poet's vocation, so much, in spite of all that we have objected to, of religious intention in his poems, that we will not doubt that he will one day give those talents fair play, and take the place to which they entitle him. And with this hope "we wish him heartily farewell."

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- ART. III.—1. *Isis Revelata: an Inquiry into the Origin, Progress, and present State of Animal Magnetism.* By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., Advocate, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh. 1836.
2. *An Introduction to the Study of Animal Magnetism.* By the Baron Du Potet de Sennevoy. London. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. 1838.
3. *Animal Magnetism and Homœopathy.* By Edwin Lee, M.R.C.S. 1838.

MUCH attention has been recently directed to the revived subject of Animal Magnetism. Books have been written on it, and the public journals and reviews have thought it worth their notice. In London magnetising has been introduced into regular hospital practice; and in addition to these opportunities of examining it, a gentleman of the name of Du Potet has opened a room in Wigmore-street, where, for the small sum of half a crown, any one may witness the process from ten to four. It is not at all surprising that a theory of such pretensions, so full to ordinary minds of mysterious superstition and extravagance, should obtain numerous followers in the present day. Probably it will spread in a short time with much greater rapidity, and run into wilder excesses than are at present thought possible. There are always minds enough in the world, idle and restless in the absence of a healthy stimulus, who sit as it were with open mouths and wandering eyes ready to catch the first tale of wonder, and swell the chorus of exultation or alarm, and their numbers multiply in proportion to the general dryness, barrenness, and uninteresting character of the age. Luther's drunken peasant was a very fair image of man. You put him up on one side of his

horse and he tumbles down on the other. Thus nothing is more natural, than that an age of physical science, of cold selfish and materialized views, in which the existence of mind as mind seems almost forgotten, and the perfection of the moral, like that of the physical, world is conceived to be a mechanical movement—that such an age should blindly fall into the hands of the first professor of miracles and supernatural influences, who will venture to provide for them that sustenance of marvels which in some shape or another is necessary for the support of our moral life, and which man will greedily swallow even in the most corrupted form, if it is not ministered to him regularly in a sound and healthy diet. It is thus that an “uncouth superstition” is the natural growth of Atheism; and Animal Magnetism will probably raise up a formidable rival to physical science in some extravagant mysticism.

In making these remarks it is by no means intended to stigmatize the revival of this new art (for with all its pretensions it cannot be allowed the name of science) as pure delusion and absurdity. On the contrary, one of our first objects in alluding to it, is to protest against approaching any phenomenon of the kind in that sneering, incredulous, self-satisfied spirit, which set aside all evidence but sense, repudiates external testimony, answers facts by theories, limits the possibilities of nature by the experience almost of an individual, and thus even when, as may be the case, it advocates the cause of Christianity, provides as effectual an obstacle to the reception of the miracles of our Lord, as to the belief of extraordinary facts in the economy of nature. The subject has been less examined in England than on the Continent, and it will be impossible to treat it seriously, or with any appearance of belief without exciting contempt in many, who are ignorant of its history. But, however easy it may be to ridicule credulity, we cannot look at the list of upwards of eighty works which have been published on Magnetism, and have been selected by Mr. Colquhoun, or remember that, in his words, “they have all been written by gentlemen of education and intelligence, and by far the greater part of them by respectable, learned and eminent physicians,” without giving some credence to the phenomena attested, whatever may be thought of the theory on which they are explained.

A second consideration which presses on us, relates to those who are believers in magnetism. The singular appearances produced by magnetism have already been seized on by men, who know nothing of the real evidence of Christianity, as parallels to the miracles of the Bible, just as, in the first centuries of the Christian era, very similar phenomena were employed for the

same purpose by the resuscitated Pythagorean and Platonic schools. The attack may be carried still farther; and members of the Church must be reminded in time, of the spirit in which it is to be met and repelled. If this had been done properly in the very analogous case of Mr. Irving's delusions and the Unknown Tongues, there would probably have been fewer instances of extravagance, and of departures from the Catholic Church; especially in the case of zealous, pious, but not judicious clergymen.

There is one preliminary observation of no little importance. It is singular with what excited feelings, partly of alarm, partly of curiosity and expectation, any new development of science is received in the present day. The sounder part of men seem to occupy their present systems both of philosophy and religion, as if they were only tenants at will, and every post might bring them a notice to quit. Every new fact is, like a new face under such circumstances, a source of disquietude and suspicion. A knock at the door produces palpitation of the heart. A strange footstep is heard, and according to their dispositions the anxious tenants either quietly prepare to surrender up their keys, or bustle about with a vain show of resistance, to lock themselves into a room of which the window remains open for the enemy, or to seize on some favourite piece of lumber with a most heroic resolution never to quit sight of it. Every thing is suspense and suspicion. There are, indeed, other minds wholly uninterested in preserving any positive system, very ignorant, and very easily duped, who gape with wonder and delight, not unmingled with occasional misgivings for their personal safety, on the grand rare-show of science with the pretensions and promises of its professors.

This class of minds must always form the great portion of society; and they must naturally be at the mercy of every new philosopher. Nothing but experience can open their eyes to the fallacy of new pretensions; and then, in all probability, they will fall back with no less ardour to abuse the very name of discovery, and to pelt and hoot its professors.

A third class, however, consists of the leaders in this intellectual movement; some of them men of intellect, and nothing else, and absorbed in its indulgence, as gamblers in play, or misers in making money; others, a very few, full of an ardent enthusiastic benevolence, and dreams of human perfection, to be realized in some coming age by some new and sudden blaze of knowledge. But by far the greater part are the men who make science the pretence for furthering very different views of personal aggrandizement and caprice. They resemble most the stock-jobbers

and speculators, who more immediately, and with less pretension, turn every fresh discovery into money, by building on it a new joint-stock company, and selling the shares. These men are constantly on the watch for the merest shadow of a new phenomenon, which may seem to contradict all facts, to unsettle principles, and encourage vague anticipations of coming changes. If a new bed of rock is brought to light, suspicion is thrown at once upon the first chapter of Genesis. If an insect is hatched by electricity, why may not man have been hatched without any intervention of a Creator? If shells or bones and pebbles are collected, it is for the purpose of denying a deluge. The brain is anatomized and laid bare, that man may be proved to consist of brain, and nothing else. Instincts of animals are traced till in their eyes human reason becomes instinct, and all men animals. The regularity of the heavenly bodies is made to argue their eternity; the developement of organized bodies, to supersede the necessity of a Providence; and the cases of Animal Magnetism are thus employed to balance the miracles of the Scripture, and to open a new blaze of wonders, which are to obscure all former superstitions, and destroy all existing belief.

What in the mean time has been the conduct of many sincere friends of religion? Have they not shown signs of timidity, very unlike the possessors of an impregnable post? Is there not a tendency to check and fetter science, as a father would prohibit a child from approaching a spot where he would discover something, which his father does not wish him to know? Have there not been attempts to suborn physical science as a reluctant witness to the truth—and that not even to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, but to the very primer and grammar of religion, the Being of a God—as if men, who denied the Bible, would confess to a Bridgwater Treatise? Do not good men grasp far too eagerly and gladly at the concurrence of philosophy with revelation, at the means of reconciling an intractable fact with the letter of Scripture—with every fresh evidence adduced from the discoveries of the day, as if we had not sufficient already—as if evidence to the Word of God were a thing to be tolerated by a Christian, except as an additional condemnation for those who reject it, or as a sort of exercise and indulgence for a Christian understanding?

Most assuredly the position which is now occupied by the main body of the defenders of the truth, is any thing but satisfactory—any thing but safe. And it is this, far more than any progress or discoveries of science, whether in magnetism, or any other department, that renders the contest alarming. We do, indeed, require to be reminded how Moses conquered the Ama-

lekites,—not by joining in the battle, but by standing with his arms lifted up to heaven and praying; how Joshua overthrew Jericho—not by storming the walls, but by blowing the trumpets of the sanctuary; how Israel was saved in all its perils—not by trusting to the horses of Egypt, or the hosts of Assyria, still less by bribing Babylon with the gold of the temple—but “in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.” It is a hackneyed maxim, that truth has but one voice, and the Church one watchword. And till quietness and confidence be restored to our polemical theology, the cause of Christian truth has much to dread. 1

And here, again, as in every other question, wander wherever we will, there starts up the same grand fundamental law, by neglecting which we have fallen into our present danger, and by returning to which we may escape. How is it that “quietness and confidence” have been lost, but by shifting imperceptibly the ground and foundation of our belief? We have transferred it from testimony to argument, from persons to things, from others to ourselves, from faith to reason. The very best of the present race of Christians, even those most attached by habit to the Church, if asked why they believe in its doctrines, will answer because they are true. And so far there can be no dispute, for no one can believe what he holds to be false. The reason is but another form of the conclusion. It is good for nothing. But ask them why they believe it to be true, and of those who are able and willing to give a reason not one in a hundred will assign the right. The poor ignorant uninstructed peasant will probably come nearest to the answer of the Gospel. He will say, “because I have been told so by those who are wiser and better than myself. My parents told me so, and the Clergyman of the parish told me so; and I hear the same whenever I go to Church. And I put confidence in these persons, because it is natural that I should trust my superiors. I have never had reason to suspect that they would deceive me. I hear of persons who contradict and abuse them, but they are not such persons as I would wish to follow in any other matter of life, and therefore not in religion. I was born and baptized in the Church, and the Bible tells me to stay in the Church, and obey its teachers; and till I have equal authority for believing that it is not the Church of Christ, as it is the Church of England, I intend to adhere to it.”

Now, such reasoning as this will appear to this rational age very paltry and unsatisfactory: and yet the logic is as sound as the spirit is humble. And there is nothing to compare with it either intellectually, or morally, or religiously, in all the elaborate defences and evidences which would be produced from Paley and Grotius, and Sumner, and Chalmers, and still less from the

Bridgwater Treatises, which,—as if the God of the Bible were not the God of Nature, as if the peculiarities of Christianity were not also written legibly in the hieroglyphics of the physical world, or as if nothing of God could be proved from his works but his Creation and general Providence,—have studiously dropt from their pages all mention of the Gospel, and confined themselves to illustrate the existence of vague undefined power above us :* just as if Dr. Buckland, in exhuming one of his antediluvian skeletons, had exhausted his ingenuity in proclaiming that the owner of them must once have existed, instead of scrutinizing every bone, and showing their perfect analogy in habitude and formation and use with the anatomy of present races of animals. We beg most strongly to protest against any more such evidences of religion—against any evidences whatever which are to draw off men's minds from the true basis of their belief. There is a very ingenious process in architecture, by which the rotten foundations of a building are removed, and sound piles inserted in their stead. With no less ingenuity in Theology the very opposite work has been accomplished. The whole fabric of Catholic Christianity has been shifted bodily, and without awaking its inhabitants, from the sound old piles of authority on which its Founder placed it, to new fantastic props rotten in themselves, and half sawn through by those who framed them, and who are now waiting to see the crash. The old basis was indeed out of sight, and those who lived upon it felt rather than knew its value, and profited by its firmness without digging to examine its construction. The present is quite within view : up in the air ; very fine, very delicate, and very frail. And we can explain the admirable structure of every part, and in the midst of the lecture the whole will tumble down. It is very true that we are to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us. But this is no command to give a wrong reason. And it is a wrong reason, that is, an injudicious, an unscriptural, a faithless and wilful reason, however true and logically conclusive in itself, when we believe Christianity, not because the Church has told us, in recognition of her authority and in obedience to her commands as our lawful and natural superior, but because its doctrines are conformable to our own individual reason—its laws agreeable to our own personal moral feeling—the history of the Bible reconcilable with the history of Herodotus or Livy—its mysteries improved repetitions of the theories of Aristotle and Plato—its physical narrations borne out by appearances in stones and planets—its whole scheme precisely what we should expect

* It is no disparagement of the excellent authors of some of these Treatises, to find fault with an arrangement over which they had no control, and of which they can be considered only as witnesses.

from our knowledge and notions of the Deity. These are the reasons on which the reasoning portion of the religious world rest their religion at this day. That is, each man by himself trusts implicitly to his own view of the case. And if by chance his view is right he adheres to the Church, or rather not to the Church of which he knows nothing, but to the doctrines which the Church teaches. Just as if the crew of a man-of-war, out upon the high seas in the time of war, were to come before their commander, and boast of their faithful attachment to him, as something on which he might implicitly rely, because they all remained in the ship; one because he liked sailing, another because it was good for his health, a third because he liked the crew, a fourth because the wind was fair, and a fifth because he had no where else to go, and a sixth because he had not been flogged, and a seventh because there was nothing to do. When the fancy of the first had gone off, and the second felt sick, and the third had met a quarrel, and the fourth found himself in a storm, and the fifth reached the shore, and the sixth was to be punished for a fault, and the seventh had orders to prepare for battle, we suspect that the commander would feel uneasy at the prospect, and have preferred ejecting such a crew before they set sail, to trusting them in any moment of peril, or regarding them in any light but as self-willed, feeble, and worthless men, who only wanted opportunity to mutiny.

And the Church will do wisely and safely in looking on her rationalizing children with the same jealousy and distrust—with this distinction only, that as the Church has herself forgotten to teach loyalty and obedience, not fancied truth and wilful inclination, as the virtues and duties of her militant members, she must be prepared to bear with them for a time, till their duties have been set before them. Till this is done there can be neither quietness nor confidence. A man cannot rest without a resting place distinct from himself, nor feel confidence except in a power other and higher than his own. But when he appeals to the truth and reasonableness, and morality, and consistency of Christianity,—to any thing but testimony over which he exercises no control whatever,—he is after all only appealing to himself, to what seems true and reasonable and consistent to himself. Give him a new fact or change a passing feeling, and his whole scheme is deranged in a moment. Another standard is formed, and another class of truths, probably direct contradictions to his former principles, is now to be professed. And from this vacillation nothing can secure him. He does, indeed, for a time, persuade himself that the truth of his own fancy is the truth of universal nature, and his own inclination independent morality; just as the man in

the churchyard pinned himself to the ground by sticking his own knife through the skirts of his own coat, and there remained in passive consternation at the ghosts who were holding him down. But a very slight wrench will dispell the allusion.

“And when,” in the words of Plato, “this has been done often, and after putting implicit confidence in all our notions, and believing them all to be sound, and true, and trustworthy, we have found first this one false and worthless, and then another, and another, and those especially which were closest to our hearts and minds; at last after such frequent false steps we begin to hate them all alike, and to believe that nothing sound can be found any where in any one,—that all truth is a dream, and the universe like the Euripus in one perpetual flux, not resting even for a moment.”*

Against this there is but one security—*Testimony and Authority*, and if the Church will consent once more to take its stand here nothing can shake it.

Till another Church has been established, and stood for eighteen hundred years, there can be no argument against Christianity, or against any part of the Church's doctrine, sufficient to counter-balance the argument which we now have in its favour. Testimony, if the right ground of belief, is only to be overthrown by testimony; and all other objections, drawn from its inconsistency with supposed truth and facts, are to be met by the simple question, how can we know what is truth except by testimony—unless, indeed, the assurance and belief and conscience of the individual is in each case the proper criterion, and we once more establish the sophistical canon, that each individual man is the measure of all things.

It is really necessary to suggest such considerations to those timid minds which are alarmed at the progress and pretensions of our modern discoverers, and to the discoverers themselves who may be meditating attacks upon the Faith. And for those who with better intentions, but scarcely more judgment, rejoice in every hope of forcing science to witness to the Church, we may suggest the following anecdote.

The fact is said to have occurred at the battle of Waterloo. We will not profess to guarantee it, but it will serve as an illustration. While the Duke of Wellington with the utmost anxiety was reconnoitring with his glass, to see if he could discover any sign of the approach of the Prussians, a body of troops was observed in the distance, but whether Prussians or French it was impossible to distinguish. The intense interest and suspense of such a crisis may well be imagined. Every eye and telescope

* F. Phæd. p. 153. See also to the same effect a splendid passage in the Republic, book 7, p. 280.

was strained in the direction. Every heart was beating. When, all at once, a voice exclaimed, "Please your Grace, they are Prussians." "Who are you, Sir?" said the Duke, turning away with very unusual impatience, and not deigning to notice the interruption. "May it please your Grace," said an officer standing by, "that man is called Long-Sighted-Jack. He has, by far, the quickest eye in the army, and can distinguish objects at a great distance." The soldier was immediately called up, and declared that he could distinguish the Prussians by the tips of their feathers. The Duke made him come to his side, and kept him by him the rest of the day. Now, if we, the Christian Church, were in a similar position with the English general on that critical moment, in great anxiety and doubt, unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and without any evidence to guide us but conjecture in that awful battle which we are called on to fight, we also should be exceedingly obliged to any quick-visioned philosopher who could contribute the slightest particle of assurance to assist our belief. But *after* the Prussians had come up in the sight of all the forces, and were recognized by them all as Prussians by their dress, language, music, and especially by their falling on the French and pursuing them over the field of battle; if a man had come up to the Duke of Wellington with a sure and profound declaration that he had discovered them to be Prussians *by the tips of their feathers*, we suspect his reception would not have been cordial. We rather fancy that the poor man would have received a much sharper reprimand for his intrusion, than the Church unhappily is in the habit of giving to the Chymist, and Botanist, and Anatomist, and Geologist, and other Long-Sighted-Jacks (we must be pardoned the expression) of the present day, who, in the heat of the conflict, while the whole army of the Christian faith, comprising the hosts of eighteen centuries, is fighting with the Bible in their hands, come up gravely with a pebble or a butterfly, and beg to assure them of the truth of Christianity by their recognizing "*the tips of its feathers*." It is necessary to apologize for this long preface. But those who have made themselves best acquainted with the characters and opinions connected with the subject of Animal Magnetism, will best understand the necessity of some such warnings. We may now turn to the immediate question.

The main facts asserted by the present Professors of Magnetism may be conveniently reduced to the following four:—

1. That there is a state in which the mind exists, more or less detached from the senses, and incapable of being affected by them; and that in this state a variety of remarkable phenomena are exhibited by it.

2. That this state may be produced not only by a morbid condition of the nervous system, but by the agency of other minds.

3. That this agency depends on an act of volition.

4. That it is carried on through the medium of a fluid analogous to, if not the same, with the Electrical and Magnetic currents.

The phenomena perceived in the magnetic state are usually divided by German writers into six stages.

In the first, the person magnetized is sensible of a strong perfusion from the head to the extremities. The temperature of the body increases, the skin becomes red, and there is a general sense of ease and lightness, such as is described by travellers to follow the application of the Egyptian baths.

The second stage is that of half sleep, the sensations already described become more intense, accompanied with a radiation of warmth from the stomach. The pulse is fuller and the breathing slower and deeper. Heaviness in the eyelids succeeds, until it is difficult to open them when once closed. Luminous appearances in the eyes, pricking in the fingers, rigour, spasms, and cramp, and other nervous sensations, follow.

The third stage is that of magnetic sleep, in which the patient becomes wholly insensible. In this stage, according to the Baron du Potet,* the surface of the body is sometimes acutely sensible, but more frequently the sense of feeling is absolutely annihilated; the jaws are firmly locked, and resist every effort to wrench them open; the joints are often rigid, and the limbs inflexible; and not only is the sense of feeling, but the senses of smell, hearing, and sight also, are so deadened to all external impressions, that no pungent odour, loud report, or glare of light can excite them in the slightest degree. The body may be pricked, pinched, lacerated or burnt; fumes of concentrated liquid ammonia may be passed up the nostrils; the loudest reports suddenly made close upon the ear; dazzling and intense light may be thrown upon the pupil of the eye; yet so profound is the lethargy, that the sleeper will remain undisturbed and insensible to tortures, which in the waking state would be intolerable.

In the fourth stage, which is that of sonambulism, the patient recovers his internal consciousness, while his outward senses are still asleep. And the singular phenomena called by the Germans *Innere Klarheit*, by the French *Clairvoyance*, and by the English Lucidity, is now developed. In the words of Dr. Pritchard†

“The somnambulist can now distinguish by means of the eyes strong

* Introduction, p. 35.

† Treatise on Insanity, p. 425.

light from darkness ; and according to Treviranus, when the eyelids are open, which seldom happens, the pupils are either turned up, as if spasmodically, or are dilated and insensible, all power of moving them being suspended. At the same time the sense of feeling becomes metamorphosed into something equivalent to perfect sight, so that the individual perceives by means of it the finest of those modifications, which are generally only perceptible to the visual sense. She recognizes (for the subjects of these observations are generally females) not only the circumferences and surfaces, but also the colours of objects. She can distinguish the position of the hands of a watch held before her, and by merely touching or sometimes without coming into contact with it. She can read writing and write without any aid from her eyes. The epigastrium is the chief seat or medium of this new species of vision, and somnambulists distinguish the hour on a watch held close to the region of the stomach, and as Gmelin positively declares, know the cards of a pack from each other when they are so placed, without any possibility of their having been seen by the eyes. A somnambulist, mentioned by Tardy, read a piece of writing in characters strange and unknown to her by pressing it on her stomach, her eyes having been securely closed. At first, according to these writers, a strong effort is required on the part of the percipient to exercise this new species of vision with accuracy, but by degrees and long practice it acquires greater perfection. At length, according to the grave and serious declaration of a host of magnetisers, the patient is enabled to perceive through opaque media, and not only without actual contact but at considerable distances, and in a most unaccountable way. A young lady, mentioned in Wienholt's *Miszellen*, was able to read a letter which was at the time folded up and lodged in the pocket of Count Von Lützelburg. Mouilleseaux brought a somnambulist into magnetic relation with a stranger, who had his hand in his pocket, and asked her of what colour was an object which he held. She replied, after some effort, that it was red. That is true, but what is it ? After a stronger exertion she said it is a small pocket-book of red morocco. The answer was correct, and none of the reporters seem to have suspected that the reply was the result of any thing else than some extraordinary perception. A damsel, whose case is given in the *Strasburg Zeitung*, was able to read, not only letters folded up and placed within a cover over her stomach, but a book in another chamber, on a leaf of which a man had placed his open hand, while with the other he held the hand of a third person, the latter holding in like manner a fourth, and a chain being thus formed, as in electrical experiments, the last holding his open hand upon the stomach of the somnambulist."

In a still higher degree of intensity objects become perceptible which cannot be seen by ordinary eyes ; and the reality of which it may therefore be suggested cannot be susceptible of proof. Fischer and Tardy both state that their patients, during the process of magnetising, saw halos of light surrounding themselves and the operators, rays issuing from their fingers, and the breath of the magnetiser proceeding out of the mouth like flames of fire.

But however important such a phenomenon, if real, would be in proving the existence of the magnetic fluid, the natural tendency to spectral illusions in nervous disorders must always appear the most easy mode of solving the problem, until other facts are brought to corroborate the mere vision of the somnambulist.

“The sense of hearing,” continues Dr. Pritchard, “also undergoes strange modifications. Pételin discovered accidentally that a young woman, whose ears were insensible to noises, heard plainly and replied to questions uttered close to the epigastrium. A suspicion occurs that the sound reached the ears of the patient. This was obviated by Petzold, who spoke to his somnambulist with so slight a whisper, close to the pit of her stomach, that it was impossible for her ears to be affected. In general magnetised persons are insensible of loud sounds, and hear nothing when addressed by persons who are not in magnetic connection with them, though they reply readily when the operator speaks to them, or when accosted by a third person with whom the magnetiser brings them into relation. *This I have myself observed, when I had an opportunity of witnessing the performance of a celebrated magnetiser in Paris; and I must confess that, however obvious the suspicion, there was every appearance of good faith and sincerity in the parties, and not the slightest indication of collusion.*”

It is to be observed, that in the generality of instances this faculty of clairvoyance develops itself in local organs, and only acts when the object is applied to them, as to the epigastrium, the occiput, the forehead, or the tips of the fingers. In the case of a cataleptic patient of Pételin, cards were successively slipped under the bed-clothes and laid upon the stomach, a watch was held in the closed hand of the operator, an old medal concealed in the hand of a spectator, and all were distinguished. Many other instances are collected in the Baron du Potet's Introduction.

In the fifth and sixth stages of the magnetic state the faculty of clairvoyance continues, but with the addition of new phenomena. The attention of the somnambulist is now directed to his internal organization. And patients are enabled to view the interior of their own bodies, and to describe all the parts of them with the same accuracy as an anatomist. It is by this means that they are supposed to be able to distinguish the cause of their disorders, and to indicate the proper remedies. And this is held out as one of the most immediate and practical advantages to be expected from animal magnetism. This faculty of *clairvoyance* happily extends to the bodies of others as well as of themselves. Fischer relates many anecdotes of extraordinary sympathies between parties placed in magnetic relation to each other. Pepper and salt are placed in one mouth and tasted in another. If the magnetiser is deaf

the patient loses his hearing, and a perfect transfusion of existence takes place so as to produce almost identity of life and consciousness. Undoubtedly these statements will appear very strange and absurd, to all those who ridicule without examination every thing preternatural, and believe every thing to be preternatural which does not fall at once within their own little experience. We have no wish to decide upon the subject; and still less to mix up the phenomena themselves with the question as to their causes. They may be wholly beyond the reach of human influence, and all the exhibitions which have been given may be imposture or delusion in some party or another. But it may perhaps not be useless to throw together a few observations, which may render the facts less incredible, and dispose some minds to examine them with more impartiality, and so to separate the truth from the falsehood.

In the first place, then, if, in discussing a question relating to the human mind, such solemn thoughts may be alluded to without irreverence and safety, a Christian, instead of regarding these phenomena as wholly contradictory to experience and nature, will recognize in them only an exact parallel of facts which make great articles in his religious creed, and form the very support and comfort of his daily life. That his soul can and will exist, independent of his mere animal frame,—that even in this life it may be so far withdrawn from his body as to be in a great degree insensible alike to its temptations and its pains—that in this spiritualized state of existence all its powers and virtues will be, and are, enlarged beyond all human conception—that knowledge is then conveyed to it, of things far beyond sight, by means wholly incomprehensible; that all this is effected by mysterious communications of one Mighty, Connecting, All-Pervading, Unific Spirit, sent into it by the will of the Almighty mind—these great and awful mysteries, inexplicable as they are, are yet the creed and the experience of every Catholic Christian. We have them daily before our eyes. They are supported by the testimony of ages. They form, in fact, the very substance of Christianity. And if men venture with sneers and sarcasm coolly to set aside phenomena so perfectly analogous in the natural world, as wholly incredible and ridiculous, they must be prepared, either to give up their own religious faith upon the same grounds, or to prove at least, what it will not be easy to prove, that there can be no analogy between the constitution and laws and operations of the natural mind of man and those of the spiritualized soul.

The first view, therefore, which a Christian is bound to take of this new doctrine of Magnetism, is, that it represents a metaphysical theory, and intellectual facts, precisely the counterpart

of his own religious belief on the condition and prospects of his own regenerated spirit : and in this very point of view it is extremely remarkable. If Magnetism is true, then there is nothing contrary to reason or experience—nothing which can in the slightest degree be objected to as enthusiasm and delusion, in the highest, and, as they are somewhere termed, the most wild and fanatical doctrines of the Catholic Church. If Magnetism is false, at least all those who have supported it have shown that there is something in its professions congenial to the human mind, not wholly irreconcilable with our reason, not foreign to our wants and desires. True or false, indeed, we must protest against employing it, except in a cursory remark, as an evidence of Christianity, where no evidence is wanted. But, regarded in this light, we may learn better to look on it with perfect quietness and almost indifference, just as a man, who lives on the shores of the Atlantic, listens to tales of waves and tempests on the banks of the Serpentine River.

Many other considerations may then be brought in to support this presumption of an analogy between the spiritual life of a Christian, and the metaphysical history of the natural man. It is borne out in a great measure by fact ; and many, if not all the principal phenomena of Magnetism, differ only in degree from facts within our daily experience. The separation of mind from sensation, especially from bodily sensation, is part of the very alphabet of all sound metaphysics. Every one knows what a beautiful use has been made of it in the *Phædo* of Plato* as an argument for the immortality of the soul.

“Is death,” says that great philosopher, “anything but a separation of soul from body? And to be dead, is to leave the body and gather up our soul into itself, where none of our animal senses may intrude to disturb it, neither sight nor hearing, nor pain nor pleasure, but the soul in freedom and independence may enjoy the contemplation of truth. And, so long as we are embarrassed with our body, and our soul is mixed up (*ξυμπεφυρμένη*) and buried in it, man can never attain his perfection. So that, even in this life, we must extricate and purify ourselves from it, and prepare ourselves for a final release by dying daily.”

And although it is very easy to treat such language as enthusiasm, ethical views are not the less true for passing the comprehension of the vulgar ; and they are always the best preparation for metaphysical and physical inquiries. Physics and metaphysics are both beset with an atmosphere not the most healthy, and it is never safe to descend into them without a safety lamp in our hands.

The physical fact of a possible separation between mind and

sensation is very obvious. The separation is sometimes produced by a disorganization of the nervous system. Thus a stunning blow will deaden not merely a local nerve, but the whole animal frame. A division of the nerves of any particular organ instantly shuts out all the sensations conveyed by it. In cases of epilepsy, a disorder which bears a close affinity to magnetic somnambulism, the body becomes often wholly insensible. In catalepsy, apoplexy, syncope, and paralysis, it is the same. And in these disorders, as soon as the body is restored to its proper tone and condition, the mind returns again as it were to take possession of it, without any derangement or diminution of its powers, except such as can be traced to a bodily defect. Sleep is a daily illustration of the fact. If a being of another order were shown, for the first time, a man in full possession of his reason and bodily vigour, and were then told that it was necessary for his health and existence that, during nearly a fourth part of every 24 hours he should continue in a fit of epilepsy and insanity; from which he would recover not only unhurt in reason or mind, but with fresh powers of exertion and enjoyment, he would probably be very much surprised. And yet sleep is only a mitigated form of epilepsy, and dreams a perfect form of temporary insanity, in which, by some change in the nerves, they become incapable of conveying sensation, and the mind is then given up to itself, perhaps to remain, in some cases, wholly torpid and inactive, but for the most part to be passively subjected to the irritation of the internal nerves of the stomach acting upon the strange and tangled combinations of old associations, without any check upon the wanderings of fancy, such as in our waking moments is imposed on it by certain fixed objects of sense constantly present, and recalling us to unity of thought and purpose. We do not know, indeed, what is the precise change or disorder which thus destroys or suspends the irritability of the organs of sensation. But that it is suspended we do know: and our ignorance is a sufficient reason for not pronouncing rashly as to the possibility of producing the same effect by means unperceived hitherto.

There is still, however, another mode of deadening the sensibilities of the body; and that is by a morbid or increased activity of the mind, without any derangement whatever in the bodily organs. And this distinction, which physiologists have sometimes overlooked, ought to be borne in mind when we are attempting to explain certain phenomena of magnetism.

Thus, in battle, there are well known instances of persons who have even been deprived of whole limbs, yet remained unconscious of it, until they fainted from loss of blood. Violent pas-

sions, such as anger, fear, or grief, not only produce physical syncope and epilepsy, but render men insensible to objects however close and striking, which have no connection with the immediate affection. Absence of mind, which may almost be called a waking somnambulism, is another instance. The thoughts are occupied by one absorbing train of reflection. The senses are open, and convey partial sensations. We do not indeed, in England, often hear of the extreme cases which are said to occur in America, where a man puts himself into the post-office instead of his letter, or, in undressing at night, throws over the back of his chair himself instead of his coat, and is found frozen to death the next morning. But this partial insensibility, brought on by absorption of thought, is very common even with us. Dr. Glover, the author of the celebrated ballad of "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," rose up in the middle of the night to compose it, walked into the flower garden at Stowe, where he was staying, and, in the fervour of composition, hewed down a whole bed of magnificent tulips, without knowing, the next morning, that he had touched a flower. Mr. Harvest, a well-known scholar and clergyman, would dismount from his horse and lead it, as he thought, by the bridle, never discovering, while the bridle was in his hand, that the horse had slipped from it. He would read a Greek book in a punt upon the Thames and, in an ecstasy of delight, throw himself backward into the water. He would see his congregation going to church on a prayer day, and walk in with his fishing-rod in his hand to ask what was going on. Sir Isaac Newton was sitting one night, absorbed in thought, before an enormous fire, which nearly roasted him; he rang the bell with great violence, and in an unusual irritation called out to the servant, "Why do not you take away the grate, you rascal, I shall be burnt to death?" "Pray, master," said the servant, "would it not be easier to draw away your chair?" "Oh," said Sir Isaac, "I never thought of that."

In these and similar cases, it is observable that there is no destruction of sensibility in the local organs. Dr. Glover at the time felt that he was slashing something, though his attention was not turned to it, and therefore the fact was not retained in his memory. Mr. Harvest felt the bridle. Sir Isaac Newton was suffering from heat. But there appears to be a sort of partial paralysis or stoppage of some interior faculty or organ, which, when the mind is quite alive, combines several impressions from sense into one correct judgment.

In natural somnambulism, a similar effect seems to take place, but from a different cause. The somnambulist, as in the case of

Devaud,* can smell, taste, feel, and see. He can carry on conversation, write, and correct, distinguish his own clothes from those of others. He heard a clock strike which repeated the note of a cuckoo, and immediately said that there were cuckoos in the room. So in the cases recorded by Dr. Abercrombie,† the patient was

“taken to church while under the attack, and there behaved with propriety, evidently attending to the preacher, and she was at one time so much affected as to shed tears.” “She was also capable of following her usual employments during the paroxysm. At one time she laid out the table correctly for breakfast, and repeatedly dressed herself and the children of the family.” “In another instance, the somnambulist began by degrees to observe those who were in the apartment, and she could tell correctly their number. She now also became capable of answering questions that were put to her, and with regard to both she showed astonishing acuteness.”

So in the well known cases of sleep-walkers who have climbed roofs, saddled horses, or walked out of windows. There is every where a certain degree of consciousness of particular objects, such as particularly fix the attention, but the others are lost as it were, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, they are not observed; and the consequence is, that judgments, but false judgments, are deduced.

Thus, in the case of Negratti,* as given by the physician

* See the Report of the Committee on his case to the Physical Society of Lausanne.

† Intellectual Powers, 4th edit. p. 294.

‡ Negratti was a servant of the Marquis Luigi Sale. And the facts of his case have been published by two physicians, Righellini and Pigatti, who had both witnessed it. On the evening of the 16th March, 1740 (we borrow the account from Dr. Pritchard), after going to sleep on a bench in the kitchen, he began first to talk, then walked about, went to the dining room, and spread a table for dinner, placed himself behind a chair with a plate in his hand, as if waiting on his master. After waiting until he thought his master had dined, he uncovered the table, put away all the materials in a basket, which he locked in a cupboard. He afterwards warmed a bed, locked up the house, and prepared for his nightly rest. Being then awakened, and asked if he remembered what he had been doing he answered no. This however was not always the case, as recollection in some instances took place. He would awake if water was thrown on his face, or his eyes were forced open, and then he remained for some time faint and stupid. During the paroxysm his eyes were closed, and he took no notice, even if a candle were placed closed to them. Sometimes he struck himself against the wall, and hurt himself severely. If any body pushed him he got out of the way, and moved his arms rapidly about on every side. In a strange place he felt about with his hands, and was very inaccurate in all his proceedings. Where he was familiar with the situation, he went through his business very cleverly. Pigatti shut a door through which he had just passed, he struck himself against it on returning. Sometimes he carried a candle about as if to light him, but when a bottle was substituted he did not perceive the difference. Once he said in his sleep that he must go and hold a torch behind his master. It was observed, that although the torch was not lighted, he stood with it at the corner of the street. One night he went into the kitchen and sat down to eat, and then, as if recollecting himself, exclaimed, “How can I so forget? to day is Friday and I must not dine.” On another occasion, he asked

Pigatti, the somnambulist sits down to eat, as he thinks, a salad, without perceiving that cabbage has been substituted for it. He asks for wine, but drinks water, demands snuff, and receives ground coffee, without being aware of the difference.

“Other sleep-walkers,” observes Dr. Pritchard with his usual judgment, “are well known to have detected similar deceptions. The difference appears to be in the degree of attention; a more lively perception, as to the qualities of the object desired, existed in one case than in the other, the mind being more directed to particular sensations in the one case, and more distracted or diverted from them in the other.”

Perhaps the phenomenon may be understood better by considering the process of reasoning in ordinary matters of sense. If Sir Isaac Newton, for instance, had not been absorbed in thought, there would have been a natural activity and restlessness of the senses, especially of the eyes, which would have brought into his groups of ideas the immovability of the grate, and the facility of moving his chair, which, coupled with the sensation of extreme heat, would at once have suggested the appropriate remedy.

If Dr. Glover, instead of thinking exclusively on his ballad, had turned with a disengaged eye to the flower-garden round him, he would necessarily have remembered that he was at Stowe, that tulips were favourite flowers, that the destruction of them was very objectionable. If Mr. Harvest had glanced from his book to the side of his punt, he would not have forgotten that a deep river was ready to receive him if he overbalanced himself. And he would not have suffered his horse to be slipped from the bridle, if he had inferred the horse's presence from some other sense beside that of the touch of the bridle.

In fact, all true conclusions are the result of many associations and suggestions, brought together from a variety of quarters and by the natural activity of several senses. And if, either from disease or absorption of mind, this activity is deadened, we err with the same unconsciousness of error as the man who walks into a room full of company, satisfied that he is properly drest, when without his knowledge the tails of his coat have been cut off, or orders an expensive dinner at a strange inn, not knowing that his pocket has been picked of his purse, or rises in the middle of the night, because his watch stands at six in the

the cook for cakes and salad, and ate them. He went into the cellar, drew wine, and drank it; he also carried a tray on which were wine-glasses and knives, and turned it obliquely on passing through a narrow door-way to avoid an accident. This last fact is remarkable, as exhibiting, as it were, an extemporaneous instinct for the occasion, similar to what is sometimes found in animals on the occurrence of unforeseen emergencies, and which is the nearest approach of mere habit and instinct to reason.

morning, without inquiring if the stars will tell the same story of the hour. It is well known that apparently the simplest and easiest of our senses, the sight, is in reality the result of a long concatenation of observations and reasonings, assisted both by the touch and the hearing. Cut off these senses, and our vision would remain for ever full of incorrectness. "What a magnificent range of mountains," said a friend in a strange country, at the sight of a low ridge of hills veiled in a faint mist, like the haze of distance. "Suppose," said another, who was standing by the Lake of Geneva, "we row over, after dinner, to the opposite shore, and return in an hour's time to tea." "Sir," said the boatman, "are you aware that the lake is eleven miles across?" In each case colour was assumed as the one criterion of distance, and in each, from the want of experience, it was defective. There is, in fact, in the telescope of the mind, not merely glasses to reflect objects, but a pivot on which it turns, and so takes in a succession of objects, to form from them one landscape. There is a spring by which we shift our ideas, as we shift the barrels of a musical box. There is a power of passing the fingers over a variety of keys, instead of their being fixed to harp upon one alone. In some cases this spring is preternaturally active. It moves so rapidly, that there is no time to observe, collect, arrange, or remember. And this cast of mind, though full of levity and frivolity, is often accompanied with genius, and throws out singular caleidoscope combinations of beauty, from the very restlessness of its motions. In others it seems naturally wanting, as a man may be born with a stiff joint. Under this head comes the wretched class of Cretins and Ideots. In others it is forgotten to be used, as in absence of mind. In others it is more or less easy to move, probably from the comparative irritability of the constitutional system. Sometimes it seems to rust, as it were, and become stiff from want of exercise, as in those who are tied down to monotonous occupations, and thus acquire peculiar idiosyncracies, antipathies, and modes of seeing things. Not unfrequently some bodily obstruction will produce a transient effect of this kind. Nothing is more common in disturbed dreams, than to find stoppages and impediments, as it were, to the flow of ideas—singular embarrassments of which no cause seems to exist, but in which one feeling or situation is impressed upon the mind, seemingly without a possibility of escaping. A soldier finds himself in battle, but unable to draw his sword. A lawyer rises to read his brief, but the sheets are glued together. A scholar tries to read, but the characters of the book are illegible. And in all these cases the obstruction may always be connected with some derangement in the digestive organs. So also in a

state of fever and nervous irritation, a single idea, sometimes a familiar tune, sometimes a peculiar face, will haunt the imagination like a vision, sometimes so distinctly as to take the extreme form of spectral illusion, and at times, though very rarely, that of positive sound. The phenomenon of the two last classes seem, indeed, to be produced by rather different causes. The former class, by some obstruction in those functions of digestion, which are probably the chief agents in raising sensations and ideas during sleep; the latter by an irritable and inflammatory state of the nervous system, such as is produced by intoxication, during which there is the same tendency to dwell upon one idea, and see things in one light. The very rapidity of successive bodily sensations having a tendency to engross the mind with some one idea exclusively—as the rolling rapidly in a carriage destroys the sense of consecutive sensation, and as a party-coloured paper wheeled quickly round takes one colour. And this, not merely the physical effect, seems to explain the use of the circular swing, which has been introduced into lunatic asylums with admirable results, for the purpose of quieting violent patients. A remarkable instance of this unity of idea, in the midst of violent excitement, is given by Chiaruggi; it was a woman in a state of frightful insanity, who had sat during twenty-five years on a stone-floor, unceasingly beating the ground with her chains day and night.

This will bring us to the most violent form of the disorder, which occurs in fixed monomania. The occupation of the mind by one paramount idea, is indeed a common feature in all insanity, except raving madness. But there are evidently two kinds of this disease, which probably may be traced to the two distinct causes just suggested. In the one kind, most commonly known by the name, there is no unsoundness of mind except on one point. There is indeed an absurd and delusive notion prevailing, but all the deductions from it are perfectly sound and rational. There is a well-known account in Donatus,* of a man named Vincentinus, who believed that he was so corpulent as to be unable to pass through the door of his room. He was ordered to be forcibly led through; and this was done, but as they forced him along, Vincentinus shrieked out that the flesh was torn from his bones, and his limbs broken off, and he died in a few days under the delusion.

Another monomaniac, a patient of Dr. Steventon, of Baltimore, after a variety of strange fancies, believed himself dead. Dr. Steventon was sent to him one morning in great haste, and found

* Hist. Med.

him in bed stretched out at full length, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth close shut, and his looks cadaverous. "Well, Sir, how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Steventon in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do," replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, Sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock." Dr. Steventon put his hand to the patient's forehead, as if to ascertain if it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful voice, "Yes! the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him; and now, the sooner he is buried the better." A coffin was procured, the procession arranged, and the family were ordered to exhibit all the usual signs of distress. And as the coffin was brought into the church-yard, it was concerted that several of the neighbours should come up, and enter into conversation with the bearers. "Whom have you there?" said one. "Poor Mr. B." was the answer; "he died last night." "Pity he had not died long ago," said the inquirer; "he was a bad man." "Whose funeral is this?" asked another. "Poor Mr. B. is dead," said the doctor. "Ah! indeed. And so he is gone at last. And a very good thing too." One or two similar remarks at last fairly put the deceased out of patience, until throwing off the coffin lids, he jumped up to chastise the libellers, and after chasing them through the church-yard, was carried home perfectly convinced of his own existence, and never afterwards was troubled with any similar delusion.

Another,* a lieutenant in the navy, appeared in 1817 before the lord mayor, complaining that the people in the house where he lodged had conspired to destroy him by means of electricity; that they had actually deprived him of his ancle bones, and the nobs of his wrists, and had superinduced a consumption; that they had bled him, applied leeches; and, at last, that the young lady, by means of the power of attraction, had succeeded in drawing two of his teeth, which he produced in court as a proof of the assertion.

A third case, given by Dr. Jacobi, and extracted by Dr. Pritchard, is worth adding. It was a man in other respects of rational, quiet, discreet habits, so that he was employed in the domestic business of the asylum; and yet he laboured under the impression that there was a person concealed in his stomach, with whom he held frequent conversations. He often perceived the absurdity of this idea, and grieved in acknowledging and reflecting that he was under the influence of so groundless a persuasion,

* A very similar case was brought before the lord mayor within the last few weeks.

but could never get rid of it. It was very curious to observe, says Jacobi, how, when he had but an instant before cried, "What nonsense! Is it not intolerable to be so deluded?" and while the tears which accompanied these exclamations were yet in his eyes, he again began to talk, apparently with entire conviction, about the whispering of the person in his stomach, who told him that he was to marry a great princess.* An attempt was made to cure this man by putting a large blister on his stomach, and at the instant when it was drest, and the vesicated skin snipped, throwing from behind him a dressed up figure, as if just extracted from his body. The experiment so far succeeded, that the patient believed in the performance, and his joy was at first boundless in the full persuasion that he was cured. But some morbid feeling about the bowels, which he had associated with the insane impression, still continuing, or being again experienced, he took up the idea that another person similar to the first, was still left within him, and under that persuasion he still continued to labour.†

We have thrown together these illustrations, which happen to be lying within our reach, for the purpose of showing that there is nothing incredible in three of the phenomena exhibited during the fits of epilepsy, which are said to be superinduced during the process of magnetising;—first, the insensibility of the body; secondly, the abstraction of attention from surrounding objects; thirdly, the partial consciousness of present circumstances, particularly of those which are connected with the predominant subject of thought.

There are one or two instances on record of a still more remarkable abstraction of sense: Jerome Cardan, whose life by his own account abounded in a variety of singular phenomena, speaks of himself, if we recollect rightly, as possessing at one time the power of dying and returning to life.

Augustin mentions another case, which may be given in his own words—

"Jam illud multo est incredibilius, quod plerique fratres memoriâ recentissimâ experti sunt, Presbyter fuit quidam nomine Restitutus in paræciâ Calamensis Ecclesiæ, qui quando ei placebat (rogabatur autem, ut hoc faceret ab eis qui rem mirabilem coram scire cupiebant) ad imitationem quasi lamentantis cujuslibet hominis voces, ita se auferebat a sensibus et jacebat simillimus mortuo, ut non solum vellicantes atque pungentes minime sentiret, sed aliquando etiam igne ureretur admoto, sine ullo

* This whispering of an internal voice is a very common feature in insanity. It occurs very remarkably in the early history of Quakerism.—See *Turner's History of Providences*, c. 86.

† Dr. Max Jacobi, *Sammlungen für die Heilkunde der Gemuthskrankheiten*.—*Pritchard's Treatise on Insanity*, p. 32.

doloris sensu, nisi postmodum ex vulnere. Non autem obnitendo, sed non sentiendo non movere corpus, eo probabatur, quòd tanquam in defuncto nullus inveniebatur anhelitus: hominum tamen voces si clarius loquerentur, tanquam de longinquo se audire postea referebat."—*De Civit. Dei*, lib. xiv. c. 24.

A similar case, which Tertullian and others recognized as epilepsy, is referred to by Pliny.*

"Reperimus inter exempla, Hermotimi Clazomenii animam relicto corpore errare solitam, vagamque e longinquo multa annunciare, quæ nisi a præsentē nosci non possent, corpore interim semianimi; donec cremato eo inimici (qui Cantharidæ vocabantur) remeanti animæ velut vaginam ademerint."†

The one most fully stated is here given on the authority of Dr. Cheyne.

"Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of honor and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint. His illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter in autumn and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr. Baynard and I (Dr. Cheyne) were called to him, and attended him twice a day; but his vomitings continuing still incessant and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us one morning: we waited on him with Mr. Skrine his apothecary. We found his senses clear, and his mind calm: his nurse and several servants were about him. He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt in himself; which was, that, composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or some how, he could come to life again: which he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for from common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it: unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above a quarter of an hour, about this surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clean looking glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any, by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and

* Nat. Hist. lib. ii. c. 53.

† See also M. Casanton's Treatise of Enthusiasm, ch. 3, and Bodinus Dæmon. lib. ii. c. 5.

breath, but could not by the nicest scrutiny discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued above half an hour. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning: he began to breathe gently, and speak softly: we were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and, after some further conversation with him among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it."—*Percy Anecdotes*, vol. ii. p. 68.

To return, however, to the subject of magnetism. Another phenomenon still more remarkable is the state of the mind during this temporary withdrawal from sensation.

To comprehend this effect, we ought to understand, far better than we do, the nature of the connection between sense and mind, and the offices which the external world fulfils in relation to the internal, moral, and intellectual faculties. If these were once clearly distinguished, there would be no difficulty in anticipating the results, when the relation was temporarily suspended, as it evidently may be for a time. When the subject of Dr. Chalmers' Bridgewater Treatise was announced, it was hoped that much light would be thrown on this very interesting problem. But unhappily the rather forced and farfetched construction put upon the question by the excellent person to whom it was proposed, has left the whole subject untouched.

There appear then to be four *principal* functions, which the external world of sense discharges with respect to that spirit of man which is inclosed within it, as an embryo in a womb, or a kernel in its shell.

First, it puts the faculties in movement, supplies materials of ideas, which the mind then arranges, digests and analyses, as corn is put into a mill. All the wheels of the machine and the laws by which they move exist wholly independently of the wheat which they grind, but perhaps cannot begin to move until something is given them to work upon.

Secondly, when these operations are once commenced, the senses serve to occupy and amuse the mind, when it is incapable (as it is incapable, except for short intermitting periods) of laborious thought and exertion. The greatest part even of our waking life is necessary to be spent as it were in a theatre, where sight and sound, and taste and smell, may be presented to it without effort of its own, in gay and varied succession; and the sensibili-

ties may be stimulated just so far as to prevent torpor or restlessness, but no farther. In this point of view the vast fabric of nature, with its panoramas of heaven and earth, its endless dioramic changes of morning and evening and night, its microscopic wonders, the shifting of the clouds, with all the alternations of seasons and foliage, and lights and colour, the movements of air and water and animated life, flitting before us and grouping themselves in endless combinations, like actors and processions on a stage, its concerts in woods and field—every thing that nature, or rather God, has provided to please the eye and the ear, are as innocent toys and recreations for us his helpless children, when we are wearied with work, and yet cannot sleep. When applied to their proper purpose, they are not amusements for the idle, who very soon cease to relish them, but relaxations for the laborious, who are placed here to work and toil, but from the infirmity of their frame cannot toil long at a time.

A third very important use of the external world is to assist and regulate the intellect. This point was touched on before, and it is of great importance in accounting for the intellectual phenomena which occur in states of catalepsy, and other similar disorders. Every one knows the nature of a day dream; when a man throws himself back in his chair, gives way to the current of his ideas, without attempting to control them, follows them wherever they lead, and almost loses sight of the place where he is, and the circumstances around him. Every one knows also that, in this maze of recalled associations, the strangest contradictions and impossibilities groupe themselves together; persons are recalled to life; distant countries visited and traversed in a moment; positions imagined for ourselves, which are wholly beyond our reach. What Pinel says of the realities of a mad house is true of these indolent reveries.* “In one chair is a general, who fights an important battle, and leaves fifty thousand men dead on the field. In another is a monarch, who talks of nothing but his subjects and provinces. In another is the prophet Mahomet in person, who denounces vengeance in the name of the Almighty. Close by him is a sovereign of the universe, who can with a breath annihilate the world.” A man of taste, on the other hand, takes the line of the maniac who muttered to M. Calmeil. “Being the most puissant of emperors I shall build a new Paris in four hours: the streets shall be paved with gold; they shall meet in a great square, which shall occupy the midst; they shall have on each side two rows of galleries like a bazaar. Every where there shall be a display of bronze statues and marble columns. The beds in the apartment

* Pinel on Insanity, p. 157.

shall be made of rosewood. In the place of curtains there shall be mirrors, which shall be fixed at the four corners by hinges of diamonds."

Still more frequently indolent persons abandon themselves to the phantasies of the moment without any leading idea to regulate them, and their visions and words, if transferred to paper, would exhibit a specimen of existence full as wild as the wildest ravings of a lunatic, or the wanderings of intoxication. Now this is the natural state and tendency of all minds, until we have acquired the power of regulating our thoughts. One train of strangely linked ideas is poured into them by past associations. Another series is constantly suggested by external impressions; partly arising from the outward senses, and partly from that portion of the epigastrium which seems to form one of the centres of the nervous system. And these are all so mixed together, that all order and sequence is lost, and the result is a temporary delirium. The mode of reducing them to order is by keeping steadily before us some one idea, and rejecting and repelling all those which cannot be brought into harmony or connection with it. The mind of a reasoning being is like the root of a tree, stretching out its fibres to collect and assimilate every particle of nutriment, which it can bring into affinity with its own substance. Or it resembles a polypus, lying quiet, with its fringe of tentacula spread out, with the one ruling thought of food to regulate its seizure of animalcula that float by. It has in fact no power but of rejection, and no law of rejection but accordance or discordance with some one principle or idea which it holds steadily before it. Now it is very true, that under some strong exciting passion, or in men of great power of abstract attention, this idea may be grasped firmly without the aid of the senses, as when men close their eyes to prevent distraction, or retire, as Sarti the composer used to do, to a dark room, and Passiello to bed. But for the most part it is necessary to have some fixed object with which the leading idea is associated kept constantly present to the eye, or to some other sense. Thus, when we are writing we look up in one corner of the room, and, what is said in jest, really takes place, that the ideas connected with the subject do gather themselves round that point, and notwithstanding perpetual digressions, every time we return there, we find them conglomerated and ready for use, and continue to swell their number by bringing back each assimilated thought which occurs in our various excursions. Close up the senses, especially the eyes, and let there be no prominent idea in the mind, or faculty of fixing the attention, and a temporary insanity, as in sleep, at once takes place.

This point may be reverted to again. At present one other use of the organs of sensation may be suggested, which will sound to many very mystical and superstitious, but which is supported by very high philosophical authorities, and is perfectly in harmony with the Scriptural hints respecting the human mind. They serve probably as much to confine our knowledge as to extend it. They may be friendly checks upon the activity of its faculties and the rage of its perceptions, just as stilts, which are instruments of walking, are very great impediments to movement, and glasses, where the eyes are sound, only dim and confound the sight. In this point of view our ears may be given us to prevent our hearing, our eyes to blind our sight, our feet to embarrass locomotion, or rather the whole process by which mind is incarcerated, as it were, in matter, may have this necessary result, and the organs of sense may be provided to give only such facilities of perception as are absolutely essential to existence, and no more. There is evidently a world of beings and things around us of which we know nothing, but from faith. And whether we turn to Scripture or the phenomena which are sometimes exhibited even in the natural world, as in the hour of death, in trances, and other singular and critical states of the human mind, we cannot but believe that this world is opened to us at times, though in a manner wholly unlike the action of our physical organs. Man is always described in the Bible as lying in a state of darkness: it speaks constantly of his eyes being opened by a supernatural power. The more general mode in which the revelation of a syritual world is made to him, is by throwing him into a deep sleep; sometimes, as in the case of Balaam, "with his eyes open." And those who attentively look to the instances in which the presence of a spiritual power is described in the Scriptures, both Old and New, will find it almost always accompanied with a state of sleep in the human beings present.

It is neither right nor safe to press Scriptural facts, which are more or less connected with the supernatural dispensations of God, into the illustration of natural phenomena beyond a certain point. And we have no intention of doing this. But they may be remembered when it is stated, that in the epilepsy of Magnetism, when sleep is produced, and the mind is withdrawn, as it were, from the influence of sensation, it becomes in some instances possessed of new powers, and seems to take a wider range of consciousness. That this does not take place except in comparatively few instances, even the most sanguine magnetisers allow. And probably even these instances may be reduced to general laws already recognized. The case of natural somnambulism described by Dr. Abercrombie, where a servant girl in her

paroxysm talked Latin and Hebrew, was cleared up by the discovery that she had many years before lived with a master who had been in the habit of speaking these languages in her hearing. And though her attention had not been directed to them at the time, they had remained dormant, as it were, in the memory, and woke up during the fit, as letters written in invisible ink re-appear when they are held to the fire. The same thing occurred to a friend in his sleep, who was studying Italian. When awoke he could not put two words together, but in his dreams he talked the language with the greatest fluency. The words recurring as they do in common speaking and in writing by a natural flow, and not being recalled by an effort of thought. So also the cases of supposed sorcery in France, where Latin was often spoken by the patients, may be explained by their recollection of phrases heard during the service of mass. And the few fragments, very few, indeed, of intelligible tongues, or any tongues whatever, which could be picked out from the jargon of the unhappy Irvingites, may also easily be traced to similar accidental recurrences. However this may be, we only wish in this phenomenon as in the others, that due regard should be paid to the analogy of facts; and that the representations of Magnetism, whether realized or not, should not be thrown aside with contempt as absurd and incredible, when they are supported by adequate testimony, and have any parallel, or seeming parallel, in the acknowledged order of nature. Candour and impartiality, and, above all, a consciousness that we know very little of the wonders of the spiritual world, are the temper with which they must be examined by all who would profess themselves philosophers, and especially by those who would approach them in the spirit of a Christian philosopher. To return however to the immediate question. Here are four modes in which the external world of sense acts upon the intellect, and by acting on the intellect very materially influences and controls the moral tendencies of man. And when the connection is broken, and the mind is left to itself, it is now easy to trace the consequences.

In the first place, though we must not do more than advert to this point, which does not affect the present subject, mind never acted upon at all by sense, would probably never be called into movement. It might remain with all its springs and wheels, and laws of movement, which constitute the treasure which it brings into the world, to use the philosophical word, with all its innate ideas, perfect and ready to move, but dormant till the sense roused it, as the steam-engine exists in quiescence till the fire begins to warm the water. This is the true solution of the rival doctrines of sensualism and idealism.

Secondly, when sensation, after having been exerted, was again withdrawn, the mind would fall back upon its own resources, upon past associations, or internal springs of thought and fancy. If these failed, it would become weary and restless, subject to that melancholy state of vacuity and irritability, which the French happily express by *ennui*; but which very often assumes a much more fearful form than fashionable vapours, and becomes a species of positive insanity. If there is any tendency to repose, sleep will be superinduced with more or less profoundness.

Thirdly, if this sleep does not terminate in perfect torpor, the mind will exhibit all its movements, impulses and ideas, removed from that control, which, in a waking and natural state, reduces them to order, conceals those which are repulsive, and checks their extravagances.

It will then take the form of insanity, either fixed or temporary, as in dreams and waking reveries. If some particular idea has seized possession of the mind, this will shape and modify the general current of thought, and though the idea itself may be illusion, others will group and form themselves around it, very often without the slightest departure from the analogy of reason. If, on the other hand, the unsound state is caused by an irritation of the nervous system, as by humours in the blood, inflammation of the intestinal canal, oppression or lesion of the brain, or even, as in some cases, by a simple wound, mania will probably ensue with more or less violence, continuing or intermitting with the alternations of the constitutional disorder. And all this will arise from the removal of that check, which, in a sound state of mind, is constantly maintained over even its momentary movements, feelings, and impulses.

Thus it is that apparently the same cause will produce the most opposite effects, according to character, previous habits, and constitutional tendency. So it is in insanity; so it is in intoxication; so it is in that peculiar kind of intoxication produced by inhaling what is called the laughing gas. And so also in the case of somnambulism, it is not easy to say what turn the movement will take when released from its usual control.

“Sometimes,” says the Baron du Potet,* speaking of the effect of the treatment adopted by Mesmer, “a certain exaltation of the mind, and a lively sense of comfort was experienced; then followed convulsions, which sometimes were of remarkable violence and duration. To these physiological were often added very extraordinary moral phenomena; some of the patients burst into immoderate fits of laughter, others melted into tears; they often appeared mutually attracted by irresistible im-

* *Animal Magnetism*, p. 141.

pulses of sympathy, and seemed to entertain the most lively affection for each other. But the most surprising circumstance was the prodigious influence which the magnetiser exercised over his patients. The least sign of his will excited or calmed the convulsions, commanded love or hatred. He then stood before them, like a magician with his wand, under the waving of which their souls and bodies were kept in submissive obedience. Such were the results of the magnetic operations as conducted by Mesmer, which the ancient commissioners verified, and minutely described in their reports.”*

* In the words of the commissioners,—“ Some remained calm and tranquil, others coughed, spat, felt some slight pain, a local or universal heat, and had sweat ; others were agitated, tormented with convulsions, most extraordinary by their force, their number, and their duration ; as soon as one began, another succeeded ; the paroxysms lasted sometimes three hours ; the patients spat a thick viscous, and sometimes bloody fluid ; the attacks were characterized by precipitate, violent, and involuntary movements of the members or the whole body, by constrictions of the throat, by spasms at the epigastrium and hypochondria, piercing cries, tears, hiccough, and immoderate laughter. Nothing could be more astonishing than the sight of these agitations and various seizures ; the sympathies which established themselves between all these individuals struck us with amazement. We beheld the patients precipitating themselves one towards the other, smiling and talking to each other with affection, and mutually alleviating their agitations. Every thing depended upon the will of the magnetiser ; were they in an apparently deep sleep, his voice, a look, a sign, drew them out of it.” —*Rapport des Commissaires chargés par le Roi de l'examen du Magnétisme Animal. Paris, 1784.*

It may not be amiss to transcribe the account of the apparatus by which these effects were produced. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is now wholly discontinued. “ A little wooden tub of different forms, round, oval or square, raised one foot, or one foot and a half, was placed in the middle of a large room. This tub was called ‘ the baquet ;’ its covering was pierced with a certain number of holes, from out of which came branches of iron, jointed and flexible. The patients were placed in several rows round this baquet, and each person held the branch of iron, which, by means of the joints, could be applied to the part affected ; a cord was placed round the bodies of the patients, which united them one to another. Sometimes a second chain was formed by communication with the hands, that is to say, by applying the thumb of one between the thumb and first finger of the next person ; the thumb thus held was then pressed, and the impression received on the left was returned by the right, and circulated all around. A piano forte was placed in a corner of a room, different airs were played upon it, sometimes the sound of the voice in singing was added.¹ All the magnetisers had in their hand a little rod of iron, ten or twelve inches long. This rod was looked upon as the conductor of magnetism ; it possessed the advantage of concentrating it in its point, and of rendering the emanations more powerful. Sound, according to the principles of Mesmer, was also a conductor of magnetism ; and, in order to communicate the fluid to the piano, it was sufficient to let the rod approach it. The cord with which the patients were surrounded was destined, as well as the chain of thumbs, to augment the effects by communication. The inside of the baquet was said to be so formed that it might concentrate the magnetic fluid ; there was nothing, however, in reality, in its formation which could excite or retain magnetism or electricity.

“ The patients ranged in great numbers, and in several rows round the baquet, received magnetism by all the different ways ; by the iron branches which came out of the tub, by the cord which was entangled round their bodies, by the union of the thumbs, by the sound of the piano, and agreeable voices which mingled with it. They were directly magnetised by means of the finger and the iron rod, moved before the

¹ Singing was also a principal instrument in producing the first extravagancies of Methodism.

Now, however magical this may sound, there is nothing in it which is not perfectly reconcilable with known facts, and may not be explained without any recurrence to the magnetic fluid.

Nearly all these patients, it must be remembered, labour previously under a disordered state of the nervous system. They are subject to epilepsy, catalepsy, or some disease of the kind. We all know what convulsions and distortions take place spontaneously when the nerves are at all excited. Hysterics, sobbing, laughing, shrieking, sounds of the most wild and insane character, violent gesticulation, tearing the hair, beating the breast, clasping the hands, fixing the eye-balls, distending the nostrils, throwing every limb into the most forced and unnatural positions, and continuing them motionless,—in short, every species of convulsion is exhibited daily in cases of violent emotion, whether of fear, sorrow, or joy; and perhaps they would be infinitely more common, and take place on the slightest notice, if we had not learned, in the habits of society, and by a manly contempt for mere feeling, to check these extravagancies the moment they begin to appear. We all know also how rapidly they increase and overpower every attempt to suppress them, when they have once been indulged. And the variety and intensity of mental emotion are equally intelligible, when they are compared with the extravagant hopes, the profound sullenness, or the transports of anger, love, or joy, which take place under the influence of intoxication, according to the character or whim of the party.

If, in fact, we must hint our own opinion, it is that magnetism is but another species of inebriation, by whatever agent it is brought on. And if this illustration of the disorder was more plainly employed, it would probably serve as the preventive against its abuse, and at any rate would lead to the withdrawal of such scenes of temporary deliquium, or delirium, from the public eyes, to which, especially in the case of females, from mere delicacy, they ought not to be exposed.

It is not a little worthy of notice that these moral appearances of violent feeling, sympathy and subjection to the control of a leader, are by no means peculiar to Magnetism, but are to be found in every case where numbers of persons are brought together in a state of excitement. The exultations of religious fanaticism in the east, the mysteries of Paganism, the meetings of heretical sects in the Christian Church—Quakerism, Metho-

face, above or behind the head, and upon the diseased parts, always observing the distinction of the poles. They were acted upon by a fixed look, but above all, they were magnetised by the application of hands, and by the pressure of fingers upon the hypochondria, and upon the abdominal region; an application often continued for a long time, sometimes during several hours."

dism, and even popular political movements, all present the same features.

Besides however this insane state of mind, there is a third phenomenon asserted in *Animal Magnetism*, which deserves a few remarks before we turn to the question, by what means they are all elicited. How are we to account for the lucidity or clairvoyance, which, upon testimony not yet to be got rid of, has been exhibited in advanced stages of the crisis? For testimony there is, to which we must look with very great deference. There may be occasional mistakes, ill-conducted experiments, failures in some instances, even collusion and imposition in others, but it is impossible for any sound-minded man to read the accounts which have been published by the most eminent physicians of Europe, and cast them all aside in contempt, without setting at defiance every law of evidence. And, as we have done before, we must once more protest against rashly tampering with this fundamental safeguard of all truth.

Now, according to the statements of the professors of Magnetism, there are four degrees of *lucidity*. 1. In the first, the patient becomes sensible of external objects by means of other organs than those usually employed. They see and hear, touch and smell by means chiefly of the epigastrium, instead of the eyes and ears.

2. In the second he is enabled to distinguish objects through opaque substances and at a considerable distance.

3. In the third he can look into himself and describe his own internal condition, and that of the parties with whom, to use the technical term, he is placed in magnetic relation.

4. He is endowed with a retrospective and prospective faculty, and knows a number of things, both past and future, with which he could not have become acquainted through the ordinary channels of knowledge.*

“ ‘ Marie,’ said a strange physician to a somnambulist, ‘ do you know me ?’ ‘ Yes, sir.’ ‘ Who am I ?’ ‘ You are a physician.’ ‘ Whence do I come ?’ ‘ From Chartres.’ ‘ Where is my house at Chartres ?’ ‘ In a small street running down a declivity.’ ‘ Can you see my house ?’ ‘ Yes, sir.’ ‘ Is there any company in it ?’ ‘ Yes, sir, four ladies, one old, two middle-aged, and one young lady.’ ‘ For what purpose have I come in this part of the country ?’ ‘ To see a female patient.’ ‘ Where is her complaint ?’ Here she pointed to the part affected, which we cannot just now recollect. ‘ Where did I dine ?’ ‘ At M’s.’ ‘ Was there a good dinner ?’ ‘ Yes, sir.’ ‘ Could you tell me what dishes we had ?’ ‘ Certainly.’ She names every dish, and its particular place on the table. ‘ What do I hold in my hand ?’ ‘ A small wooden box.’ ‘ What does it contain ?’ ‘ Sharp little iron tools.’ ‘ Now, what have

* Du Potet, p. 111.

'I in my hand?' 'Some money.' 'How much?' She names the sum. 'In what coin?' She specifies the various coins. 'Can you tell me my thoughts at this moment?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Say it.' 'I dare not, I must not tell you.' 'Well, I will tell you, I think of giving you this money.' 'So you do, sir, but I could not say so.' All these answers were perfectly correct."*

Now, to show that these are not purely modern notions, any one, who will look into the account of the trials so common in the middle ages for sorcery and witchcraft, will find many instances of very similar phenomena. And the translator or compiler of the Baron du Potet's work has done a great service to the cause of historical truth by comparing several instances of supposed witchcraft with the fact of magnetism. It is always gratifying to have reason to believe that statements are mainly true in fact, however mixed up with explanations and theories which may be false. With such authenticated phenomena before them our benighted ancestors took refuge for their solution in the influence of evil spirits;—an influence pronounced by Scripture to exist, the belief of which is perfectly compatible with all the truths of Christianity, and congenial to the very spirit of a humble, solemn, thoughtful, spiritualized Christian, placed upon earth by God for the very purpose of fighting a battle with the enemy of souls, the father of lies, and the worker of lying wonders. They were not blindly deluded as to facts which they appear to have scrutinized in many instances with full as much care as we employ in sifting the profession of Magnetism. They generalized with the same accuracy as we do, referring the facts to a general law and principle recognised by all the philosophy of the day.

We do not think their principle at all less incredible, or supported at all with less evidence than the principle which is chosen by this age. The existence of evil spirits, and their power, under God's permission, to distract and influence the human soul are two facts, not a whit less credible than the existence of the magnetic fluid and its professed operation on the nervous system under the direction of volition. And undoubtedly it is far more gratifying to see a religious idea, however encumbered with superstition and surrounded by imposture, predominating in the explanation of natural phenomena, than a too materialistic notion, which catches with delight at any thing which can make the movements of mind intelligible by assimilating them with the functions of matter.

However this may be, there is scarcely a single instance of what has for years been termed the superstitious credulity of our

* Extract from the *Journal de la Meuse* for Sept. 20, 1835. Du Potet, p. 109.

Christian forefathers, which has not now been raked up and dragged forward as an attestation to the truth of animal magnetism. The epileptic convulsions of possessed or bewitched persons, their insensibility to bodily pain, their faculty of distinguishing an object both close and distant with closed eyes, their sympathies with particular individuals, the power of the touch in calming or increasing the disorder, the strange language which it is known they have uttered, and which was made one of the criterions of a bewitched person, the influence of fascination, and the evil eye, even the preternatural lightness of the body which was to prevent them from sinking in the water, and sometimes, it was supposed, caused them to be raised up in the air; these, and the use of amulets and charms, are now at length gravely allowed in the enlightened nineteenth century to have been facts and truths; and no other fault is any longer found with the dark ages that gave them credence, except for an erroneous solution of mysteries which are allowed to be as yet unexplained.

If any one wishes to see the phenomena of Magnetism exhibited under a different name, he has only to look to the cases of supposed witchcraft collected by the celebrated Glanville in his *Saducismus Triumphatus*. The very concurrence of so many peculiarities is itself a strong evidence of truth. The date of the following abridged case, reported on oath, is 1657.

Richard Jones was one day stroked on the side by a woman, Jane Brooks, who also gave him an apple. He is seized with pain in the side, and after eating the apple becomes speechless. During his fits he used to see the same woman and her sister appearing to him, and would describe the clothes and habits they were in at the time, exactly as the constables and others found upon repairing to their house. This they often tried, proceeds the account, and always found the boy right in his description. He was examined before a magistrate at Castle Cary, and during the inquiry, the women coming into the room, he was immediately taken speechless. This occurred frequently. In one of his fits the woman was called to lay her hand on him, which she did, and he thereupon started and sprang out in a very strange and unusual manner. One of the justices, to prevent all possibility of legerdemain, caused every one else to stand off from the boy, while he held him himself. The youth being blindfolded, the justice called as if Brooks should touch him, but winked to others to do it, which two or three successively did, but the boy appeared not concerned. The justice then called on the father to take him, but had privately before desired one Mr. Geoffrey Strode to bring Jane Brooks to touch him, as he should call for his father; which was done, and the boy immediately sprang out

after a very odd and violent fashion. He was afterwards touched by several persons and moved not; but Jane Brooks being again caused to put her hand upon him, he started and sprang out twice or thrice as before. All this while he remained in his fit, and some time after; and being then laid on a bed the people present could not for a long time bend either of his arms or legs. Afterwards the woman, it is said, appeared to him and gave him twopence; this was several times put into the fire. When it was heated the boy fell sick, when it grew cold he recovered.

Now, it is to be observed, that this narrative of facts is as well authenticated as any common phenomenon of nature. It is attested upon oath, by a clergyman and magistrate, and the very result of the inquiry, that the poor woman was hung, proves that the inquiry itself could not have been careless or superficial. Moreover, as before observed, it exhibits a collection of peculiar circumstances, exactly like those of magnetism; but between the two there is no connection either of tone or theory. They are wholly independent evidences of separate experiments, and this is but one case out of numbers.

Perhaps the reader will be more alive to this consideration if we give him another testimony to similar facts, with the acknowledgment on the part of the witness that he cannot explain them, from no less a man than St. Augustine. In the tenth book of his *Commentary on Genesis*, there is one of the most profound, sober, and discriminative views of the spiritual nature of man in its relation to the senses, that is to be found in any author, ancient or modern. It is impossible to read it with the attention which it deserves, without being wonderfully struck with that singular combination of bold and penetrating metaphysical research, with deep Christian humility and piety, which mark the character of Augustine, and which probably could not have been formed, except by that melancholy process to which his fervent energetic mind was subjected in early life.

He tells several stories as illustrative of the state of *Exstasis*, and closes them with these words, which we should be glad to borrow for ourselves:—

“*Istarum visionum et divinationum causas et modos vestigare si quis potest, certoque comprehendere, eum magis audire vellem, quam de me expectari, ut ipse dissererem. Quid tamen putem, ita ut nec docti me tanquam confirmantem derideant, nec indocti tanquam docentem accipiant, sed utrique disceptantem et quærentem potius quam scientem, non occultabo. Ego visa ista omnia visis comparo somniantium. Sicut enim aliquando et hæc falsa, aliquando autem vera sunt, aliquando perturbata, aliquando tranquilla; ipsa autem vera, aliquando futuris omnino similia,*

vel apertè dicta, aliquando obscuris significationibus et quasi figuratis locutionibus ferè enuntiata ; sic etiam illa omnia."

The parallel may be more striking, if we first read a remarkable case of Magnetism given by Mr. Du Potet.* The patient was a poor girl of the name of Caroline Baudoin, who had suffered frightfully from scrofula, and had been obliged in consequence to submit to amputation of the arm.

"Moved," says the Baron, "by the recital of her sufferings, I resolved upon magnetizing her, rather from an instinctive feeling that I might relieve her, than from any conviction that I could do her good, for I scarcely considered it possible to cure so inveterate a disease. In the course of three minutes magnetism she fell asleep, and began by telling me, that had she known me seven months sooner, she would not have lost her arm. It was only three months since she had been operated upon. She pointed out the means of healing the wounds on the arm and breast, and on these being applied they proved completely successful. The most important thing, however, remained to be effected, which was to change her constitution, or at least to modify it in such a manner as to prevent a recurrence of the previous eruption. Magnetism had produced a sufficient degree of lucidity to allow of her giving advice to other patients, but hitherto not enough to describe the means of curing herself. One day as she was prescribing for a patient whose recovery she was anxious to bring about, she interrupted the consultation, and told me that on the 24th of August, at nine in the evening, she should fall into a state of profound sleep, which would last for thirty hours ; that this sleep would be very calm, if during the two preceding days she was not annoyed by any thing, but otherwise she should be much agitated ; and that by an unaccountable feeling she should endeavour to eat her own flesh. She therefore desired that precautions might be taken to check this fatal propensity, and requested that she might be incessantly watched. She declared, further, that during this crisis of thirty hours, she would eat absolutely nothing ; and that the scrofulous matter would be carried out of her system. She also said, that during her sleep a *bruissement* would be heard at the epigastrium, caused by the flow of scrofulous humours. She then predicted her perfect recovery. This declaration was made on the 14th July, 1833. I made her repeat it on the 21st of the same month, *in the presence of fifteen persons, who drew up and signed a report to this effect, having previously taken care to ascertain her scrofulous state.* In the intervening period many persons took cognizance of the declaration, and promised, *if her prediction were fulfilled, to attest so remarkable a case.* On the 24th of August, at eight in the evening, it was arranged that *several persons should assemble* in the house of the patient at the Petit Carreau ; and I enjoined her attendants to put her to bed half an hour before the accession of her crisis, in order to prevent her being annoyed. All this was punctually done. At nine o'clock a number of visitors had congregated. On arriving we were in-

* Introduct. p. 138.

formed that the crisis had declared itself a few minutes sooner than she had predicted, and that it was fully developed. On entering the room we saw the unfortunate girl with her face swelled, her tongue protruding out of her mouth, nearly, to all appearance, cut in two by her teeth, her limbs stiffened, and her jaws so firmly locked that it was impossible to open them. After having magnetised the masseter muscles, so as to remove the stiffness of the jaws, I caused the tongue to be drawn in, which was already very much discoloured, and fortunately had only been bitten very slightly. No one had yet perceived that one of her fingers had not only been bitten, but that there was a loss of substance, the piece wanting having been swallowed by her during her previous paroxysm. As the violence of the crisis continued, I thought it proper to remain with her during the ensuing thirty hours. I was perfectly right in having taken this resolution, for she struggled hard with extraordinary violence, and attempted to put her hand into her mouth to bite it again; but she had been so bound down that she could only get at the sheets, a piece of which she succeeded in tearing off. The somnambulatory state at length terminated; her prediction was fulfilled; and she was, to the satisfaction of all the parties interested, from that day cured."

The instances mentioned by Augustin are these:—

"We know, as a positive fact," he says,* "the case of a person possessed by an unclean spirit, who, though confined to the house, was in the habit of announcing the approach of a certain priest, who came to visit him from a distance of twelve miles. He would describe him at every stage of his journey, where he was, how near, when he was on the point of entering the property, the house, and the chamber, until he came within sight. Although it was impossible for him to see this with his eyes, yet if he had not seen it in some way or another he could not have described it as he did with perfect truth. He was suffering from fever, and spoke as in a delirium. It may be," says Augustin, "that he really was in a delirium, and was therefore supposed to be possessed. He would receive no food from any one, not even from his relatives, only from this priest. He would struggle violently, and resist his own relatives with all his might. But the moment the priest came near him, he became quiet, and answered submissively. His mental aberration, however, or possession, whichever it was, did not give way to the priest. Nor did it leave him, till he was cured of his fever by ordinary processes, after which he never experienced any thing of the kind."

In the second instance occurs the phenomenon of the patient prescribing remedies for his own disorder, and anticipating his own cure, with the date of it, which forms so prominent a feature in Magnetism.

"'There was with us, fuit apud nos, a boy, who, at the commencement of puberty, laboured under a very singular and dreadful disorder,' closely connected, it should be added, with the nervous system. 'His agony, though great, was not continual; when the fit came on, he would scream

* *Comment De Genesi ad literam*, lib. 12, c. 35.

and cry out with violence, and throw about his limbs as is usual in bodily sufferings, but without any loss of reason. Then in the midst of his ecstasies he would be wholly deprived of sense,' or as the original expresses it, more strongly, '*abripiebatur ab omnibus sensibus*,' 'and with his eyes open, without seeing any of the bystanders, and not moving though pinched and pulled about, (*ad nullam vellicationem se movens*). After an interval he would wake up, free from pain, and describe what he saw. At the interval of a few days the same would occur again. In all or nearly all his visions, he used, as he said, to see two persons, one advanced in years, the other a boy, by whom he was shown or told what he afterwards narrated to us. On one occasion he saw a company of saints, singing hymns and rejoicing in a wonderful light, and a number of sinners in darkness, suffering various and frightful torments. They were shewn to him by these two persons, who pointed out to him at the same time the respective merits and condition of the parties. *This vision he saw on Easter-day, after having been free from pain during the whole of Lent*, although previously there had scarcely been an intermission of three days. *At the commencement of Lent he had seen these two persons, who promised him that he should suffer nothing during the forty days.* Afterwards they advised him,' '*dederunt tanquam medicinale consilium*,' to have an operation performed. 'This was done, and for a long time he remained free from pain; when it recurred, and the same visions returned, he was again advised by them to bathe in the sea. They promised him at the same time that the violent pain should cease, and that he should only be troubled with a continuance of one symptom (a flow of scrofulous humour); and so it followed; he never afterwards experienced any similar abstraction from sense, or saw any more visions. The remainder of his cure was effected by his physicians.'

With Augustin we must leave the explanation of these facts to those who would profess to know more of the capabilities and condition of the human mind. As to the facts themselves, if any one is inclined to reject them as coming from an early Father, and that Father, as he is often called, a Monk, it will only show his ignorance of the character of Augustin, and of some of the most profound metaphysical inquiries existing in any language. It is, at least, impossible to throw them aside as contrary to the analogy of experience, until the exactly parallel cases of magnetism are wholly disproved. Separately we may all be inclined to doubt; together, like the two sides of an arch, they press and support each other.

The phenomena of second sight should also be brought to bear upon the question of magnetism. Society in Scotland may be very rude, and rude societies may be very superstitious, and many of the seeming predictions may be unfulfilled, and many more seem frivolous, or explicable by ordinary principles, but it is wholly contrary to analogy that the belief in such a faculty not limited to an individual, but occurring irregularly over whole

districts, and capable of being tested by the simplest observer, should exist as it has existed in Scotland, without at least some foundation for it. Aubrey and Frazer, Martin and Kirk, and Sacheverell, in his *Sketches of the Isle of Man*, will supply a sufficient collection of instances to illustrate the analogy between second sight and the clairvoyance of magnetism.

We would extract some at present, but that to heap marvels upon marvels is not the way to command that quiet and dispassionate view of the subject which we wish to recommend.

The facts themselves it may be wholly impossible to reduce to any known law of nature. But after making allowances for all exaggerations, impositions, and falsehoods, they cannot all be set aside without abandoning the corner-stone of evidence, testimony. When we have done this on one subject, it will be done by a very different class of persons in another. We shall introduce a general spirit of scepticism with regard to all things which are not familiar to our own experience. Our own individual reason will be set up as the touchstone of truth. And then our mode of treating the phenomena, even of Magnetism, may be only an illustration of that universal rationalism which is creeping over the whole field of human knowledge, and poisoning at its root religion as well as science.

But indeed the phenomena, even of lucidity, are after all not so far removed from our common experience. Where they are exhibited, through apparently some organs of sense, though different from the usual organs, as, for instance, through the skin, the occiput, the tips of the fingers, or the nerves of the epigastrium, a very little insight into the theory of sensation is sufficient to remove many difficulties.

From Aristotle down to the greatest modern chymists, all corporal sensation has been traced by the profoundest analysis to motion. Impact takes place upon the nerve, motion is produced, and sensation follows. Similar motions generate analogous sensations, the sound of a trumpet is compared to scarlet, the beauty of the eye and softness of touch, and by the most common metaphors, the affections of one sense denote the affections of others. When we consider that the skin, and especially the whole epigastric region, and the solar plexus, are immediately connected with the organs of sense, there is nothing so wholly incredible in the fact, that by some extraordinary perturbation of the nervous system, any or every part may be made as capable of conducting motion to the brain as the ear or the eye. And when the lucidity extends still farther to distant objects, past events or future contingencies, we can only answer, if the fact itself be established by testimony, that the nature of the mind itself, its power, and

range, and capability of development, are to us now and ever an impenetrable mystery. It may possess senses, of which, shut up as it now is in this dungeon of the body, we can form no conception whatever. There is such a thing as prophecy. There are presentiments, and anticipations, and sympathies, which make indeed tales for nurseries, but are also problems of philosophy. What (we think it is the observation of Dr. Reid) would a man say, who, being born blind, should be set to obtain an accurate knowledge of St. Paul's cathedral, of its dimensions, figures, sculpture, and materials by the touch alone; and who, after toiling year after year in forming the most vague conjectures on his object, should then be informed that there was a mode by which in five minutes he might pass along it, and above and about it, and measure every part, and arrange them all into a perfect picture, without moving from the place on which he stood? He would say it was impossible. Those who believed in the existence of such a faculty would be dreamers, and those who professed to possess it, impostors. And unless he chose to trust to testimony, the power and miracles of *vision* must continue to him wholly unknown.

And there may be an eye of the mind, of which at present we know nothing; and it may be opened, as the Bible speaks, by a hand from above, or illuminated with a supernatural light, or the veil now before it may be withdrawn, it may be by disease, or it may be by an energy of nature. And it may have, when thus excited, the power of penetrating and traversing, and recalling and connecting things and objects as far beyond the range of the eye of sense, as the concave of the dome of St. Paul's is removed from the touch of the blind. We do not know—we are very far from presuming to assert it—and those who even hint its possibility must appear visionaries and mystics. But we ask for the mode of disproving it; and till this is done, we insist that testimony, tried and proved testimony, to phenomena of the kind is to be received, with caution indeed and sobriety, but still with that wise faith which, knowing man's ignorance and weakness, does not dare to cramp and cut short the infinity of nature by the narrowness of our own experience.

One more phenomenon of Magnetism we mention briefly, that we may illustrate it as we have done others by reference to a passage from antiquity which lies before us. When the patient is placed in communication, en rapport, with his magnetiser, a remarkable relation, it is said, is established between them. Singular sympathies follow, and almost a transfusion of ideas, sensations and faculties takes place from one to the other. It is interesting to see an allusion to the same fact in the Theages of

Plato, as connected with the Genius of Socrates. It would be very easy to accumulate instances of a similar superstition, if we choose to call it so, from other writers, but this happens to be at hand. The *Theages* is indeed supposed to be a spurious dialogue, but it is at any rate a production of great philosophy, and the facts themselves are referred to in the *Thætetus* and other acknowledged works of Plato.

“ ‘There has followed me,’ says Socrates, ‘from a child, by a dispensation of heaven, a supernatural power. It is a voice, which, whenever it occurs, always warns me to abstain from that which I am about to do. It never advises me to do any thing. And if any one of my friends communicates with me, and the voice occur, it warns him also against his intention, and prohibits him from acting accordingly. I will mention witnesses of the fact. You know Charmides, the son of Glaucon. He happened one day to be speaking to me on the subject, as he was preparing to practise for the stadium at Nemea. The moment he began to speak I heard the voice. I told him of it, and endeavoured to dissuade him. Perhaps, he replied, it only means that I shall not win the race; but even if I do not succeed, it will do me good to practise. He did practise, and you may ask him yourself what happened to him. Ask Clitomachus also, the brother of Timarchus, what Timarchus told him when he and his companion were about to die. Clitomachus, he said, I am now about to die, because I refused to take the warning of Socrates. And why Timarchus said this I will explain. He and Philemon were at a party where I was present the night when they were preparing to assassinate Nicias. No one knew of the plot but themselves. Timarchus rose up from his seat, and bidding us continue at our wine, stated that he was obliged to go away, but would soon return. Upon which I heard the voice, and immediately begged him to remain, for I had heard the usual supernatural sign. He stopped for a short time, and after an interval again made an effort to retire, telling me that he was going. And again I heard the voice, and compelled him to remain. The third time, wishing to escape without my seeing him, he rose up without saying a word to me, watching his opportunity while I was otherwise occupied. And then he committed the crime for which he was to be put to death. With respect again to the Sicilian expedition, many persons will tell you what I prophesied of the destruction of the army. And you may have at the present moment an opportunity of trying the accuracy of the sign. For when Sannion was preparing to join the troops the voice occurred, and I cannot but believe that he will be killed, or something will happen to him.’

“ ‘I have mentioned to you,’ he adds, ‘these facts, because this same supernatural faculty is of force, and of the greatest force, in my intercourse with friends and pupils. Some it is opposed to, and those persons can derive no benefit from my society; and I am unable to associate with them. Many it does not positively reject, and yet they obtain no benefit from me; but in every case where you have perceived that any great progress has been made, there has been the sanction and co-ope-

ration of this super-human power. And even of those who do make a progress, some retain the good they derive from me for a long time, others advance rapidly while they are with me, but the moment they are separated, become no better than the rest. This was particularly the case with Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. While he used to live with me he made a very great advance in a very short time. After this he sailed with an expedition. And on his return found Thucydides with me, with whom the day before I had slightly quarrelled. When Aristides saw me, after the usual salutations, he observed, that he had heard Thucydides giving himself airs, and finding fault with me as if he were somebody, when all the world knew what a dolt he had been before he had associated with me. As for myself, said Aristides, my case is ridiculous. Before I sailed on the expedition I could dispute and argue with any one, and delighted in the society of the most accomplished men; now I shrink from the very sight of an educated person, and blush at my own stupidity. And did this power, said I, leave you all at once, or little by little? Little by little. And when you possessed it, was it through any thing which you learned from me? Socrates, he replied, I will tell you, what, incredible as it may seem, is yet perfectly true. I never learned any thing whatever from you, as you well know; but I used to make a progress in knowledge whenever I was with you, even if I were in the same house, without being in the same room; yet still more, if I was in the same room. And as I used to think, if when in the same room and you were speaking I looked towards you, I advanced more than if my eyes were turned in any other quarter. But by far the greatest progress was made when I sat by your side, and had hold of you and touched you. But now, he added, all this habit and faculty has melted away and is lost.'—*Plato, Theages*, p. 210.

We are far from adducing such passages as these as testimony to the facts themselves of Magnetism, but they are interesting parallels, if nothing more, and as such may deserve attention.

These observations on the phenomena themselves attributed to the magnetic state, have extended to such a length that there is no space to allude, except very briefly, to the mode in which they are said to be produced.

On reviewing the History of Magnetism, the changes which have been made in the theory of it, are sufficient of themselves to make any sober-minded reasoner pause in his conclusion. The original school of Mesmer* operated chiefly by physical means, as by the touch and pressure of the hand, the use of metal conductors, magnetised water, music and light; not to mention the infection and sympathies of a number of persons, and brought together under similar exciting circumstances. The second school, established by Barbarin at Lyons and Ostend, omitted the physical treatment, and confined themselves to the influence of faith in the

* Colquhoun's *Animal Magnet.* vol. i. c. 12.

recipient and volition in the operator. The third school was that of the Marquis de Puysegur at Strasburg, and combined the treatments adopted by the two former. In the words of Mr. Colquhoun :—

“ The whole magnetic treatment was conducted in a manner the best calculated to insure the repose and comfort of the patient. The manipulations, when employed, were extremely gentle ; and the hands, instead of being brought into contact with the patient, were frequently kept at some distance from her. In consequence of this mode of treatment, there ensued crises of a quite different kind from those which were known to Mesmer and his immediate disciples ; the most agreeable feelings were experienced ; the intellectual faculties appeared to be wonderfully increased and exalted, and in the higher stages the patient exhibited a very delicate knowledge of his own bodily state, as well as of the internal condition of such other patients as were placed in magnetic connection with them.”

The present opinion seems to be, that neither metal conductors nor manipulations are necessary, but that the magnetiser may operate by breathing, or by fixing the eyes, or the thoughts, or both, steadily and intensely upon the patient. Intense volition is in fact the principal agent.

Now it is certain, in the first place, that the phenomena of magnetism have been, and are at this time, proved to take place beyond a doubt in certain diseased state of the nervous system, without the intervention of any operator. It is certain also that the action of the mind alone is in many instances capable of throwing persons into a state in which the same separation takes place between the mind and the body as in the crisis of somnambulism. Thus violent emotions produce faintings, wanderings of thought, and insensibility to pain.

But, perhaps, one of the most powerful influences of this kind is to be found in a species of moral fascination. The readiness with which weak minds will render themselves up to the control of another, follow it in all its movements, abandon themselves to every impulse when once the consciousness of self-control is lost, and are thus hurried on, not only into bodily convulsions, but extravagances of all kinds, and especially into those sympathetic impulses which are adduced as proofs of the magnetic attraction, but which, perhaps, ought properly to be viewed as very disordered and dangerous excesses of a diseased sensibility. Every one is conscious of the power exerted by the human eye. Every one has felt something of that kind of shock which occurs when persons, as it is commonly said, begin to understand, to sympathize with each other, to see through that external veil of forms which is interposed by nature and society between mind and

mind. It is this principle which gives eloquence its greatest powers, and enables popular leaders to exercise such a command over the multitude. Much of the extravagances of Methodism at its first rise may be traced to this cause. And it is singular to observe what a remarkable parallelism may be traced between the phenomena which accompanied them and those of magnetism. Bishop Lavington (*Enthusiasm of Methodism*) contains a number of striking cases. Compare, for instance, the following account with the French report on the effects of Mesmerism.*

“ While he was preaching, one woman suddenly cried out as in the agonies of death, continued so for some time with all the signs of the sharpest anguish.—One felt as it were the piercing of a sword, and could not avoid crying out even in the street.—A young man suddenly seized with trembling all over, sunk down to the ground.—One and another and another sunk to the earth.—They dropt on every side as thunder-struck.—A woman broke out into strong cries, great drops of sweat ran down her face, and all her bones shook.—One fallen raving mad, changed colour, fell off his chair, screams terribly, beats himself against the ground.—Some torn with a convulsive motion in every part of their bodies so violently that four or five persons could not hold them.—Others were laughing almost without ceasing, and thus continued for two days.—Between two or three I was waked, and immediately heard such a confused noise, as if a number of men were all putting to the sword.”

But, besides these violences, there are to be found in the early history of methodism, visions, cures made and anticipated with dates, prophecies, speaking with strange tongues and voices, clairvoyance; even that particular sense of formication and chill, which is so often spoken of as an incipient symptom of somnambulism, the appearance of light, which is supposed to be the magnetic fluid itself, only visible to the patient in the most advanced stages of magnetism, rigidity of limbs, and all the other symptoms of epileptic and magnetic affections. And the same is to be observed in all the remarkable instances of enthusiasm, whether religious or not, of which we possess authentic records.

It is impossible not to conclude that if such are the effects of a highly excited state of mind, without any intervention of the magnetic fluid, the fluid itself may well be dispensed with. And until these phenomena are regularly producible without the knowledge or concurrence in any way of the party affected, we are certainly justified in supposing that we are indebted for them principally, if not wholly, to himself. Instances, indeed, have been brought forward where persons supposed to be unconscious

* Wesley's Journal, vol. iii. p. 23.

of the presence of the magnetiser, infants, and even animals, have been thrown into the crisis of somnambulism ; and these are the kind of fact to be most narrowly scrutinized. But we confess they are very rare and as yet unsatisfactory. No theory of magnetism has yet wholly excluded moral influences. Moral influences we know are sufficient to produce nearly all, if not all the phenomena ; and the physical agency therefore requires separate and distinct proof.

This and the last question originally proposed as to the analogy or identity of the fluid, supposing it to exist, with the principle of electricity, are certainly not yet capable of solution, until many more experiments have been made, and experiments particularly directed to this point.

It is unnecessary, however, to trespass farther. There has been no wish to decide in any way on any of the questions suggested, but to throw out some warnings as to the spirit with which they ought to be examined by a Christian philosopher.

Of the possibility of the phenomena themselves taking place spontaneously in a morbid state of nerves, there can be little doubt, unless we choose to annihilate the authority of the most varied and tried external testimony. That a very considerable proportion of cases are the result of imposition, self-delusion, abandonment to exciting influences, personal vanity, in being made the object of curiosity and observation, the contagion of sympathy and imitation, there can be still less doubt.

That Magnetism, instead of being a science, is in its present state nothing but a species of quackery, is also evident. The effects of the treatment are perfectly precarious, sometimes ending in a cure, sometimes in insanity. The treatment is reduced to no fixed rules, and is acknowledged to be full of hazard. The persons susceptible of the influence, are those who labour under indefinite disorders, weak women, children, persons of an irritable, nervous temperament, epileptic patients, and the like, in whom the conditions of disease being unknown, the principles of cure must be unknown likewise. And the qualifications of the operators themselves are equally undetermined. To call Magnetism, therefore, a science, is an unpardonable presumption.

To expect from it any great harm to the cause of religious truth, is a very needless fear. To expect from it any great good to any one, is to be far too sanguine. If its effects are corporeal they must be ranked with all the other remedies of medicine, which may alleviate pain and disease in some shape, but still leave the great bulk of bodily infirmities beyond the reach of man—one sickness springing up where another has been displaced, and the great source of all our evils, the “mind diseased,” remaining still

“unministered to,” and unhealed. And if its action be mental, is it necessary to ask if ecstasies and convulsions and somnolency, and lucidity, or any other extravagancies of a mind withdrawn from self-control, and preternaturally excited, are the means by which we are to operate upon the intellect and affection of men? Can mechanical influence make us either wise or good or happy? And where no such effect is producible, where is the cause either for curiosity or exultation, beyond the feeling with which we regard any common discovery of science?

But it is of very great importance that we should be prepared to examine and prove the pretensions of science in a right and Christian spirit—to be observant, humble, willing to receive truth, not bigoted to our own prejudices, nor hastily credulous of others. And yet in a Christian, credulity is far wiser and far better than scepticism; and it does not preclude a very narrow scrutiny into facts, to be willing to receive them when properly supported. There is no cast of mind so truly philosophical as that of a Catholic Christian. It cannot close its ears against wonders, while it is surrounded by wonders on all sides. But it cannot be led away by them, because it is satisfied with those which it possesses already, and has no appetite for change, nor expectation of improvement, except from energies and influences far beyond the reach of human discovery. And in the case of magnetism, as in all others, it is willing to be guided by the rules of Lord Bacon, where he is speaking in a very bold, but very philosophic spirit, of such subjects in general.*

“Men are to be admonished that they do not withdraw credit from the operations by transmissions of spirits, and force of imagination, because the effects fail sometimes, for in impressions from mind to mind, or from spirit to spirit, the impression taketh, but is encountered and overcome by the mind and spirit, which is passive, before it worketh any manifest effect.

“Men are to be admonished, on the other side, that they do not easily give place and credit to these operations, because they succeed many times, for the cause of this success is oft to be truly ascribed unto the force of affection and imagination upon the body agent.”

And again,

“Men are to be admonished, that as they are not to mistake the causes of these operations, so much less they are to mistake the fact or effect, and rashly to take that for done which is not done.

“And we, to continue in his words, that hold firm to the works of God, and to the sense, which is God’s lamp, *lucerna Dei spiraculum*

* Natural History, Cent. x. c. 901.

hominis, will inquire with all sobriety and severity, whether there be to be found in the footsteps of nature any such transmission and influx of immateriate virtues—and what the force of imagination is either upon the body imaginant, or upon any other body—wherein, if we like that labour of Hercules in purging the stable of Augeas, to separate from superstitious and magical arts and observations, any thing that is clean and pure natural, and not to be either contemned, or condemned.”

ART. IV.—*A Treatise on the Church of Christ, designed chiefly for the use of Students in Theology.* By the Rev. W. Palmer, M.A. of Worcester College, Oxford. 2 vols. Rivingtons.

IT has been long observed and lamented, that rich as our theology is, both in writers and in works, we have very few large systematic treatises for the use of our clergy and divinity students, such as abound in other religious communities. We have no ecclesiastical historian as Fleury or Mosheim, no fully furnished polemic as Bellarmine, and no dogmatic writer whom we can compare to Petavius or Vasquez. Pearson's work indeed on the Apostles' Creed is a methodical treatise, but not even the lapse of nearly three centuries has given us a standard expositor of the Thirty-nine Articles. Our theology has proceeded in another direction. As a living writer has observed, it has been called forth by the pressure of external and occasional circumstances. It has not been for the most part the production of men detached from secular connections, or blessed with the solitude of the cloister,—men who lived for the completion of great works, and whose employments were determined from within, but of those who had the charge of parishes or dioceses, or were confronted with opposition, or stimulated by contemporaneous events. There are indeed some great exceptions, such as Pearson's Comment, already noticed, Bingham's *Antiquities*, and Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*;—but on the whole our divines have written, because they were obliged to write, and so far as they were obliged. They have written answers to particular assailants, have grown out of pamphlets into folios, and, like great musicians, have worked out profound movements from subjects which the chance of the moment offered. Thus the works of Jewell, Bramhall, Horsley, and Waterland, are in great measure the gradual increase of controversy with a disputant, developing itself in fresh and fresh replies, handling and elaborating the same matter again and again. Hooker is almost all through his writings engaged

with Travers, Cartwright, or their fellows; Bull in his more considerable works with Petavius, Episcopius, or Luther. Stillingfleet often requires a comment in the words of adversaries to illustrate him. Leslie is controversial from first to last.

This peculiarity of English divinity has its advantages and its evils. There is in consequence vastly more character and life in it than in the divinity of other schools. Men wrote because they felt,—when their feelings were excited, and their hearts thrown open. About Hooker there is the charm of nature and reality; he discourses, not as a theologian, but as a man; and we see in him what otherwise might have been hidden, poetry and philosophy informing his ecclesiastical matter. In spite of his method and exactness, he preaches as well as proves, and his discussions are almost sermons. Bull, again, is, beyond his other traits, remarkable for discursiveness. He is full of digressions, which can only be excused because they are so instructive and beautiful. If he is often rhetorical, he is never dry; and never tires, except from the abundance of his matter. The same remark applies *mutatis mutandis* to Pearson's *Vindiciæ* and Wall's *Infant Baptism*. These are certainly advantages, and yet the disadvantages are not less. Works which have been called forth by particular circumstances require a knowledge of these circumstances to understand them. The late Bishop Lloyd used to say with much truth, that if we did but know the respective occasions which led St. Paul to write his Epistles, we should at once have the best of comments upon them. The case is much the same as regards our theological writers. A knowledge of the history of their times is one main step towards understanding them. This is a considerable difficulty in the way of making use of them. They are uninviting on first taking up, as requiring some effort of mind in the reader, as alluding to matters of which perhaps he knows little, or as plunging at once into a subject of which he has to learn the rudiments. Again, it is difficult to find in them any particular point which we may want to see discussed. We cannot be sure that the subject will be exhausted, or if so, in what order; before we can make them books of reference, we must have mastered them from beginning to end. And then moreover the most important parts often come in by the by where one would least expect it, their treasures lying like those of nature in veins and clefts of the rock, not sorted and set out to advantage as in a market. All this has a tendency to perplex the mind of the student; and in fact nothing is more common than to hear it asked by clergymen, when urged to give attention to theology, “where am I to begin, how am I to get

into the subject? I open a book, and read some pages, and shut it in despair of making any thing of my experiment." And even when a student has mastered some great work of our theology, the idea of its subject left upon his mind is often not more complete and adequate than that (to use a familiar illustration) which a ride across country gives of the relative position and importance of the tracts passed over, or which a stroll along green lanes affords of the *lie* of the neighbouring fields and villages. An experienced eye will be instructed, but a stranger will be at once enchanted and perplexed, and will either recollect little of what has passed before him, or will regard it as a picture rather than a reality. And, moreover, if an inquirer be ill-disposed to receive what he reads, this appearance of unreality will greatly strengthen his prejudice against it. Harmony of parts is the external test of a view being real. When one thing fits into another, when each part mutually supports and is supported, when a theory is equal to account for all questions, and thus is, in a certain sense, self-balanced and self-sustained and entire, we have a *φαντασία* of truth forced upon our minds, even against our will. In this lies the attraction whether of the Roman or the Calvinistic theology, that, at first sight at least, each theory has no flaws. Now when this appearance is gained by exceeding the limits of the revealed word, as we conceive it is in the case of those theologies, it is a mere substitution of reason for faith; but as far as revelation has joined truths together, and has made one depend and throw light on another, it is not for us to put asunder, what, when viewed as one, enlists the reason, or at least the imagination, on its side. Facts are improbable only so far as they are isolated; what is called giving causes to them is in truth only giving them a connection with other facts. They are said to be accounted for, when they are made parallel with each other, when marshalled in line, and reduced in theory to one common principle. Such is the rhetorical effect of order upon the beholder, whether we call it *consistency* as in morals, or a *law* as in physics, or *design* as in religion, or *system* as in divinity. And its persuasiveness seems to proceed on the latent principle, that, since nothing that is self-destructive can really exist, or that contains in it the seeds of self-destruction, or, in other words, since the results of one thing must, as proceeding from one, harmonize and duly adjust with each other, and whereas in consequence things which are discordant cannot result from one principle, therefore there is a probability at first sight that various phenomena, found together, and withal consistent and uniform, do belong, and therefore do witness to, some one real principle ex-

isting as the cause of them. Now English theology and English treatises are deficient in this internal presumption of truth, and in consequence are at a disadvantage when an inquirer is suspicious or hostile. Not only are our best writers but partially systematic, but one writer can often, fairly or unfairly, be brought to oppose another, till our edifice seems from foundation to summit to be rather a random heap of stones cast together from without, than a living body developing and expanding itself from within. Hasty reasoners, then, instead of viewing it as a theology, or separating what really belongs to it from what is adventitious or accidental, refer its actual parts to distinct sources, Roman, Lutheran, or Calvinistic, and refuse to consider Anglicanism as any thing more than a name for a certain assemblage, in time and place, of heterogeneous materials.

The treatise before us is the work of a man who is evidently alive to this inconvenience, which attaches to our Church's present position; accordingly it is a careful laying out or mapping of the province of theology, as regards some of its most important departments; being divided into four parts,—on the notes of the Church as applied to existing Christian communities, on the theological aspect of the British Reformation, on Scripture and Tradition, and on the Authority of the Church; and though this division does not pretend to be very scientific, the separate heads give promise of the methodical treatment of great matters, and the discussions which respectively follow them amply fulfil it.

And it will be found of advantage, as directed against a distinct class of misapprehensions from those of which we have hitherto spoken. It does the Church a service, not only of a remedial nature, with reference to the immethodical divinity of the 17th century, but also as regards the meagre and attenuated divinity of the 18th, though we suppose the author did not intend it. There are at this day, as in the last century, a vast number of religious persons, who think that there is no such science as divinity, or, to speak more correctly, that though there be, yet it has no concern with religion, but rather is prejudicial to it. This opinion must necessarily follow the ultra-Protestant theory, that every man is his own divine; that divinity, of which every man is capable, being in fact nothing at all. Accordingly it is not unusual, in certain quarters, to speak as if vital truth lay, as it is sometimes expressed, "in a nutshell," as if there was nothing to learn, nothing to determine. Because Scripture speaks of faith being all in all, and the apostles say "repent" or "believe in Christ," or "obey," persons consider, sometimes that religion is a certain apprehension of the merits of Christ, and nothing

more, sometimes that it is sincerity and morality, and nothing more. Now it is evidently a great assistance to such speculators, to remove from public view all appearance of a theological system. If persons can be got to forget the fact that there is such a thing as a science professing to be divine in origin as well as matter, then they will be more easily persuaded that each man can be his own teacher. There is on the face of the case no reason they should not be. Those who maintain the necessity of teachers, are met with the previous question, whether there is any thing to teach. The unlearned condition, then, of our Church during the last century, has favoured the growth of ultra-Protestantism, not only as letting slip the means by which it was to be refuted in detail, but as confirming its main position concerning private judgment, by tacitly allowing, as a point confessed on all hands, that there was nothing which individuals might not teach themselves,—that in fact there was no real body of doctrine, no matter of instruction forthcoming,—that faith had no objective character, but was either an internal feeling on the one hand, or a good life on the other. This benefit then, if no other, and a great one it is, results from works such as that before us, that the author has claimed for us, or rather reclaimed, a territory, where none was before suspected,—that he has opened the windows which were blocked up, and let in light upon our prison house, and showed us the fair and rich country which is our portion by inheritance. He has pointed out large and great questions more or less bearing upon our personal interests, our most sacred duties, and our future prospects, which individuals cannot settle for themselves, in which they must depend on others, in which, from the nature of the case, the Divine Will must be, that they should accept such guidance as promises fairest, and should abandon both extremes, whether of seeking an infallible assurance of their spiritual safety, or of acquiescing in a worldly security. This is the true exercise of private judgment, and to this Mr. Palmer's book leads,—not the taking up as truth what comes first, or what we like,—but in patiently guiding ourselves amid the obscurities of our actual position, by such helps as seem most probably to come from the Father of Lights, and in using which we shall best approve ourselves to Him.

There is another reflection which suggests itself from an inspection of Mr. Palmer's work, as compared with some other living writers of our Church. In all important matters, as being of the same communion, he cannot but agree with them; yet he so far differs from them in detail as to show he cannot be called in any true sense of one school or party with them. No one

can be ignorant that in the last few years there has been a remarkable return in our Church to sounder principles than have been for many years in fashion. It is not wonderful that the phenomenon should be attributed, by those who did not share in it, to the influence of certain places or persons. They were obliged to do so, by their own disagreement with them; it was a position almost necessary to be assumed in order to prove that the opinions in question were not true. It accounted for their rise and extension, which otherwise might be referred to their intrinsic claims upon attention. Now this theory, for it is merely such, is exposed, as soon as examination is made into the writings of the different persons who are the subjects of this criticism. The characteristic of a party theology is a sameness of view in minor matters; whereas it is undeniable, that in the disquisitions of Mr. Hook, Mr. Keble, Mr. Woodgate, and our present author, we have traces of schools of thought as distinct from each other as is the history of the respective writers themselves. Mr. Palmer, if we are not mistaken, came to Oxford from Dublin; and his work is as independent of the other divines mentioned, as has been his theological education.

And this variety in minor matters between writers, who one and all are upholding the great principles of the English Church, leads to a still further reflection,—that her scientific system is not yet sufficiently cleared and adjusted. In all the great questions of faith and practice, her voice has ever been plain and decisive; always sufficient for the guidance and comfort of her members. But, it is not to be denied, that as regards the intellectual expression of certain truths, or the due developement of them, or their bearings upon each other, or their relative importance, much remain to be done. Many difficulties remain to be sifted and settled; the points of mutual agreement, the limits of fair compromise, the line between open and close questions, the generalized forms of parallel views, the best modes of teaching, and the best modes of attacking, and the best modes of receiving an attack, are still to be ascertained in a variety of matters. The view to be taken of history and prophecy, of the world and of the civil power, of other branches of the Church, of outlying bodies, the rules of Scripture interpretation,—these and other most important matters, have, we do not say, to be determined, for some of them never will be, but to be thoroughly examined, that we may know just where we are, and where others are. And at present each fresh writer is, in some sense of the word, an experimentalist, endeavouring by his researches into Antiquity, and the exercise of a calm and subtle judgment, to develope

justly and accurately, under present circumstances, and in our existing medium of thought and expression, that truth which the apostles left behind them.

Mr. Palmer has brought to this work very remarkable powers of mind. We use the word "remarkable" with a definite meaning. No one is a good critic about the ability of a writer to whom he comes as to a teacher; this is our disadvantage; but in spite of it, let us be allowed to say what has struck us concerning this author, as a hint to other readers. If then, any one takes up Mr. Palmer's work with the expectation of having the evidence of originality or power forced upon him by it, he will be much disappointed. Though Mr. Palmer often warms with his subject, and writes eloquently, yet we doubt whether there is one sentence which men far inferior to Mr. Palmer might not have written. Persons might take it up and lay it down, and wonder what the author was aiming at, accuse it of indecision or inconsistency, or pronounce it to be a feeble production of a very learned man. Its learning, indeed, and its great value as a learned work, no one could doubt; but those who dip into it will most probably resign themselves to the conclusion, that it is a useful book of reference for facts, and nothing more. A closer study of it, however, on the part of such persons, would probably change their opinion; and they would gradually discover that underneath the unpretending exterior which it assumes, it is the subtle working out of a system upon a few great principles, which sometimes come to the surface, but are generally hidden. It is an attempt, well weighed and wrought out with great patience and caution, to form a theory of the Church, out of the phenomena before our eyes which it presents in the different parts of Christendom, which shall be at once conformable to ancient doctrine on the subject, and to the necessities of the modern English Church; an attempt to place us in a position in which we can defend ourselves against both Romanists and sectaries; an attempt to which, as far as we can judge, the facts of the whole work are made subservient from beginning to end, though of course we have not actually traced it out except in parts, or with equal certainty everywhere in these, or have mastered the drift and bearings of other portions of it. And we conceive that Mr. Palmer's view is as original in itself, as it is subtly carried out; by which word we neither express praise or blame, but merely mean to say, that, while defending many Catholic truths, he has placed them in a light which has not commonly been adopted by other writers. Without further preface we shall now attempt to draw out some portions of his view, passing, as it does, from positions in which all Churchmen

are pretty nearly agreed, to others about which they may fairly differ.

Men find themselves then in this world, he seems to say, (though we are constituting ourselves his interpreters,) with many spiritual wants, with a consciousness that they need a revelation and a desire to receive it. For a long while Providence left them in this unsatisfactory state with no certain communications from Him; nay, to this day such is the state of the greater part of the world. But he has blessed us with a message from him, the Gospel, to teach us how to please him and attain to heaven; he has given us *directions* what to do. So far all parties, Romanist, Sectarian, and Anglo-Catholic agree; but now comes the turning question, *where* those directions are, and *what*? The Ultra-Protestant says they are in the Bible, in such sort that any individual taking it up for himself, in a proper spirit, may, by divine blessing, learn thence without external help, "what he must do to be saved." On the other hand, Mr. Palmer (without of course infringing upon his reverence for the Bible as God's gracious gift to us, as inspired, and as the record of the whole revealed faith) maintains that not the Bible, but the Church is, in matter of fact, our great divinely appointed guide into saving truth, under divine grace, whatever be the *abstract* power or sufficiency of the Bible. As the Ultra-Protestant would say to an inquirer,—“Read the Bible for yourself,” so we conceive Mr. Palmer would make him reply,—“How can I, except some man should guide me?” He would consider the Church to be practically “the pillar and ground of the truth;” an informant given to all people, high and low, that they might not have to wander up and down and grope in darkness, as they do in a state of nature.

Then comes the question at once, *where* is the Church? we all know where the Bible is; it is a printed book, translated into English; we can buy it and use it; but where are we to find the Church, and what constitutes consulting and hearing it? Thus we are brought to the first subject which engages Mr. Palmer's attention, viz. the Notes of the Church, the criteria by which she is discriminated and known to be God's appointed messenger or prophet. And here, at very first sight, it is plain that if the Church is to be an available guide to poor as well as rich, unlearned as well as learned, its notes and tokens must be very simple, obvious, and intelligible. They must not depend on education, or be brought out by abstruse reasoning; but must at once affect the imagination and interest the feelings. They must bear with them a sort of internal evidence, which supersedes further discussion and makes their truth *self-evident*. This is the

way in which, as it would appear, the Bible affects us. It carries with it, in its style, matter, and claims, internal marks of something unearthly and awful. Such evidence may of course be disparaged by sophistry, or the Bible itself may be put out of sight; still these possible contingencies are no disparagement to the innate and practical influence of the Bible in convincing men of its own divinity. And similar evidences of course we are bound to find of the Church's divinity; not such as cannot possibly be explained away or put out of sight, but which, if allowed room to show themselves, will persuade the many that she is what she professes to be, God's ordained teacher in the way to heaven.

Mr. Palmer is fully sensible of the necessity of plainness and simplicity in the Notes of the Church. Indeed he takes this necessity for granted as an axiom, and uses it freely as an argument for or against particular points in debate. We notice this because it will serve as an instance to illustrate what we have said above, of his work being at first but partially intelligible to readers, from their not understanding the principles on which it is conducted. For instance, the following passages, excepting the first, which is explicit, might easily be criticized by persons who opened the book at random, though they are really but simple and natural exhibitions of his main position.

He says, in defence of the English Church,—

“It is true that several of our doctrines are carped at by various communities around us. The Romanists accuse us of heresy on several points. We deny the charge most absolutely and peremptorily. *Is it necessary to go into an examination* of all these points on which the Church is assailed by her adversaries before we join her communion? *Were this the case, few men would ever be enabled to unite themselves to her*, even though she be the Church of God, in which salvation is offered; because their lives would be spent in investigating critically all these controversies of faith. It cannot be needful, for example, to enter into the controversies concerning the Trinity, incarnation, original sin, predestination, the sacraments, the power of the Roman pontiff, the forms of Church government, &c. &c., and to master them all before we unite ourselves to the Church. This would impose an impenetrable bar in the way of those who are called by God to unite themselves without delay to the Christian and Catholic Church, and to receive from her, as “the pillar and ground of truth,” that instruction and guidance which she is authorized by God and aided by his Holy Spirit to bestow.”—vol. i. p. 244.

In the following passages, however, the same principle is merely assumed, viz., that no difficulty can exist really in finding the Church:—

“The Churches of England did not necessarily change their religion

because in one age certain opinions and practices were introduced, and in another were corrected or removed. To prove that the Church of England differs, in articles of faith, from her belief in any former age, *it would be necessary to go into a very long examination* of particular doctrines, and of the mode and degree in which they have been held by the Church in different ages, *which would obviously lead to great inconvenience*; for the great body of mankind are totally incapable of instituting such a comparison. *Therefore* this objection cannot afford any excuse for being separate from our branch of the Catholic Church."—vol. i. pp. 245, 246.

Again :—

"As to the other Western synods which were previously held, and which are said to contradict our doctrine, we are prepared to show that they were merely particular synods, not confirmed by Catholic authority; and, moreover, the several of those objected in no degree differ from our doctrine. *This is the position we maintain*; but to enter" [that is, for the *inquirer* to enter] "into a particular examination whether it is well or ill-founded, *cannot be requisite* to determine whether the Church of England is a portion of the Catholic Church; because it would lead to lengthened investigations *which must be impossible to the great majority of men*. Suffice it to say, that we are *prepared* to prove that the Catholic Church has never condemned any doctrine which we maintain. *This being the case*, there can be *no presumption of our heresy* in any point."—vol. i. p. 230.

And again :—

"The mere fact of differences in religion, proves nothing as to the heresy of either party; and the English, and other Churches which differ in some points from her, may yet all be connected by this unity of the Catholic Faith. To prove that either of them is separated from this unity, *we must enter into a most extensive examination* of doctrines in controversy, with a view not merely to ascertain what the truth of Revelation really is, but to determine whether it is believed or denied by particular Churches; or whether the difference is apparent rather than real; whether it is a difference between individuals or Churches; and, finally, whether it is obstinately maintained. The *inconvenience* of such a process, and its *unsuitableness* to the great mass of mankind for the discovery of the true Church, is sufficiently obvious."—vol. i. p. 231.

Such are Mr. Palmer's initial principles, that the Gospel is to be learned by the individual from the Church; and that the Church is to be known by certain Notes or tokens; and that these Notes are of an obvious and popular character. We come next to the question what these Notes are; and, taking the Creed for his guide, he has no difficulty in answering. Thence he learns that the Church must be *One*, must be *Holy*, must be *Catholic*, and must be *Apostolic*. These characters he sets down as her Notes. That existing body in any country which bears these

marks, he would determine to be that Church once for all set up from the beginning, from which Christ has willed that individuals should learn the words of eternal life.

It is not to our purpose here to enter into the meaning of these characteristics, or to show that they are practically sufficient for the purpose for which they are assigned. We believe them so to be, but we are quite aware that the general opinion of the day will be against both Mr. Palmer and ourselves. This, however, we regard very lightly, and recommend Mr. Palmer to do the same. We disregard it because it is merely the opinion of the day; a long day perhaps, above a hundred years past, still a day which had a beginning and assuredly will have an end.

“ The longest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.”

So says the poet, and we trust we shall see it fulfilled in the present instance. The English people have had all along the privilege of the Church's presence among them, but their governors have done their best to hide her characteristic badges. At no time, indeed, could they really rob her of what was part of herself, the stamp of features and the royal stature which her Maker gave her; but they have kept her out of the light that she might not be seen, or have put tawdry or homely attire upon her that she might not attract attention. They have shut her up within walls, that, if so be, she might cease to be “ Catholic;” have made her eat and drink with sectaries that she might forget her “ Apostolic” birth: and, as she could not appear “ Holy” while she suffered the latter indignity, neither could she seem “ One” while she suffered the former. Indignity indeed has seldom been added, they knew she was too dear to the nation to admit safely of such experiments upon her; so they gave her golden chains, and fed her, not with bread and water of affliction, but in king's palaces and at king's tables. However, anyhow, they hid her divine tokens, and in their stead they gave her some of their own special devising. For One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, they have substituted “ National” or “ by law established,” and with this spell they have thought, nay even still think to work for her those miracles which her divine gifts accomplished of yore. She is, it seems, in the judgment of the day, not “ the Catholic Church,” but the mere “ Church of England,” or “ the national religion,” or “ the religion of the majority;” and hence it has sometimes happened, that even divines, who held the doctrine of the Apostolical succession, have deemed fit to hold it only in their closets, as true indeed but not an influential or practical truth,—a truth which little concerned the multitude, which had no charm in it, which the many could not under- no

stand, which was no topic for the pulpit; in short, not as a "Note of the Church:" and in place of Catholic and Holy they have substituted "our venerable establishment," "part and parcel of the law of the land," "the National Church," "Protestantism," "the glorious memory," "Martin Luther," and "civil and religious liberty all over the world." In short, it has taken tavern toasts for the Notes of the Church.

Leaving, however, Mr. Palmer and the age to settle it between themselves concerning the respective influence of the old and the modern tokens of the Church's authority, we come to consider certain very serious objections which weigh against the reality of the former in this period of the world. It may, at first sight, be thought almost a truism, that the Church, in any sense in which a Protestant can accept it, has no Notes at all in this day, or in other words has ceased to exist; or, if we suppose that Notes can be found, and the ancient divinely framed Church ascertained, still that inasmuch as it cannot be shown to teach one and the same doctrine every where, whereas to learn the true faith was the very object of seeking for the Church, we are not at all better off after finding the Church than before. Granting that in each country there is a dominant Christian body, a body such that there can be no mistake as to its superior importance to the rest, and no question of its power of influencing men to join it from the fact of this superiority, still this dominant body teaches different doctrines in different countries; nay, is at variance with itself, excommunicating itself as found on its right hand or left. Either then there is no longer any Church remaining, or religious truth is of a variable nature, and it matters not what a man believes so that he conforms to the state of things under which he finds himself. In other words, to attempt in the present state of things to be a Catholic, is (it may be urged) to be in heart a latitudinarian and liberal; and the only escape from this conclusion is to take refuge in Romanism, which certainly does provide a Church one and the same in many places, as in form so in doctrine.

The most obvious and formidable view of the objection is, that the Church itself does not even *profess* to be one; not only differs, but has separated into parts, each of which almost denounces, certainly shuns, the rest. The Roman, Greek, and English, are its three great portions; and if the English does not reprobate the Roman and despise the Greek, at any rate the Greek and Roman denounce each other and agree, to say the least, in keeping aloof from the English. Of the three it is obvious that the Roman communion is the least open to the objection, because it is the widest spread and the best organized; it seems to be universal, yet one. Accordingly it seems able to dispense with both Greek and

Anglican branches, and in many instances has actually carried its own succession into their sees. The Greek Catholics have no pretensions at all to universality; but Anglo-Catholicism might have equalled Romanism in territory, if our Protestant governors had felt any sufficient zeal in its cause. Considering the colonies of England in all parts of the world, it is not easy to estimate what the strength of the English Church at this day might have been, had not ministers been too jealous, and commerce been too avaricious and democratical. However, she has hitherto most honorably refrained from imitation of the Roman Body, in disowning her sister Churches and identifying her communion with Catholicism. She has accepted their orders, and respected their territory; though, by the way, it is remarkable that at this very moment a grasping and domineering spirit is at work among us in some directions, very unlike that which we have hitherto cherished,—a spirit which would imitate one of the worst features of the Papacy in past centuries, and tends to interfere with Rome in France and with Constantinople in the Archipelago—which seems bent, after the precedent of Hildebrand, on reducing the whole of Christendom to the model of the reformed Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles. But to return to Mr. Palmer; he, as might be expected, acknowledges both Greece and Rome in their respective places to be parts of the Church Catholic, though of course only part; but then comes the anxious question, which must be removed before we can safely settle ourselves in such a decision, viz. whether local bodies which have separated from each other can be part of the One Church; for if not, we shall be driven perforce either to deny that there is a Catholic Church, or to deny either the Roman Communion or our own to be part of it. Here, indeed, lies the common stratagem of Roman controversialists. They prove, what is plain enough, that there is one, and can be but one, Church; and then assuming that Rome and England cannot be part of one, they argue, that if one must be taken in preference to the other, surely the Roman Church, (allowing ever so much for its short-comings in point of universality,) is far nearer Catholic than the English. Mr. Palmer, however, denies the assumption on which this conclusion is based; and, heading a chapter with the question “Whether the external Communion of the Universal Church can ever be interrupted,” answers it in the affirmative.

This question, indeed, is one of the critical points of the controversy between us and Romanists; Mr. Palmer argues in defence of the English determination of it as follows:—He allows to the Romanist, that though different religious societies should agree together in fundamental doctrines, (whatever those doctrines are,)

yet if they are really excommunicated and anathematized by each other, they cannot be branches of one and the same Church Catholic; but he denies that breaches short of this extreme character are equally fatal to unity, or that those in the Roman, Greek, and English communions bear it. He argues that misunderstandings and quarrels were certain to arise in the Church in the course of years, and as it extended, which no means could settle but a centre of unity; that where bishops and churches were free and equal, there was no possible arbiter; that both parties, to a certain extent, would be right and both wrong, that in consequence they would be so circumstanced that either both ought to be reckoned as schismatical or neither,—both cut off from the Church or neither; and that while it is impossible to suppose both parties severed from the living vine without denying the present existence of the church, and allowing that the prophecies respecting her have failed, so it is more accordant to God's known mercies to suppose that he will bear with human infirmity both on the one side and the other. He grants, then, that acts of schism separate from the Church, but denies that estrangement, though a sin somewhere, necessarily involves a schism, as not being an act of rebellion against a constituted authority; and while Romanists argue *antecedently* in behalf of a centre of unity from the necessary occurrence of estrangements without it, Mr. Palmer argues, from the *fact* that there is no centre of unity, that such estrangements are not schisms. Again, unity cannot be more strictly a condition of the Christian Church than absence of idolatry of the Jewish; now the Jews did not cease to be God's people *ipso facto* on their idolatry, though they were punished for it; nor do Christian communities cease to be part of the Christian Church though they break communion, not denying heavy judgments may be the consequence. Mr. Palmer allows that the Fathers sometimes say strong things against the possibility of divisions in the Church Catholic, as when St. Cyprian says, "Unity cannot be severed, nor the one body by laceration be divided;" but he answers that they were not competent judges of a state of things not actually before their eyes. They used statements, which were not realized to their minds, except in that form in which we accept them as fully as the Romanists. The Novatians, for instance, in Cyprian's time, were establishing a *rival* communion to the Church in Rome and elsewhere. The point virtually in debate then was, whether *two* true Churches could be rivals in *one* place; but the question whether *two* Churches in *two* places could be in a state of *estrangement*, had never fairly been contemplated at that time, and the words of the Fathers are but words and not ideas, which seem to bear upon a

state of things not existing. Further, he argues from the fact that branches of the Church were anciently divided at times from each other, yet neither was considered *ipso facto* cut off from Christ. Thus

“Innocentius of Rome, with whom St. Augustine communicated, was himself not in communion with the eastern Churches.”—vol. i. p. 79.

“I need not dwell,” he proceeds, “on the excommunication of the Asiatic Churches by Victor and the Roman Church; nor on that of Cyprian and the Africans by Stephen, who, when some African bishops came to Rome, forbade the people to communicate with them, or even to receive them into their houses; nor on the excommunication of Hilary of Arles by Leo. In all these cases, different parts of one and the same Catholic Church were separated from external communion. But we may observe instances in which this division was carried to a greater extent, and involved the whole Church. Feury (himself of the Roman communion) says, with reference to the death of Chrysostom, ‘His death did not terminate the division of the Churches of the East and West; and while the Orientals refused to re-establish his memory, the Roman Church, followed by all the West, held firm to the resolution she had taken not to communicate with the oriental bishops, especially with Theophilus of Alexandria, until an ecclesiastical council should be held to remedy the evils of the Church.’”—vol. i. p. 80.

He then proceeds to mention the division in the time of Acacius of Constantinople, when communion between East and West was suspended. This state of things lasted thirty-five years. And, next, he alludes to the great schism of the West, A. D. 1379—1414, when the Latin Church was divided into two or three obediences, subject to as many rival Popes, and in great degree estranged from mutual communion. But if division in the branches of the Church, where there is no rebellion against constituted authority, is not *ipso facto* formal schism, length of time cannot make it such. If thirty-five years do not deprive a secluded branch of its Catholicity, neither does a hundred. The best answer, as Mr. Palmer observes, that Roman controversialists have made to such historical facts, has been to maintain, that the estranged parties had right *motives*, and communicated all along with some *third party*. But it may be replied, if so, then that third party, and not the Pope, was the centre of unity. Again, Mr. Palmer disputes the matter of fact, there being no third party with whom East and West were in communion in the time of Acacius. Besides, he says, that such a circumstance is at best only an alleviation, and does not tend to destroy the fact that there is a breach of communion between the parties at variance. Moreover, he acutely remarks that, if good motives and the internal union kept up by *actual* communion with a third party,

are sufficient to retain all parties in a state of grace, then the same good motives, and the internal union resulting from *past* derivation from the universal Church, may do the same. And, further, he takes the definition of schism provided by Romanists themselves, and shows that it does not apply to the case under consideration. Schism is said to consist in "a separation from the communion of the Universal Church, which happens, *either* when the Church excludes any one from its body, *or* when any one leaves its communion." There is evidently a supposeable case, unprovided for by this definition, which is the very case in point; viz. that of the Church's being divided on some question, and each portion simply keeping to itself and discontinuing its intercourse with the other, yet without anathema. Lastly, he shows that Roman theologians allow what he contends for. "We do not pretend," says Nicole, "that the actual unity which consists in the *effective union* of all the Church is *essential* to the Church, because this union may be troubled by divisions and contests which God permits." He even lays down two conditions, on observance of which the parties at variance are not to be accounted schismatics,—that "all those who are divided in good faith by some controversy which is not ruled or decided, *tend sincerely to unity*;" and the second, that they must "acknowledge a common judge, to which they refer their differences, which is a *general council*." This is an abstract of Mr. Palmer's observations on this important point; and it affords a specimen of the pains and completeness with which his work is executed. And in the same careful way he goes into the Greek and English history, and shows that whatever unhappy quarrels exist, no formal excommunications are pending between them and Rome, or between each other. Nor is this mode of treating the subject any evasion of the real difficulty. If, indeed, the question were a moral one, there is no doubt that we are as far separated from Rome as any formal excommunication could make us. Our opinions, habits, and feelings, as a nation, have very little in common with the Roman Church and system. But it is a question of positive religion; the Church Catholic is a positive institution, and its essence, as being such, lies in formal observances; and the same mode of arguing which would infer that the Church had failed, because its portions are *virtually* in schism, would avail to prove that the registration of infants among certain Dissenters is baptism, because, though water is not used, a religious dedication is *intended*.

Now let us proceed to the other branch of the difficulty above mentioned, and observe how Mr. Palmer disposes of it. Granting that the Church has not committed suicide in the unnatural warfare of member against member, still the question remains,

whether the differences of doctrine within it are not themselves such,—whether Rome, Greece, and England, are not so far opposed in their notions as to what the Gospel is,—that either religious truth is of a variable nature, or it is an absurdity to call the Church of England practically one with the Church of Rome. This is what may be objected; and “what,” it may be asked, “becomes of the Notes of the Church? what purpose do they serve? what relief and guidance is afforded to the inquiring mind, if the Church thus indicated preaches Popery in Rome, and Zwingli-Lutheranism in England?” The difficulty is certainly considerable; apparently insurmountable by those who hold that the Roman communion is the communion of Antichrist; for they either contract the Catholic Church into a few countries, with the Donatists of old; or, if they allow Rome to be part of the Church still, in spite of its teaching heresy, they seem to go against the prophecies which speak of the Church’s Teachers never being removed, nor the Divine Word in her mouth failing.

Mr. Palmer does not seem to consider that the *formal* doctrine of the Roman Church is of so erroneous a nature as it is often considered, though of course he is quite alive to the pernicious characters of the existing Roman system viewed in action; nor, does he ~~not~~ pursue the mode which most of our divines have taken in rescuing her from the extreme sentence which Ultra-Protestants would pass upon her. It has been usual with them to contend, that, with all her errors, she “holds the foundation,” as they express it, and therefore is to be accounted a branch of Christ’s institution, though a corrupted branch. Accordingly, they have employed themselves in determining what the foundation is, or laying down those Fundamentals of faith which are sufficient for the being of a Church, in spite of the wood, hay, and stubble heaped upon them. Now the advantage of the view in the controversy is obvious. If it be once certain what the general range of doctrines is that which constitutes “the Faith,” it is certain what are *not* those doctrines, that is, what are additions to it; and thus we are released from the witness of the existing Catholic body, and may throw ourselves on historical evidence, and are thereby provided not only with means for opposing such Churches as have added to it, but with a satisfaction while opposing them, from knowing that, while they hold the original deposit or foundation as well as their own additions, they enjoy the rights and privileges of the Christian Church. We may grant or maintain without inconvenience that those additions are great and serious; and, on the other hand, we may grant without embarrassment the existence of defects in our own system. However, Mr. Palmer thinks that Fundamentals of faith cannot be assigned, and consequently, since the Catholic Church is promised general

agreement and Freedom from error in some sense or other, and since he does not admit the existence of any Fundamentals to which these properties can be confined, he is led to consider that she does even at this day preach every where one and the same doctrine, and that, the true doctrine, except in very minor and secondary points, or except as popular errors interfere with it. This will appear from the following passages.

He observes, for instance, that "it is *very probable* that in reality she," the English Church, "agrees in *all* matters of faith with other Churches, for she admits the same rule,"—Catholic Tradition, vol. i. p. 226. Speaking of the Oriental Churches, he says, "It does not appear that they differ, in articles of faith, from the rest of the Church. The Roman Churches claim them as agreeing with *themselves* on almost every point; and if we may judge by their published sentiments, we should conclude that the Oriental Church, as a body, denies no article of faith which we *ourselves* maintain."—p. 182. As to the great Western Councils in the middle ages, "several of those objected to in no degree differ from our doctrine."—p. 230. "We account for the absence of communion between ourselves and other Churches *without imputing heresy, schism, or apostasy* to them or to ourselves."—p. 251, 252. Speaking of the Archbishop of Moscow's summary of Christian Divinity (1765), he says, "The doctrine of this work in all matters of faith and morality *appears generally unexceptionable*. It only differs from ours in defending certain practices which we have judged it more wise and pious to remove, and in the verbal dispute about the Procession," &c.—vol. i. p. 181. Again:—

"It is confessed that *some doctrinal errors, and some superstitious practices*, prevailed in them [the Western Churches] in latter ages; but it has been already observed, that the existence of some faults and imperfections by no means annuls the character of a Church; and, as in the present case, it arose from want of information and discussion, and besides *no* article of the faith appears to have been denied or corrupted by these Churches in general, there seems no reason whatever to dispute their Christianity."—p. 277.

Elsewhere he has the following very observable passage:—

"Our adversaries, however reluctantly, are obliged to bear witness to the general orthodoxy of our faith. The very points on which we are assailed by some Romanists, are relinquished by others. The points of difference are acknowledged to be but few, by some of their most noted and learned writers; and the Church of England is triumphantly cleared of heresy on every point by their confessions. Are we charged with Bossuet, with denying the authority of the Church, and rendering it subservient to the civil power? Milner replies to him, that the Church of England holds on these points the principles of the Catholic Church. Are we accused of denying the Real Presence? Milner and Hornynold

acknowledge our perfect belief of that doctrine. I will not here dwell at length on these things ; it is sufficient to add, that the Articles of the Church of England have been approved in almost all points by Davenport and Du Pin ; and that various Romanists of note have held the difference between us to be so small, as to render a re-union of the Churches by no means impossible."—vol. i. p. 231, 232.

He adds in a note the confession of " Dr. Charles O'Connor, by far the most learned writer who has arisen among the Papists of these countries, in modern times ;" who says—

" I am confident that above three parts of those debates which separate Protestants from Catholics might be laid aside ; that they serve only to exasperate and alienate us from each other ; and that if our Church were heard canonically, she would not only reject with horror the false doctrines and notorious abominations so often imputed to her, but she would also smoothe many other difficulties which lie in the way of reconciliation and peace."—*Columbanus*, Letter 3, p. 130.

Such, on the whole, is Mr. Palmer's judgment of the state of Christendom generally. And, speaking in particular of the English and foreign Churches, he says—

" Our communion is interrupted by accidental circumstances, misunderstandings, faults, &c. which do not, strictly speaking, involve either party in schism or heresy."—vol. i. p. 237. " It is true that their Church [the Roman] is in error on several points, and even perhaps in matters of faith, but it seems that they were prevented by so many excusable circumstances from seeing the right way, that we ought not to judge too harshly, and exclude from the Church of Christ so vast a multitude of believers, so many nations, and such a crowd of ancient Churches. * * * Nor is there evidence that any of their doctrines have been ever formally and clearly condemned by the Catholic Church. No one pretends that they have been so ; and the truth is, that many of their theologians so explain and teach the doctrines in dispute, that the difference, as represented by them, is in most points not considerable."—p. 286-7. " There is scarcely a point in debate between us, in which our doctrines might not be proved singly from Romish theologians. I have observed a thousand proofs of this."—*Ibid.* " The opinions and practices common to the Western Churches, which were objected to, were not contrary to faith, according to the opinion of the Reformation, evidenced by the Confession of Augsburg."—vol. ii. p. 130.

And of the character of the differences between parties in our own Church at the time of the Reformation he speaks as follows :

" We deny that any new important truth unknown for ages to the Catholic Church, or never heard of before, was promulgated at this time [of the Reformation] in the Church of England. We by no means admit that the royal supremacy then acknowledged by the Church of England was novel. We suppose that some superstitious opinions, commonly received by abuse in some Churches, e. g. the Papal Infallibility and Universal Jurisdiction, Purgatory, Transubstantiation, were

suppressed ; some doctrines were defined more accurately which had been vaguely and imperfectly held ; the Scriptures were more freely circulated ; several superfluous and absurd rites were removed and others were corrected. There was nothing in all this which required any extraordinary mission or superlative sanctity. It may be objected that this affords an inadequate view of the important changes made by the Reformation, and that if the difference between the faith of the Church of England before and after it, was not profound and total, it could never have been worth while to suffer martyrdom for the truths of the Reformation, or to separate from the existing Church. But I reply that this proceeds on a totally erroneous view of facts. Those who suffered under Queen Mary suffered because they would not profess their belief in certain mistaken opinions, which their opponents erroneously asserted to be matters of faith ; and therefore the fact of their suffering does not prove that there was in reality a total contradiction in matters of faith between them and their persecutors. The Lutherans always, as we know, asserted that they did not differ in any article of faith from the Catholic or even the Roman Church, but only as to certain abuses and erroneous opinions."—vol. i. p. 429.

Thus Mr. Palmer seems to hold that the existing Church in every age, in spite of and allowing for the clouds of popular or scholastic error which are upon her, though not of her, is the sufficient teacher of her children ; and being an ordinance of God so visible, so distinctly marked, so incommunicable in her attributes, can always be found by those who seek for her.

Now we doubt not that many persons fresh from the study of Burnet and Tomline will be moved by some of the above statements, whom we request to respect the liberty of the English Protestant. The Revolution did not change Articles or Liturgy, though it brought in another mode of thinking ; what divines said before it they may, if they please, say now. We do not indeed concur, as far as we are able to form an opinion, in the particular theory which seems to have led Mr. Palmer to the statements above quoted, but we do vindicate for him in this matter, and for any one who will, a freedom of judgment which our Church has never taken from us, and which many of our most revered divines have exercised. For instance, Hammond, as quoted by Mr. Palmer, makes a suggestion, which, if breathed now, would in some quarters create a panic or rouse a persecution.

"As we exclude no Christian," he says, "from our communion that will either filially or fraternally embrace it with us, being ready to admit any to our assemblies that acknowledge the foundation laid by Christ and his Apostles ; so we as earnestly desire to be admitted to the like freedom of external communion with all the members of all other Christian Churches, and would most willingly, by the use of the ancient method of *Litteræ Communicatoriæ*, maintain this communion with those with

whom we cannot corporally assemble, and *particularly with those who live in obedience to the Church of Rome.*”—Of Schism, ch. ix. sec. 3.

Mr. Palmer then has a full right, if he thinks fit, to hold the doctrine which is contained in the foregoing passages of his work; and that, whether the arguments for its truth which approve themselves to him are satisfactory to others or not. We shall not here attempt to call them in question; all we profess to do is to draw attention to the state of the case, and show to what his doctrine leads and what it accomplishes.

The received notion in the English schools seems to be, as has already been observed, that the faith which the Apostles delivered, has ever existed in the Church whole and entire, ever recognized as the faith, ascertainable as such, and separable (to speak generally) from the mass of opinions which with it have obtained among Christians. It is considered definite in its outline, though its details admit of more or less perfection; and in consequence it is the property of each individual, so that he may battle for it in his day, whoever attacks it: nay, as not receiving it simply from the existing Church, but through other sources besides, historical and scriptural, he may defend it, if needs be, against the Church, should the Church depart from it; the faith being the foundation of the Church as well as of the individual, and the individual being bound to obey the Church only so far as the Church holds to it. This is the doctrine of Fundamentals, and its peculiarity is this; that it supposes the Truth to be entirely objective and detached, not lying hid in the bosom of the Church as if one with her, clinging to and (as it were) lost in her embrace, but as being sole and unapproachable as on the Cross or at the Resurrection, with the Church close by but in the back ground. Now what the advantages of this doctrine are, will be seen by observing the disadvantages of the opposite, which Mr. Palmer adopts; but at the same time it is confessedly a less simple and a more difficult doctrine than his. The chief difficulty obviously is to determine what is the fundamental faith. A number of our most considerable divines have said that it is the Creed; but others take a different view of it. Waterland enumerates no less than eight distinct opinions, besides his own. Mr. Palmer urges this objection with great force, insisting upon the apparent absurdity of laying down, as if to settle controversies, what is more difficult to settle than any thing else, and raises more disputes than it even professes to extinguish. In this opinion he agrees with a writer, who has attracted some notice of late, and whose thoughts are not the less deep because they happen to be ardent. “Your trumpary principle,” observes Mr. Froude, in a letter to a friend, “about Scripture being the sole rule of faith in *fundamentals* (I

nauseate the word), is but a mutilated edition" of the Protestant principle of the Bible and the Bible only, &c. "without the breadth and axiomatic character of the original."—Remains, vol. i. p. 415. It is not the habit of Mr. Palmer's mind to speak thus absolutely, and he is writing a formal treatise, yet the following sentences contain as decisive an *opinion* on the subject, if less frankly expressed. "As an ambiguous term, as conveying no one definite notion, it seems unqualified to be of any practical utility in questions of controversy."—vol. i. p. 122. "It can only cause confusion and perplexity, while it affords the most perfect facility to sophistical reasoners to escape from cogent arguments by changing imperceptibly the sense of the propositions."—p. 127. Thus argues our author; yet surely it is unfair to represent the question as one about the use of a *word*. With whatever variations it has been used, yet in the mouths of opponents of Romanism it denotes an idea as well; viz, the idea of a doctrine fully distinguished from other religious opinions, and already disengaged from its witnesses, and once for all recorded, whether this was done in the Apostles or in the primitive ages; and, as being such, it is opposed to the Roman theory of the faith, as being even down to this hour partially latent in the Church, and capable of growing into new definitions and being developed into new members any day. It is indeed as fair to urge the difficulty of determining *what* the Fundamentals of Faith are, as on the other hand, to urge that of determining *what* the Church's formal decision is, whether in the pope or in general council, or, in the Church diffusion; but it might as truly be said, that the Church's "judgment" was an ambiguous word, because divines differed in what it consists, as to ridicule the question of Fundamentals as a verbal dispute because Protestants differ one with another what to call fundamental.

We have already said, it is not our intention here to enter into the question itself; but it should be clearly understood that it is no trifling point which is in debate; that, whereas its decision this way or that is very important, so again it is one of considerable difficulty. It appears to us very plain that the primitive Church held the existence of a fundamental faith, and very hard to determine what that faith was. Again, the theory that the Church is absolutely our informant in divine truth, is most simple and unembarrassed, but then, this being taken for granted, we fight to disadvantage against the Romanists; for unless we can appeal to the past how can we condemn the present? and how can we detect additions unless we know what it is which is added to? Accordingly, Mr. Palmer seems to be led on to hold, that the faith of the Church *admits* of addition; again, that there is no test of

apostolic doctrine beyond universal consent, or that any doctrine which has once been generally received must be apostolic, or, in other words, that the majority cannot be wrong. For instance, in answer to the objection of Romanists against the Greeks, that the latter have not received the definitions of faith concerning papal primacy, purgatory, &c. made in the Councils of Lyons, Florence and others, he does not contend that such subjects are not part of the faith once delivered, and therefore the denial of them cannot be heresy, but "the Western Churches, at the time of such definitions, were not evidently *greater* and more numerous than the Eastern, and therefore their acceptance of the above synods was not a sufficient proof of the approbation of the *majority* of the Catholic Church."—vol. i. p. 203. He adds, "This position is of so much importance that it deserves a more particular notice." And after analysing the state of East and West in this respect, and comparing the number of dioceses in each at various times, with the respective losses of the former from the Saracens and the Nestorian and Eutychian heresies, and of the latter in Africa, and again the gains of the former in Russia, and of the latter in Germany, Denmark, &c. he concludes :

"There is therefore no probability that the Eastern Church in the middle of the 11th century, and even long afterwards, fell short of the Western, either in the number of its bishops, the extent of its jurisdiction, or the number and variety of the nations it embraced. It is impossible to determine precisely the number of bishops on each side; but there is neither proof nor presumption that the *majority* of the Church took part with the Roman Pontiff against the Greeks; and it is impossible to affirm with any certainty that the Western Churches were greater than the Eastern, up to the period of the Reformation."

Accordingly he takes one by one the Councils of the Middle Ages, and shows that they were not really ecumenical, or their decrees consequently binding on our faith. Whether or not we think this necessary (for some will think that the mere fact that they went beyond the creed or fundamental faith, is a sufficient disproof of their Catholicity), at any rate it is interesting to see the argument worked out historically, and this Mr. Palmer has done in a very masterly way. We are tempted to extract his remarks on the Fourth Lateran, which is commonly considered to have established the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

"This synod consisting only of Latin bishops, and having never been received by the Oriental Churches, cannot be considered as invested with the authority of the Catholic Church. It was not acknowledged as ecumenical by the first edition of the Synod of Florence, nor in the license of Pope Clement VII. for publishing that synod, nor by Cardinal Contarenus, nor by the historians Platina, Nauclerus, Trithemius, or Albertus

Stadensis. The general doctrine of the decree on faith was directed against heretics who denied all that was most sacred in Christianity. But this decree has not the authority which might have been expected, because it appears not to have been made *concilialiter*, with synodical deliberation, discussion, and giving of suffrages ; but Innocentius caused it to be read with many others in the presence of the synod, and the bishops seem to have remained silent. . . .

“ This objection alone would render the authority of such decrees very dubious, according to Bellarmine, Bossuet, Delahogue, &c., for the promises of Christ to aid his Church in determining the truth always suppose the use of ordinary means. These decrees were indeed known in the Western Church afterwards, rather under the name of Pope Innocentius, than of the Lateran synod. Hence, even if we admitted that it was the intention of this synod to define the modern Roman opinion of Transubstantiation as ‘ *de fide*,’ it would not follow that its definition was binding on the Church ; but there are very reasonable grounds for doubting that the synod had such an intention. The Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation supposes the *whole substance* (in the Aristotelic sense, as distinguished from the *accidents*) of bread and wine to cease, by conversion into a different substance ; so that the eucharist cannot be called bread after consecration, except in some figurative or tropical sense Though the term ‘ Transubstantiation,’ as Bossuet observes, naturally implies ‘ a *change of substance*,’ this by no means settles the question ; for it does not determine whether ‘ substance’ is used in the Aristotelic or the popular sense ; whether the change is physical, and in itself corresponding to other changes whether natural or miraculous, or entirely sacramental, spiritual, and ineffable ; in fine, whether it be partial or total. Hence those who employed the *term* Transubstantiation with reference to the mystical change, might quite consistently hold that the substance of bread was not physically changed, or that it did not cease to exist, or that it was changed by union with the substance of Christ’s body, or with His soul, or with the divine nature. All these opinions are consistent with the use of the term Transubstantiation, and all are contradictory to the common Roman doctrine on the subject.

“ In fact Pope Innocentius himself, in one of his books, having asserted that ‘ the matter of bread and wine . . . is *transubstantiated* into Christ’s body,’ continues thus : ‘ but whether *parts* change into *parts*, or the *whole* into the *whole*, or the *entire* into the *entire*, He alone knows who effects it. As for me, I commit to the fire what remains ; for we are commanded to believe ; forbidden to discuss.’ Thus Innocentius declares that the total change of the substance is not a matter of faith ; and he mentions, *without any condemnation*, the opinion of some who held that the bread and wine remain after consecration together with the body and blood. He reserves the charge of heresy for those who held the bread to be only a figure of Christ’s body. This renders it very probable, that Innocentius in the synod of Lateran did not intend to establish any thing except the doctrine of the real presence. In fact the question was not then with those who denied the modern doctrine of Transubstantiation : it was with the Manichæans, who denied the real

presence of Christ's body in the eucharist. Nor was the term Transubstantiation introduced specially into the decree to meet any particular heresy, as the term 'consubstantial' had been introduced into the creed at the synod of Nice expressly to exclude the heresy of Arius. No one objected to this *term* at the Council of Lateran: no one had objected to it before; nor does it appear that it was disapproved of by any one till centuries afterwards, when it had been abused by some persons. Hence I conclude that the term was employed, not with any intention of establishing a specific view of the real presence; but simply as equivalent to 'conversion,' 'transformation,' 'change,' &c. which had been employed before, and continued to be employed afterwards to express the same thing.

"That this was so, and that the whole Western Church believed the common opinion of Transubstantiation not to be a matter of faith, may be inferred absolutely and conclusively from the fact, that while this opinion was held by the majority of scholastic theologians till the period of the Reformation, several other opinions, entirely inconsistent with it, were openly held and taught by writers of eminence, *without any condemnation or censure*. Durandus a S. Porciano, about 1320, taught that the matter of bread and wine *remain* after consecration. Nevertheless he was so far from being censured, that the pope made him bishop of Annecy, and afterwards of Meaux; and he is praised by Trithemius and Gerson, the latter of whom recommended his writings to students in the University of Paris. Cardinal d'Ailly, who presided at the Council of Constance, A.D. 1415, says, that 'although Catholics agree that the body of Christ is in the sacrament, there are different opinions as to the *mode*. The first is, that the *substance of bread is Christ's body*; the second, that the substance does not remain, but is reduced into matter existing by itself or receiving another form, &c.; the third, that the substance of bread remains; the fourth, and more common, that the substance does not remain, but simply ceases to exist.' Thus we see that the common opinion of Transubstantiation was only an '*opinion*,' and that different opinions were held by 'Catholics.' In fine, the scholastic theologians generally mention the different opinions, without imputing heresy to those that receive them."—vol. ii. p. 219—225.

Our limits will not allow us to say more on the subject of Mr. Palmer's book, or we are tempted to set before the reader other specimens of its most instructive contents. It must not be supposed because we have been led to discuss the main principle of his treatise, that the work is mainly engaged in laying down principles, and is of an abstract or merely rudimental character. This indeed would be misrepresenting one of the most various, comprehensive, and elaborate works which the present day has produced. But the discussions it contains would at best be but defectively exhibited in a Review, whereas it was both practicable and might be useful to describe the basis on which the treatise rests. For till we get a clear view of the elementary principles of Anglo-

catholicism, not merely of its general character, in which Mr. Palmer has no difference with other Anglican divines, we cannot hope to make a satisfactory fight against the enemies which surround us. Our author's theory of the revealed system *issues* in the same opinions and doctrines as that of other English divines; the only question is, what is the elementary formula or key, to which the phenomena of the system may best be referred.

ART. V.—*Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. The Merchant and Friar.* By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H. London: Parker, West Strand. 1837.

No ONE can fail to be pleased with this book, who is at all a lover of antiquity, and has any wish for information respecting the times of our ancestors,—information that he can depend upon. It contains a great store of interesting facts, to use the common expression, relating to those times, which have also the additional recommendation of being true. This is an important feature in the book, and deserves notice. Sir Francis is often humorous, often philosophical, but he never speaks off the book, though superficial readers might be deceived at first by his manner. His most lively sallies are certain to be based on Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. in the Record Office, or other documents of equal infallibility. And any one, who presuming on the free and imaginative form in which the author brings out his information, should choose to challenge the solidity of it, would shortly, we have no doubt, find himself dragged through black letter dormitories, and sepulchral repositories of all kinds; or perhaps treated as the bear was by the Aristotelian student, compelled to swallow some venerable parchment, a treasure in its way, but not of the palatable sort. We have great respect for a writer who always keeps in this way within hail of his facts; especially if, like Sir Francis, he can manage to be authentic and amusing at the same time. It is well known that a contrary habit has prevailed among our historians for some time past, especially those who have treated on this subject—the middle ages. A few selected facts have done for all of them, one after the other, as one of the wittiest writers of the day has most entertainingly shown us in one or two remarkable instances. First, Mosheim produces a statement from some original source; isolated perhaps, but still professing to be an original statement. This being done, it is done once and for all, they think. They go on swimmingly after it, and would go on to all eternity,

“ Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum,

if there was no one, like the writer we referred to, to call them to account.

Robertson, Jortin, White, all receive what Mosheim has given them, and hand it over, more or less accommodated to their own views. They show no inclination to enlarge their number of facts; this would be contrary to their idea of philosophical history. No, they are quite satisfied, if they can refer to a note somewhere or other, which refers them back somewhere else; from whence they would be directed to some other source, how far from or near the original truth itself they neither know nor care. Meantime, in proportion to their ignorance of facts, is their precipitate and unscrupulous use of the few they have. They are merciless in their application of them. One positively is not safe in one's chair from the inferences they are ready to raise on the most paltry and minute premise imaginable.

“The smutty grain

With sudden blaze diffused inflames the air.”

A single fact, under their judicious management, will blow up and change the aspect of a whole world, ancient or modern, as the case may be; or at any rate play tremendous work with several centuries, with which it had no sort of connexion to begin with. This is what we may call the historical lever. It shows what we can effect by the power of machinery, when applied to the manufacture of history; for history, it seems, is to be manufactured in this way, as well as articles of a grosser and more material character. Archimedes wished only for some ground to work from, and he would undertake to move the world with his lever. Two or three well-chosen facts supply this desirable ground to our modern historians. They do not desire more. Give them only these, and with their inferential lever they will produce the most astonishing results. They will prove at once, without further ceremony, a whole series of ages to have been all dark, or all enlightened, as they may wish to make out; that all was dark up to a certain time; that then a sudden move took place, a spring was touched, and we became perfectly civilized and enlightened as we should be. In this way the whole history of mankind is speedily disposed of. All from the creation of the world downwards is arranged into three or four grand æras, which succeed each other very conveniently, and all entirely of one character or entirely of another, which makes them easy to remember. The world is either dark or it is enlightened, one of the two, as Pyramus tells us,—

“O grim looked night, O night with hue so black,
O night which ever art when day is not.”

If the age is not enlightened, then it is dark; if it is not dark, why then it is enlightened. At this rate we get over the ground quick; in a hop, skip, and jump, we are brought from primeval chaos down to the nineteenth century, and Mr. Pinnock's catechism, which compresses all history whatever into a thin duodecimo, turns out to be no unfair or inadequate abridgment.

Now Sir Francis Palgrave is not an historian of this calibre, nor, if we estimate rightly, has he any ambition to follow in such a wake. He is content rather with taking a limited field of inquiry, and superintending it properly, and is better pleased with a quiet walk about his own grounds, with the "*latis otia fundis*," as Virgil has it; so that he is able to observe how matters stand, and note down objects as he goes along. He is better pleased with this safe and steady mode of proceeding, than if he were bestriding hill and dale in seven-leagued boots, or playing at leap-frog over the patriarchal heads of eras, epochs, and centuries, from the back of the sixth, seventh, or eighth century, as it may happen, to the shoulders of the sixteenth, and never fairly using his legs, or acknowledging terra firma, till he finds himself side by side with his friend and contemporary the nineteenth itself. The author of the *Merchant and Friar* likes to feel himself on solid ground, though he takes things leisurely, and is satisfied with bringing out facts here and there, not on any set theory, but only to illustrate, in an intelligible way, the manners, mode of thinking, state of knowledge, law, government, and society in the age that he treats of. Not that he is solely, however, and exclusively a matter-of-fact writer. He is a philosopher when he chooses it, though he does not take a scientific view of history; and we hope, before the end of this article, to make use of some of his reflections, which are certainly of a deep and forcible character, and would serve to improve any one's views who really entered into them. But at present we will draw the reader's attention to some of his *Truths and Fictions of the middle ages*, premising, however, with what we have said, that his fiction is as solid as his truth, and may be as much depended on. And while we turn Sir Francis to good account in this way, we shall also string together a few remarks of our own, which, we hope, will accord with what we shall extract from the work. Not that we have any particular theory to advance on the subject of the middle ages; only a book like the present naturally leads one's thoughts in that direction, and perhaps gives them a bias, not in favour of former ages, to the prejudice of our own, but certainly against that extremely contemptuous mode of treating them, which we have partly alluded to, and which puts them all under one thick

blot of ignorance and superstition without discrimination or set off of any kind.

The plan of the Merchant and Friar is soon explained. The Merchant is Marco Polo, who has found his way into England on some trading speculation: the Friar is no other than the celebrated Roger Bacon. They fall in with each other in the hall of the abbey at Abingdon: where the former, according to the custom of the times, is entertained by the abbot and his brethren; though it seems there was an inn or hostelry in the place even in those days. But Marco and his party were travellers, and "travellers from Cathay:" a circumstance of interest, which procured them an invitation to the abbey. There Marco sees the Friar; they are both intellectual persons, though in different ways, and each hopes to gain something from the other. The result of which is, that the latter accompanies Marco to London, where he takes him to the different places and institutions which were worth seeing in those days.

In the abbey hall the conversation naturally turns on foreign countries, foreigners, and wonderful phenomena of different kinds; and Sir Francis evidently, from the turn of it, gives up the Middle Ages in point of science. However, even in those days, it appears, there were scientific circles existing every here and there; not equal in extent or system to our British associations, but still sufficient to hand down the torch to posterity. Nay, there was even publishing and pamphleteering going on, on a small scale, however impossible it may appear; and Marco Polo in consequence, who is a person of general information, finds himself equal to a scientific conversation with Bacon, though science is not his peculiar fort.

"Circumstances had enabled him to form some reasonable conjectures respecting the applications of the powers of nature indicated by the Friar; and the subject was not entirely new to him. Friar Bacon had, some time before, inscribed an epistle to Brother William of Paris, bearing the title '*De secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ, et de Nullitate Magiæ*,' in the fourth chapter whereof all these prospective discoveries are enumerated.

"This epistle, like many others upon similar subjects, which the Friar had addressed to Pope Clement, and to other distinguished personages, belonged to that extensive genus which, in our times, has been designated as correspondence for the press, and not for the post. Neither press nor post then existed. But, nevertheless, the coy reserve which shrinks from the sight in order to be more surely drawn forth into the universal gaze, obtained the degree of tenderness which such sensitive shyness required. Modesty is not always rendered indignant by gentle violence; and it was as well understood then, as it could possibly be now, that the discreet friend who received the full answers to questions which had never been

asked,—the satisfactory explanations of matters about which he had never inquired,—the clear solution of doubts which he had never raised,—and the affectionate explanations for the relief of his non-existent anxiety,—would ill requite the kindness of his correspondent, unless he took effectual means for preventing the world at large from being deprived of the ‘private and confidential communication’ with which he had thus been favoured.

“Brother William, therefore, did not scruple to show the epistle of the English philosopher to all the curious who wished to inspect it; and—as collectors are wont to do—even to many who did not. Nor did he ever refuse the loan thereof to the transcribers by trade, first exacting, it is true, a solemn promise that the document should be treated with as much precaution as it was imparted. So that we need not wonder that a copy had very speedily—within nine years from the day of its date—reached Venice, and that Marco was fully aware of the doctrines which the Friar held.”—pp. 45—47.

So much for the science of the middle ages. We are not, however, going to be paradoxical, or to make out a case for them on that head. We confess that they were ignorant of the powers of nature, and that their astronomical theories will not bear examination. But this we will be bold enough to say, that we could never understand on what authority the present age sets up the advancement of science as the great, the only standard in short, of civilization. We know that we are treading on difficult ground here; and that it is no easy matter to define so complicated a thing as civilization: but we have a strong notion nevertheless, amounting to conviction, that the definition of it is not, after all, so immediately based on mathematics or physics. Without attempting to depreciate them, we must be allowed to think that there may be cultivation of mind without them, unless we set down the whole ancient world as uncivilized; Athens in the age of Pericles, and Rome in the Augustan age of literature, as uncivilized. There can be no doubt that journies were more troublesome, and the post less regular, and machinery less ingeniously conducted in those days than in our own. Yet we allow the ancients to have had a touch of cultivation about them. We do not put Augustus Cæsar and the king of the Sandwich Islands on a level, either as regards their persons or their subjects. Nay, we may come nearer home than the ancients on a subject like this. If a person has cultivated tastes, a perception of the beautiful, imagination, poetry more or less developed; we should be sorry, if we are obliged to think him a barbarian, because his information was limited respecting the powers of nature, and many important phenomena in our material system. Some of our most intimate friends lie under this intellectual stigma. Highly as we esteem their tone of mind in many respects, it is doing them no injustice

to think that they might have lived from the earliest ages down to the present, without enlightening the world with one scientific observation, or furnishing a single implement for the subjugation of the elements. Come, gentle reader, let us recollect ourselves, and look around us a little; for we are not inclined to betray either ourselves or our friends, without pulling others into the same scrape. We hope we shall not be thought illnatured, or we should not perhaps divulge our suspicions so freely; but we cannot help suspecting that there is more deficiency even in the nineteenth century, in this department of knowledge, than many of us are aware of. Could we but take a look into the interior of persons' minds, it is to be feared we should, in more than a few instances, meet with highly lax and disorderly notions on the subject of the solar system, and others of the like stamp. Ask that gentleman of great talents and promise, who has been entertaining a party for the last half-hour with a flow of elegant information, seasoned with recondite and extended views on various points; introduce to his consideration, what shall we say? some unlucky topic involving the terms, axis, pole, hemisphere, &c. and we doubt not that he will parry your interrogatories with admirable skill and coolness: but we more than doubt whether he will *answer* them; answer them fairly and manfully as he ought to do, and as he would be required to do in Joyce's Catechism of the Arts and Sciences. His replies, if we mistake not, will be rather of the judiciously evasive cast, nicely doubting the point in question; protecting the reputation of the speaker, but highly unsatisfying to the inquirer. Such is the poor use we have made of our advantages, and accumulated instructions. We must make the confession our own. Conversation is apt to fall at times, even in the best informed circles, on the introduction of certain momentous subjects we have alluded to; and to fall with a degree of precipitation too, not at all indicative of the supremacy of science in the minds of many of us. Yet we do not uncivilize the simply ornamental, or imaginative, or rhetorical, or contemplative powers among our contemporaries in consequence. We do not mention Sir Walter Scott, for example, as a barbaric genius, and class him with the ancient Druids; though, if the truth be stated, his tone of mind had as little of sympathy in it for the cause of the British Association, as any among the venerable order we have mentioned, could one of them be made to re-appear. It may be said, perhaps, that we cannot judge of things so: that the nineteenth century throws a halo around all who lie under its light, even when the individual is most removed in character from it; that the age civilizes him, though, as far as his personal choice was concerned, he would have remained perhaps an obstinate barbarian to the

end of his days. This of course is easily said. Yet we think that the accession of dignity, which Scott, Southey, and Wordsworth gain from their connexion with the present age, and which they enjoy in common with all the rest of her majesty's subjects, is at any rate small, and hardly distinguishable.

We allow then the attributes of civilization to attach sometimes to unworthy objects; to those who go against rather than aid the spirit of the age; to a large class of respectable characters, whom we need not enumerate, who have only a limited acquaintance with what is called *par excellence* *knowledge*; yet with or without it continue to execute their appointed duties, whether as fathers of families, magistrates, or holding other common though important positions. True it is, we pity a person who thus

“ Benighted walks under the midday sun,
Himself is his own dungeon,”

but we go no further. And why cannot we take the same indulgent view of the middle ages? allow them, that is, their share of civilization, though taking into account their darkness on the particular subject of knowledge or science? We have often tried to speculate for curiosity's sake on the probable view which Bacon, and others like him, who rose above the philosophy of their age, took of the state of the world around them. Superior knowledge, we know on good authority, does not incline men to humility. Still, we should not be surprised to find that those persons, great as were their attainments, were far from taking the same low view of their own times that we do, who of course know so much less about them. And perhaps the most probable conjecture after all is, that they communicated pretty much on terms of equality with their contemporaries; conscious of course of their superior talents, just as clever men now are; but not at all aware that they were living in the “*dark ages*.” Sir F. Palgrave's Merchant and Friar do not turn up their noses at all existing institutions, though they are both men of most enlightened minds, quite the reverse; and we imagine Sir Francis is right in his portraiture. The Friar, indeed, has odd ways and lives in a tower by himself. But philosophers are apt to be eccentric at all times. We will venture to say, that in spite of the Friar's fondness for retirement, he did not entertain ultra-liberal views, or think his own age *antiquated*. We will give however part of a conversation which touches on the subject, and to which Sir Francis appends some remarks of his own.

“ ‘I love my own republican city,’—replied Marco,—‘but as to birds, there is none so bad as that which befouls its own nest. If you had travelled far and wide, as I have done, you would not have thought

yourself compelled to draw the conclusion at which you have arrived. Institutions, wise on the banks of the Arno, may be sheer folly here, upon the borders of the Thames.'

" ' You must have seen,'—said the Friar, interrupting the conversation, as he was wont to do,—' a great variety of head-dresses in your travels, Messer Marco ?'

" ' Sure have I,'—replied Marco gesticulating and counting, according to Italian fashion, upon the thumb and fingers of his left hand as he spoke : thumb, ' turbans at Damascus,'—fore finger, ' sheepskin kal-packs at Balkh,'—middle finger, ' red berrets at Fez,'—ring finger, ' scarlet hats at Rome,'—little finger,—' buttoned caps at Cambalu,'—thumb again—' broad-brimmed chapeaux at Paris,'—fore finger again,—' hoods here in London,'—middle finger again,—' coifs for the Court,'—ring finger again,—' cowls for the cloister,'—little finger again,—' helmets for the field, and many many more,—every possible variety.'

" ' But, inasmuch,'—resumed Bacon,—' as all men's heads are round on the outside, even so are all coverings, which fit the same heads, round within, however different they may be in external shape, stuff or colour. If you are sufficiently protected against sleet and snow in the mountains, and defended from the sun in the plains, I do not suppose that you, as an experienced traveller, would censure the fashion which that portion of your attire assumes.'

" ' Certainly not,'—replied Marco :—' I neglect the guise, if comfort and protection be attained.'"—pp. 207—209.

" Marco Polo, in his age of darkness, was more consistently philosophical than we are, in this our era of epidemic innovation,—the age in which Judges shed their wigs, and Turks shave their beards. Let us compare the opinion of Marco Polo, with the amusing work of a recent traveller. ' No people,'—says he,—' can be more thoroughly *enslaved* than the Uzbecks, there is no shadow of popular government : but still,'—continues the Lieutenant, with honest surprise,—' there is no evidence of popular discontent,'—a phenomenon which appears to him thoroughly unaccountable. Popular contentment without popular government ! Happiness without brawlers in the Town Hall, and bawlers in the Senate ! Is not this as strange as nourishment without food, or light without the sun ?—How do they manage matters amongst the Uzbecks ? What recipe keeps this singular people in a state of tranquil contentment ?—Is it to be attributed to the Bang which they smoke, or the bangs which they receive ?

" Both these sedatives may help : both are capital in their way ; but how is Bokhara governed—let us read the Traveller's own words. ' The Koran is the base of the government. The Khan, who is unremitting in business, attends daily at the Court-house, with the Cadi and the Mollahs, to decide every cause, according to law.—The Koran, their guide, may not be the best standard of legislative excellence, but this sort of decision is exceedingly popular, and relieves them from the *jus vagum aut incognitum* of a despot. They are protected by the strict enforcement of its law, and it leads the people to consider their clergy as their best defenders against the abuse of the ruling powers.' And

thus does a man of no ordinary intelligence, entirely confound form and substance: and actually lose all perception of the truths which he so lucidly unfolds.—Because he cannot find the precise form which we in Great Britain consider as the machinery of a popular government, he denies the name to institutions, cherished and supported by the people, deriving their whole strength from the consent and approbation of the people,—and effectually protecting the people against every abuse of power, and against every act, which, according to their notions and views, would be oppression or tyranny.

“Not that it is desirable to adopt the Uzbek Constitution in the United Kingdom. I delight in the excellence of the Uzbek policy,—I bend before the Mollahs and honour the Cadi,—yet, dear countrymen,—do not catch any enthusiasm for the Uzbecks,—do not try to imitate them, do not attempt to purchase tranquillity by such superstition, do not reform too much,—let us let well alone. As inexpedient would be the introduction of such a Moslem Government amongst us, as it would be to ask you and me to sit cross-legged on the carpet, scoop out our pudding in our palms, and tear our roast beef with our fingers.

“Neither would I advise the dear Uzbecks to copy from us. Let them let well alone.—Place Ibrahim in an English attitude at a dinner-table: he sits upon thorns, and, when he attempts to feed himself, his fingers instinctively ascend to his mouth, whilst the morsel at the end of the fork travels upwards to his eye. Whilst the Koran is the rule of faith in Bokhara, the Khan, the Mollahs, and the Cadi, will do quite as well for the Uzbecks, as the House of Commons and the Union Workhouse for the United Kingdom.”—pp. 211—214.

But we turn now to a graver part of our subject, though a part intimately connected with that low state of knowledge which we have been speaking of, we mean the superstition of the middle ages. The middle ages were superstitious, every one says. Yes. They certainly were. We are right in thinking so. And yet they were not wholly sunk or enveloped in superstition. The unthinking and unstable portion of society, which perhaps was the larger half, gave way to bad influences. But there was also a counteracting power on the other side, which preserved in some measure the religious balance, and prevented the age from falling. There seems to have been throughout those times a superior class, who were no friends to superstition. The Church, for we must come to her at last, was no friend to superstition; and the ruling powers, acting doubtless on her suggestions, interposed with law and penalty to discontinue it. In this way Sir F. Palgrave describes the working of the spirit of the age; one part of society under its influence, another above it.

“‘It is singular,’ said Marco Polo, ‘to observe how identical these superstitious practices and opinions are in all parts of the world. In the recesses of Hindostan, you find the same scheme of planetary influences as our astrologers adopt, and the same class of spells employed for ob-

taining a fallacious prospect of futurity, as are in vogue, in spite of all the denunciations of our Prelates, in every country of western Christendom. The dark-eyed daughters of Java endeavour to reclaim an unfaithful lover by the same arts as the Grecian Amaryllis. And the tales repeated around the hearth of the Italian peasant may be heard on the banks of the Ganges.'

" 'Rather say,—it is not singular,'—replied the Friar, 'that these superstitious practices and opinions should be identical in all parts of the world, since they all spring from the same common cause—Man rebelling against the will of his Creator, striving to obtain that knowledge which has been withheld from us by mercy : yielding to sinful lusts and wishes : and seeking aid and comfort in any source rather than in submission to the divine will. The spirit of this idolatry is universal. But the special form which it takes in the case of the jealous, afflicted, or forsaken damsel, who has just taken flight, is derived from the heathenism of her Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It cometh even within the letter of the fifth chapter of the law which Canute the Dane established by the Council of the Witan, the wise men of England, and which wholly prohibits the fantastic ceremonies performed in the worship of the greenwood tree, the rock, the flood-water, or the spring.'"—pp. 54, 55.

What we complain of is, that people will not condescend to use discrimination in their judgments; they will make out the character of an age to be all one or all the other. Here is the error. The middle ages laboured under want of knowledge, and they partook also strongly of superstition. Yet in the midst of these defects there was knowledge in some quarters, and there was enlightened religion too. The spirit of the present day tends strongly to scepticism, and it is to be supposed posterity will take this judgment of us. Yet we are not all of us sceptics notwithstanding; no one will say that this is the *whole* account to be given of the present state of opinion, without any sets off to be allowed against it. Is no notice to be taken of all the currents of religious thoughts which have come down to us from an older source, without mixing with the influx of the day? nothing to be said of a rising set of notions not at all in harmony with the age? It would be a truer view then, we think, to take, if, instead of burying an age in this way under the weight of one domineering tendency, we were to look upon every age of the world as prevented providentially from working out its peculiar character to its full; prevented by something stationed within it of a contrary character. We will explain ourselves however more fully on this head, and this will lead us perhaps to one or two reflections by way of inference, on the position of things in the present day.

The Church, we believe to have been the great preservative against superstition in the middle ages. While we think that those ages were superstitious, we believe at the same time that

they had this preservative against the fulfilling their own tendency. Nay, while the Church was even suffering herself from this tendency of things around her, she was at the same time resisting it. It is to no purpose to prove, as people do against us, that the Church was superstitious then. She may have been; she was tried in this way, and she gave way partly under her trial. But on the other hand, she withstood the evil, and she triumphed in the main. This is no uncommon or unintelligible mixture of character in her, to find her in part giving way herself, while, at the same time, she was preventing the world from giving way. It is a character which belongs to our nature; and institutions, even divine ones, have it as well as individuals. The world has benefited from the Church at all times; while the Church on the other hand has only got infection from her contact with the world.

But to return to what we were speaking of. It is well known what part the Church took against the lower and more vulgar kinds of superstitions, which have been laughed down it would seem in the present day. A more serious view was taken of them in the times we are speaking of. "By the doctrines of the Church," says Sir F. Palgrave, "magic and necromancy were severely condemned; and the faggot was denounced against their votaries." We are not going to defend the last mentioned appeal. But when this mistake is remembered on the Church's side, it should be remembered also that she sometimes used her mistaken powers for an enlightened end. Such features coming together, only show us the little reality there is in the system of wholesale inference, which comes to an universal judgment from the least thing making its appearance on one side or the other, just as a geologist, from the merest joint that you submit to his inspection, will describe to you the whole antediluvian animal from which it comes, its size, structure, and propensities. An unaccountable mist had fallen on the Church's eyes in so viewing her powers of censure, and taking the secular sword into her hands, as well as the spiritual. But this does not prevent her views from being perfectly clear and enlightened on other points. And we can hardly doubt that even her error was of service in so *superstitious* an age, for we can use this enlightened language sometimes. There was a temper abroad then which required coercing; and it may be well for posterity that the Church had power to coerce it, though that power in its turn was not divinely and legitimately exercised. *Factum valet*, we may say here, *fieri non debuit*. The dark and wayward impulses, which caused men to fear where no fear was, to tremble but not to adore, were thus encountered by a strong hand; and the superstitious spirit was compelled,

against its will, to erect itself, and look upwards; when, if left alone, it would have tottered and at last fallen irrecoverably.

And a slight insight into the composition of the Church in those days cannot fail to confirm this point in its character. She was then, to a greater degree even than she is now, a receptacle for genius, talents, and application of mind; and seems to have stood rather in the situation which the middle classes occupy now, as representing what we call the intelligence of the day. The middle classes were a less acknowledged body then than now; and the privileges of birth were too marked and overpowering to allow much of an opening to minds which had only their own powers to depend upon. So all the rising intellect in the mass of the people, in the lower and unprivileged classes, which are of course the main strength of society in mind as in every thing else, all tastes and powers of a superior kind, as they manifested themselves here and there, above the level of the possessor's own lot and situation in life, then flowed naturally into the Church, which admitted of no distinction in society in relation to herself, and was therefore always ready to receive and foster them. Persons who, in the present day, might have become eminent physicians, or lawyers of note, or authors and writers in reviews, then found themselves planted in monasteries, where they had leisure to follow their pursuits, in the society of those who could assist and appreciate them. We have no doubt that, could we carry ourselves back for an instant to that age, we should find that it had its literary circles, and its spheres of intelligence, as we say; that the world then, in fact, was not without a few of those interior and self-created worlds, which have pushed themselves into such notoriety since, and threaten to incommode, even to repletion, the first and parental circumference herself, the orbis terrarum, which has enough to do to contain them all. Now, over and above the animal and the vegetable worlds, and the other old established ones of that kind, the moral, the intellectual, and so on, we have now the geological world, the botanical world, the antiquarian world, the phrenological world, besides the fashionable world and the religious world. One meets with several worlds of this kind in travelling down the columns of a newspaper; they are attended by their satellites in the shape of lecturers and corresponding secretaries; and communications are carried on with them through the medium of the twopenny post. But we are wandering from our subject.

We do mean to say, then, that the Church of the middle ages, any more than her descendant of the present day, would always be the better in proportion to the reception she afforded to ex-

isting talents and knowledge, yet it would serve to strengthen her against the prevailing tendency then which lay toward superstition. Sir F. Palgrave has some observations which tend a good deal in this direction, though he brings them to bear on another subject from what we have been considering.

“There was no lack of protectors of popular rights. And where, then, were they to be found?

“Divesting ourselves of modern opinions and prepossessions, an answer can readily be given by consulting the chronicle and the charter. Amongst the ‘prelates, magnates and procures,’ are we to seek for all the real and potential materials of the now popular branch of the legislature. Examine the origin, the position, the influence of the dignified ecclesiastics, and the hierarchy will rise before us as the most democratic element of our old English commonwealth.

“Consider the ancient clergy, in their relation to what may be termed the individuality of the country. Much of the value of a popular government consists not, as the demagogue employs it, for the purpose of opposition to authority, but as the means of imparting the benefits and rewards of a well-governed society, in due gradation, to the several ranks and orders of the community. Whatever inequality might subsist in other respects amongst the people, they met on equal terms on sacred ground. For the civil or political ennoblement of talent, the way always opened through the Christian hierarchy. The mitre, the cardinal’s cap, the tiara itself, fell oftenest on the humblest brow. An established Church is the surest possession of the people; when they pillage the altar they despoil their own property;—they waste their own means;—they desolate their own children’s inheritance;—they rob themselves.

“Such an institution was an easy and acceptable path to greatness, for the lowest of the low: and amongst the prelates, who sometimes constituted the most numerous, and always the most influential portion of the great council, the majority had risen from the humblest rank in society. Were they all truly deserving of their honours?—Certainly not.—Some, it must be admitted, obtained their advancement by casting aside the real duties of their station, and by making the business of the world their primary object. But this was the sin of the man, and not the vice of the hierarchy.”—p. 219—221.

“The Anglican Church is not an extraneous or oppressive order, possessing a character adverse to the state; it is not a caste estranged from the community. It is formed out of the people: it exists for the people. The Church, as I have observed, and I repeat the observation, is the democratic leaven of our balanced monarchy. The dignified ecclesiastics of the Church of England were, during the middle ages, always the best, and not unfrequently the only, advocates of the real interests of the poorest, and, therefore, the most defenceless classes. So have they also been, at all times, the means by which the gifts of intellect and intelligence raise the possessor to the highest station in the community, the connecting link between the cottage and the throne.”—p. 223, 224.

But, after all, the main proof of what we have been saying

lies in the Church's preservation of the true creed, not indeed free from corruptions, but still the true creed whole and entire throughout a long and trying period, in which superstition and religion were striving for the mastery. The Church we know is always under trial; it is tried at this time, (if we may speak so boldly on a subject so near home,) and has been tried ever since the change of opinions in this country, by the spirit of infidelity. The former trial was no more difficult perhaps in respect of its character than the present one; still we should remember that it lasted long; and that the long and continuous pressure from without will produce its effects, even taking us at the best.

“*Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat.*”

We do not perhaps bear this sufficiently in mind, and so are not sufficiently grateful to the Church of the middle ages. We pass coolly over its services, and notice only its failures. We remember it only as a Church which admitted transubstantiation, image worship and the invocation of saints; we remember what it added to the word of God, but we forget what it retained—that word itself. We forget that, amidst all its errors, it retained the one, true, and enlightened belief, which is to enlighten us to the end of time. No such easy and ordinary matter this, if we consider it aright; and we know that unreflecting minds experience a kind of superficial surprise in coming across errors that they happen to be protected from themselves. They think it the easiest thing in the world to have avoided them; mere obstinacy alone, and a determination to do wrong, which led men astray; simply maintaining the truth is the simplest of all things, according to their estimate; and, therefore, no thanks, we say, to those who did so maintain it; they only did what lay straight before them; that is, they only did their *duty*. This is all we have to remark on the one side; but we stare, on the contrary, and are astonished when a corruption is brought before us; we think the introduction of it unaccountable; mere roaming into error for error's sake. Now we incline to a different view of this subject, and for the following reasons.

We think we are under obligation to the middle ages for having preserved to us the enlightened form of faith, *i. e.* the creed of the Church. The *tendency* of superstition then, was to destroy that creed. This may safely be said, though we cannot know how far or near the danger came. We know it is a common idea that superstition adds, but does not destroy; and that its only fault is believing too much. It seems inconsistent to say that a creed can be in danger in such an age: but this is not true; and we mistake the character of our antagonist if we

think so. Superstition is *unbelief* as well as belief. That morbid thirst for the marvellous, which finds nothing to satisfy it in the course of providence or the system of truth—which goes on and on despising one stimulus after another

“Till the seared taste from foulest wells
Is fain to slake its fire,”

this is sheer unbelief, and is what many Atheists have actually had under one shape or another. Hobbes of Malmesbury, it is well known, had a strong and uncomfortable sense of powers unseen, and was afraid to be left alone. It is a bad sign when men tremble in the dark only, and cannot bring themselves to fear in the open day. And this is the way of superstition: it withdraws men's minds from the God of heaven and earth—the God of nature, reason, and conscience—to gods of its own—fate and the stars, powers evil and powers good, demons, angels, and saints, a motley company; to any thing whatever, so that it be not divine. A temper like this luxuriates in hopes and fears of a certain kind; only God's providence has no charms for it either way. It will not go out of itself, or exchange the earthly mouldering body for the living and spiritual one. It delights in its own prison-house, and would live for ever in the tomb. And why so? for this reason, simply, that the very idea of the divine, really and properly speaking, becomes lost to the mind by indulging in this dark and slippery course. Superstition gradually removes the true God from his own creation; it owns him not, and is therefore as unconcerned in his presence, as cold and rationalistic as Atheism itself, though it has its own idols of which it stands in the most perfect awe. Religion, we need not say, is the very contrary of all this: its tendency is rather to equalize things—to obliterate, that is, the distinction between the ordinary and extraordinary, natural and supernatural, by lifting up the former to a level with the latter. It views the ordinary as miraculous, and the miraculous as ordinary; and both as equal evidences of God's power and providence; and, therefore, religious minds have none of that determined partiality to the supernatural which we have been considering, because they find enough to impress them in the voice from above speaking to them through their consciences, and in the visible government of the world. They need have no recourse to phantoms for that awe and interest which is supplied to them by the solid realities of life; by the world within, and the world without them.

We have offered the above reflections because we think they bear on the state and trials of the Church in the middle ages; they are, however, capable of being condensed into something

very short and common sense. Superstition, it is acknowledged, has the tendency to introduce "gods many, and lords many;" and if so, it has a tendency, wherever it prevails, not only to cumber, but to efface the Church's creed. And that there was danger in this direction, in the middle ages, we can hardly doubt, when we remember what errors openly prevailed then, and still prevail, in Roman Catholic countries. The invocation of saints and angels, as allowed in the Romanist system, and the ideas entertained of the Virgin Mother, are serious signs. We have no wish to extenuate them; on the contrary, the worse we think of them the more they make for our view, for they betray the strong current of the times which the Church was withstanding, though at the same time it was yielding to it in part. The very corruptions of the Church in this way, become, in another point of view, evidences *for* her; for, while they prove that she failed under trial (so far as those failures went) they prove also the important fact, that she was *tried*. And this fact shows her off to *advantage*, when we come to consider the *truths* she has preserved. As a keeper of the truth she proves to have been, not the inert receptacle of it only, but to have maintained it, as a Church militant, *in spite* of trials, difficulties, and pressure from without.

What we mean to say, then, is this—judging from the errors which crept in during the middle ages, we believe the Faith had then a strong antagonist to cope with, in the superstitious principle, which was ever striving to obscure its light, and dissipate its unity. Superstition may have been a weaker foe than infidelity would have been; still it *was* an enemy then, and always will be, in the degree in which it exerts its influence. It is irreligion at the bottom, disguised under a pallid cast and a mourning habit; it is fear without awe; the love of the supernatural without the knowledge of the divine; it is losing sight of earth without approaching heaven; and despising reason without admitting faith. To what length indeed this influence would have reached, had it been left to itself, or had the course of things continued favourable for its increasing, we cannot say; but it had certainly eaten some way, not *into* (thank God! *that* was impossible,) but some way *round* the Church's creed, toward the period of the Reformation. Symptoms of this kind had been gathering and gaining ground for some ages. There was a disposition to deify what was not God; to worship the human soul, which had undergone its mortal change; and to make man, even upon earth, a rising deity; the source of his own goodness and moral strength. These errors, however, were not incorporated into the

Church till the Council of Trent, hitherto she had only harboured and countenanced them by connivance.

Now just at this juncture an extraordinary change, a new state of things rises up in the world : how, whence or where produced we know not. Knowledge begins to increase, letters to revive; and we find ourselves commencing a new æra of literature, science, politics, and religion. The superstitious spirit withdraws from a contest in which the Church and the age, new intelligence and ancient faith are allied against her; she retires from the unequal field, leaving the two ill-united powers to turn their arms against each other as soon as she is gone; faith to fight against reason, and mystery to oppose science. A formidable prospect we allow; but do we therefore regret the change, and wish the old foe and the old contest back again? By no means: rather when a trial is over, let us be glad that it is over. The Church was matched against superstition, and has come off victorious. So whatever else there may be in store, one trial is over, past, and gone. Come what will, *that* at all events is a blessing. The genius of Romanism no longer threatens our safety. Though she is still allowed to remain, her movements are fixed within certain limits, which she cannot extend, and which are daily closing in around her. Now indeed she is bestirring herself, and pretending to be on the rise again: what a mockery! old age aping the freshness and activity of youth. She is making a stir however, and calling to Atheists, Liberals, and Schismatics of all kind to aid her. She would raise herself to power again by the plan, on which old Rome first gained hers; by appealing to a mixed multitude; a colluvies omnium gentium, as Livy says; by gathering together the sacrilegious and profane, robbers and outlaws; any thing in the shape of present strength. All in vain however. Her day is over, and never can return; so far as we can pronounce with certainty on any dispensation of Providence.

The sons of the Church then may look back with a pleasure and satisfaction of their own, on the great era of the revival of knowledge; though they take a different view of it altogether, from the popular one of the day; though they acknowledge that that era brought great dangers with it, greater, perhaps, than any which existed before. There is a comparison of the two periods in one part of the Merchant and Friar.

“The adversary of mankind devised a new idol, to be adopted by the world as the true Christ, and it remained in the Temple of God for many a year. The age was rude and fierce. Satan took the darker side of the Gospel, its awful mysteriousness, its fearful glory, its sovereign, inflexible justice, and here his picture of the truth ended. God is a consuming fire, so declares the text, and we know it. But we

ought to know more, that God is love also, but Satan did not add this to his religion, which became one of fear. The religion of the world was then a fearful religion. Superstitions abounded and cruelties; the noble firmness, the graceful austerity of the true Christian were superseded by forbidden spectres, harsh of eye, and haughty of brow, and these became the patterns or tyrants of a beguiled people."—pp. 374, 375.

"In the future age of arts and sciences, the religion of the world assumes the chaste aspect of literature and philosophy. Every declaration of God is examined by the measure of our finite understanding. Rationalism is substituted for faith, and just so much of religion retained, as the mind of man can comprehend, and the natural heart approve."—p. 377.

Still a change as such was a relief, as it implied that the old state of trial was over. A new course was now opened for the Church to run; and she could enter on it with hope, vigour, and confidence arising from self-gratulation on the recollection of the past, and from the consciousness of unused strength to cope with the new foe. If we believe that under the superintending eye of Providence all the world's changes have some ultimate tendency to promote the cause of the Church and religion, we can hardly doubt that the great era of change which we are speaking of, had that tendency in some especial way. We say that it had in a negative way, and in relation to the past, though what is to come of it, and what it will work to finally, we are not yet permitted to know. We may say the revival of knowledge came in to relieve the Church from its long struggle with popular superstition; and to relieve it in time before it had given way fundamentally. We know it is generally argued at the present day, that these eras come about by a natural principle of growth in the human mind, the march of intellect as it is called; and that it is nonsense connecting them with any special providence. Our readers, however, we hope, are not of this way of thinking; and therefore we shall continue to view the period of the revival of knowledge in the connection in which we have viewed it; as bearing, and designed by Providence to bear upon the benefiting and disciplining of the Church. Its unaccountable and sudden rise, superior as it was to all human origination, bespeaks, as strongly as any thing can do, a providential interposition for some express end. And we know, as Sir F. Palgrave tells us, that the first step in the progress of the intellect, we mean the discovery of letters, was connected with the issuing of the Mosaic dispensation. But we will extract the whole or the greater part of his passage on this subject; as it all bears intimately on the view we have been taking:—

“ It may appear strange, that, whilst few can be found sufficiently irreverent to deny openly before men that the temporal affairs of the world are under the direct guidance of God, and that empires rise and fall by His behest: still fewer are sufficiently bold to confess before men, that the empire of mind is equally under His control.—But is it not the same ‘ God blessed for ever and ever,’ who ‘ removeth kings, and setteth up kings,’ and who ‘ giveth wisdom to the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding.’ Are those whom He permits to become the intellectual rulers of mankind independent of Him, who, from his throne, beholds all the dwellers upon earth? If we inculcate the pursuit of science and literature, upon the assumption that the powers of natural reason are independent of religious light, we virtually deny the supremacy of Providence.

“ This error—so injurious in its practical consequences—is occasioned, in great measure, by our constant habit of considering the history of the religious teaching of the mind, as not merely separable, but in fact separated, from its intellectual instruction, whilst if we admit the one, we shall find that the other is, in fact, identical.—Let us simply consider the application and tendency of the art of writing, the only means of cultivating knowledge, whether precise or speculative. Writing is the corner-stone of the fabric upon which the whole structure of inductive science depends. I will not ask when or how this art became known to man, nor propound the suggestion, plausible, if not conclusive, that all alphabetical characters, however apparently varied, result only from the modifications of one type. But, waiving these inquiries, we possess the most certain and indisputable evidence, that in the order prescribed by Providence with respect to fallen man, the means destined for the preservation of divine truth and for the progress of human knowledge, have been inseparably conjoined.

“ Had this art of speaking to the eye been concealed from man, had letters not been known, the Bible could not have existed. Had not the writing of God been graven upon the Tables, His commandments, even under the theocracy of Israel, could only have been preserved authentically by a perpetual miracle. The absence of written characters would have necessitated a constant effusion of the Holy Spirit for the transmission of divine truths. Had not writing been imparted to us, then all doctrine must have been oral and traditionary: and, writing being absent, how could religious knowledge have been defended against alteration and corruption? God’s word could not have been intrusted to the natural and unaided memory of man; either our faculties must have been totally altered, for the preservation of the lessons of salvation, or it would have been indispensable that an unbroken succession of inspired preachers should have been raised up, from time to time, from generation to generation, and from age to age. Prophet must have been the disciple of Prophet; Apostle the immediate forerunner of Apostle.—When tempted, we could not have answered, ‘ It is written;’ when seeking comfort, we could not have been told, ‘ It is written.’—Holy Scripture could not have been given for our instruction: and the whole scheme of revelation must have been totally changed.

“In the cultivation of the human intellect, the first lesson is thus sent forth from the Holy of Holies. The whole rich banquet of human knowledge is composed of the crumbs which have fallen from the table of the Lord. All the records and memorials of literature and science are secondary and derivative: and exist merely because it pleased God that we should continue to learn His will from the Divine Volume, after the bodily presence of the teachers who declared His truths had been withdrawn: and, pursuing the question onwards, we shall still find that the further improvement of intellect proceeds from a source above human control.”—pp. 388—391.

“Can the annals of technological history afford satisfactory proofs that any one of the great physical inventions which really constitute eras in the history of intellectual or social civilisation, has been produced by the strict analogical inductions of reasoning?—Once opened, the mine has been more and more worked, deeper shafts have been dug, and easier methods discovered of raising the precious ore: yet, not by the skill of the scientific metallurgist, but by the chance footsteps of the herdsman, the first discovery of the hidden source of wealth was made.—Much has been improved, facilities have been gained, powers have been extended, further contrivances happily applied; but we shall be compelled to confess, that in almost every case,—I may say all,—for though there may be exceptions, none are intelligibly recorded,—all great inventions seem, in their first impression, to have been independent either of volition, or of intellectual excellence. They have proceeded from sudden conceptions, descending, fully formed, as from the empyrean world of archetypal ideas, flashing upon the mind without previous investigation. Strangely, unexpectedly, unbidden like a dream, the irradiation excites surprise in the very individual to whom the thought has been imparted, and who, when considering the invention, experiences, like Watt, not the pride of possession, but the pleasurable sense of novelty, which arises from the first contemplation of the results of the discoveries of others. And the inventors, unassisted by the results of practice, or by the lights of education, display nought but the guidance of an unseen power. And why will Intellect refuse to learn humility from her own annals?”—394, 395.

So then, reader, we have now done with the dark ages, and shall not take you back to them again:—

“Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.”

We enter now upon a new era: we are launched with the Church, into a new sphere of light, activity and intellect: nay, we were launched 300 years ago: we are now far advanced in our voyage; we have crossed the line, and the light of a meridian sun is reflected splendidly, as we think, from our boundless and unexplored sea. Our pathway is illuminated in every direction, and we are free to take which way we choose; all is open, and all is attractive. The atmosphere around us is clear and genial: gentle

winds are blowing to enliven and refresh us: and a flattering voice is whispering by our side; yes, and we listen to it while it says—"Mar not the hopeful, the awakening scene; which is able to comply with, and to please all our tastes, however comprehensive, however refined. Breathe freely and enjoy the light of day, and let others enjoy it also as yourself. What is it you wish for? What is it which dissatisfies you? Look around you again; and you will find every thing in completeness, which can raise and mature the character of man. Here is stimulus for the active, and serenity for the wise; ample space, and perfect freedom for the movements of the intellect; peace, order, and stability in the social system. Here is that favourable and harmonious balance of principle, which ensues when new-enlightenment and old experience unite. Content you then, and profit by the age you live in; or at any rate, disturb not the peace of others. Above all, no mysteries, no dogmas, we beseech you; no gloom to overcloud a world like this. These things do not suit us; they carry with them a sepulchral savour; they agree but indifferently with the light of the sun; they may be acceptable to the dead, but they do not recommend themselves to the living. Let nothing be introduced to taint the air we breathe, to depress our faculties, to unnerve our spirits; to make us criminals instead of judges. The journeying in dark places, and the lamp of faith have no charms for us, who have the gift of eyesight, and can use it; we love the highways of knowledge, the broad daylight, and the speedy and infallible conveyance." We know not, reader, whether or not your own thoughts have ever whispered you into this conclusion, or attempted to do so; but you will, at any rate, recognize the view as one which you are constantly encountering in the course of your reading; that is, if you are at all in the habit of reading the newspapers, journals, reviews, or public speeches, as they come out. Yes; and flattering promises are held out to us if we will adopt the feelings and system of the age. But we will place them before you in the words of the distinguished writer himself, who is in our mind, so that you may weigh the loss and gain together; and judge of the bargain for yourself:—

"When once the Church of England," says a great preacher of the day, "shall have come down from all that is *transcendental* or *mysterious* in her pretensions, and quitting the plea of her *exclusive Apostolical derivation*, shall rest more upon that wherein the real greatness of her strength lies—the purity of her doctrines—her deeds of high prowess and championship in the battles of the faith—the noble contributions which have been rendered by her scholars and her sons to that Christian literature which is at once the glory and the defence of Protestantism—the

ready-made apparatus of her Churches and parishes—the unbroken hold which as an establishment she still retains on the mass of society—and her unforfeited possessory right to be reckoned and deferred to as an establishment still—when these the true elements of her legitimacy and power come to be better understood; in that proportion will she be recognized as the great standard and rallying-post, for all those who would unite their efforts and their sacrifices in that mighty cause, the object of which is to send throughout our families in a more plentiful supply those waters of life which can alone avail for the healing of the nation.”

There is a phrase, we believe, in Milton, “fit body for fit head,” and we are reminded of it here; for here we certainly have “fit” expression for “fit” sentiments. The *apparatus of Churches and parishes!* What fortunate moment, may we ask, suggested that choice expression to lure us, the sons of the Church, down from our lofty eminence? The apparatus of parish Churches; may we add the vestries also? and “*ready made*” too. How inviting. Surely, reader, your allegiance must be tried here. We feel anxious about you. And then the weighty topics which succeed—the “unbroken hold as an establishment”—“the right to be reckoned as an establishment still”—“the unforfeited possessory” right! We really did not know that we stood on so solid a basis; at least we never heard such an adamant description of it before. But to proceed more seriously, we think the Lecturer has made a somewhat too precipitate descent from the heights mysterious and transcendental to an apparatus of parishes; that he has

“whirled, leaped and thundered down impetuous to the plain,”

in a way not the most favourable for setting off the advantage of his system. Whether a more imposing show might have influenced us or not we cannot say; but we confess, our mysticism, as we are afraid Dr. Chalmers would call it, *does* somewhat stick at taking in a parochial apparatus, as “the pillar and ground of the truth.” We would solicit for a little more of the vague and invisible in our system; more of the poetical, even the air-built, shall we say? if it be only to comply with our weakness. What, all vanished before the iron intellect of the lecturer? Is there no solitary gleam from the visionary world, no tint ethereal to gild—the “apparatus?” Certainly, if Dr. Chalmers meant to put an extinguisher on the sublime, he has succeeded to admiration.

This then is one course proposed to us to pursue, by some who mean to give us good advice, and wish to see us flourishing. The Church, as we said before, has entered on a new state of trial; for we think the new era is such; and the question is, what

are we to do under it? We are told by the party above described to drop our mysteries; and then we shall be acting *suitably* to the age, *suitably* to the circumstances of trial in which we are placed. But let us pause and consider here. Is there no fallacy in that word suitable? We may be acting suitably to the age, by not suiting ourselves to it: and the question is whether the latter is not the most suitable way of the two, the part which the Church was designed to take. 'This for any thing we know, and there is much to make us think so, may have been the final cause why enlightenment was introduced. The age may have received her enlightenment in order that the Church might be mysterious in spite of it. In this way the topic of the "age" turns round upon its supporters: sides are changed in the argument, and the secret of our strength is found to lie within the very bosom of our antagonist. The times of darkness, you tell us, are passed, and this is an age of knowledge. True: but what then? No time, therefore, for retaining mysteries, you proceed immediately to say. Now there we join issue with you. We take up your "therefore" before you have done using it; and we say *therefore* this is the age of all ages for *holding* the mysteries of the faith. The Church should be always enlightened indeed, and always mysterious; but it is of special moment that she should be enlightened in a superstitious age, mysterious in a scientific. All things are double one of another; and they are double in an opposing way: as the passive and the active, the seal and its impression—τύπος ἀντίτυπος καὶ πῆμ' ἐπὶ πύματι ῥεῖται. An enlightened Church, (taking the common idea of it,) and an enlightened age going together, are a sad chaotic barren formation. They are two identities as it were; two likenesses, copies of each other; no fitness in them; nothing reciprocal; all partial, nothing whole. All is one-sided, and goes one way, all wastes and runs to seed. The world escapes from controul and goes off at a tangent; it pursues the irrecoverable course, beyond all interference of the centralizing power, beyond the sphere of gravity, of system, and of law. It takes its own direction, and is carried on like the arrow of Lucretius, fatally, interminably, inevitably, in that one line, with the whole of space before it, which it must go through or at any rate never stop going through. Homer was evidently in a difficulty how to describe the chimera, when he said

“Πρόσθε λέων, ὕπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα,”

the world has been yet more puzzled to describe the like malformation, which our modern science of magic would conjure up if it could; and which it has well nigh conjured up already. An enlightened age indeed,—all intellect, all science, all reason,—

this is untowardness, obliquity in the extreme. No, the age must be set right, if possible. It must be set on its legs again, if it will permit us to say so. We must introduce some evenness, some proportion into our movements; we must have recourse to a counterbalancing system, to steady and preserve us. The more science there is on the one side, the more need exists for mystery on the other; and the Church, so far from yielding to circumstances, and withdrawing her pressure upon the world, should fix and establish it more firmly than ever.

We must drop one line, if the truth is to be told, a few fathoms deeper than we have for some time past; and bear the reproach and the invidiousness of the proceeding as we can. There will be complaining and accusing no doubt; and we shall have to answer the charge that was made of old, "We have piped unto you, but ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you, but ye have not wept." If it should be so, we hope to maintain our fortitude and sincerity under the attack. In the meantime, however, it should be known that the Church has certain independent grounds and resources of her own, and cannot allow herself to be put out of place by the tide of opinions flowing against her. It would be inconsistent in her behaving so, seeing that she planted herself there for the express purpose of opposition. This, as we have said, is the particular theory we hold respecting our position in the scheme of things, a theory which, as will be acknowledged, amply protects us from all arguments grounded on the folly, inutility, weakness, presumption, absurdity and danger of such opposition. Assuming the theory as we do to begin with, we are safe from all such dire results of it, as far as affects our purpose of acting. We are disciples of that stubborn, incompaisant, unaccommodating rule, the rule of contrary; the peculiar character of which is to gather strength, rather than uncertainty, from the side opposed to and conflicting with it. Thus there is no dealing with it in any way: it stoutly resists modification. It has no character to support in the department of the polite and agreeable; and therefore acts with freedom and unconcern in the line it adopts, and goes on in short altogether incorrigibly whether for right or wrong.

All this being the case, it follows that the part we have to act in this scientific age is already laid down for us, and that we cannot alter it, without inverting and undoing the relation in which the Church and the age, the age and the Church stand to each other. The age is all light: therefore the Church is bound to be—we will not say, dark, for that is an ill-omened, forbidding word: but we will say, deep, impenetrable, occult in her views and character. Nay, we will not object to a certain measure of light;

so that it be of the dim and awful kind, not borrowed from the world without, but genuine, native, taking its rise within her bosom, as the spark is elicited from the unpromising and opaque flint. But something of this kind we must have: a retreat from our too much light, "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat." We must have a Church that protects herself from the powerful and noxious glare which settles upon her from without; that pitches her tabernacle, and covers herself in, and so forms beneath her shelter an imperium in imperio; an interior empire of peace, an unseen world under the full light of reason and science. It is wonderful how people cannot understand that shade is the more agreeable, the more suitable, the more necessary beneath the burning sun. It is acknowledged that the tendency of the age is to wither and emaciate our religious creed. Then surely the obvious thing is to retire still further under shelter; to bury ourselves still more deeply in the recesses of hidden truth; not gratuitously to uncover ourselves, and invite the sun's heat. There is a pestilence that walketh in darkness, and there is a sickness that destroyeth in the noon day. The superstition of the middle ages was the former; the pride of intellect in the present day represents the latter. If we do not adopt a somewhat deeper system than has prevailed for some time past, for the last century especially, we shall certainly be overpowered: we shall not be able to hold out against the influence of the age. The more we reflect upon our case, the more strongly must this approve itself to us. The scientific character of this time, we would say again and again, is a call to us not to be carried along with it; but to go so much the more decidedly the contrary way. So thinks Sir F. Palgrave, and we are glad to extract a passage which so completely bears us out in all we have been saying.

"The guardians of the truth," it is the Friar speaking, "will be cajoled to surrender the integrity of the sacred volume: and to accept the sophistries of earthly wisdom as an adequate compromise. It will prompt them to prophesy smooth things, in order to purchase a hollow truce from those who despise the law of the Lord."

But what is the Friar's own view?

† *"The more the empire of man is extended over nature, the more should we endeavour to diminish the temptations inducing him to live by sight and not by faith: and thus withdrawing his dependence from the Lord of Spirits, and substituting his earthly idol for the Father of Heaven."*—p. 379.

There are persons, indeed, now, according to the Friar's prophecy, and not a few of them, who wish to go certain lengths and

no farther; to cut down one truth, to round off another. This is not the way to save the faith from falling,—if it is allowable to use such an expression, knowing as we do the sure promise on which it stands. To capitulate in this way inch by inch is a miserable process. If the truth is maintained, (as we know that it is to be,) no thanks to the judiciousness of this class of defenders, any more than to their courage. No: we cannot pick and choose what parts of the true system to hold by, what to cast off; we must either defend the whole, or give up the whole. And the *whole* is a mysterious thing, if we take in all of it. It is only a part here and there broken off from the system that can be maintained on the accommodating plan. If the truth is preserved to the last, it will have been owing to those who seemed at the time to go deeper than was necessary; to be too dark and unreasonably severe in their doctrines and mode of thinking. There is a great dread in persons' minds of that over high standard: but we may put it to their plain reason, is not that the *safe side now*, whatever it was in the middle ages? What is the tendency, may we ask, of the present day: is it to superstition or to scepticism? We know the uncommon fear of *poper*y which is abroad; but with all deference to persons' sensibility on that head, we do not think their fear is so oppressive, as it appears to be. Persons who reflect at all, can scarcely think there is *much* danger of the age turning Roman Catholic, whereas on all hands it is acknowledged, that there is great danger the other way, to rationalism, that is, infidelity.

This view of the relation in which we stand to the age is on the whole a cheerful one, though it gives us something to do. If science, by the rule we have been giving, is turned into stimulus to the mysterious principle in our system, then science is our friend and ally, in spite of itself. Only we must turn it in this very direction, and in no other. The Church of the middle ages was tried in its own way; and had to resist accordingly: it had to oppose superstition by enlightenment. That trial has passed off long ago, happily we may say; fortunately, providentially for the Church; we may congratulate ourselves that it is over; though it has left us another antagonist, and a more difficult one to cope with. The revival of knowledge put the Church in a new state of trial; it brought in another antagonist upon us, which was to be met as the former was in its own way. We are now assailed by science, and we must protect ourselves by mystery. That is the line which it peculiarly falls to us to adopt. It is as clearly the Church's time to be mysterious now, as it was its part to be enlightened in the middle ages. Mystery fits in with this age exactly; it suits it; it is just what the age wants, if it only knew what its wants were. As for one being an en-

lighted, a moderate, a charitable church, that is all beside its purpose; of course we are all that and more; but that is not *the* character which should specially belong to us, and which was designed for us, as the effect at once and the means of supporting our peculiar state of trial. It is no great credit to us to be enlightened, *i. e.* not superstitious; our trial does not lie that way, and we could not well be otherwise. *Depth* of doctrine is what we are to look to, and what we may boast of, if we maintain it properly. But it is absurd to be congratulating ourselves on our enlightenment, when that is not at all the point in question; this is like being valiant when there is no danger, and running away when there is.

We will just add another suggestion before concluding. If science could be brought to act upon the Church in the way we have been describing, might not this have an effect in its turn upon the scientific world? We do not dream about converting the age, but here and there an impression might be made upon it, by a deep and authoritative system of Church teaching, which might issue in a higher and more moral school of science growing up among us, than we possess at present; a school which would bow low before the majesty of irresistible truth, retaining at the same time its own immutable decrees respecting nature and the world, and reigning supreme in its own sphere of certainty. Why should we not have the imposing union of science and mystery in the same minds? There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent their meeting; though they must both descend deep, to come to the root and basis of their agreement. But science, it stands to reason, must be atheistic, wherever a superficial creed predominates; this we must reckon upon, and take up with our own share of the blame, so far as our own deficiencies have originated or encouraged the evil. We are trying now to convert men of science by giving them what in exchange? Nothing at all: that is to say, an intellectual, a "*reasonable*" religion, a thing that nullifies itself. Why, how unmeaning, how impolitic is this? Your men of science do not care for a religion that is so completely in their own line: they have enough of that quality of thing *in* their own line. A scientific religion must of course be the poorest of all things to them, and can only excite that species of contempt, which we feel on seeing any system or individual trying to do things out of its line; and, therefore, of course failing, and making itself ridiculous in the attempt. Religion loses itself entirely, if it affects the merely systematic, the reasoning, the philosophical; all this is wholly unsuitable to it. No: it must be itself, and stand on its own ground; and there, whatever be thought of its error or truth, there, is a solid something to offer to persons'

acceptance, and men must give it their respect, even if they refuse it their submission. But nothing is gained otherwise. Scientific men know clearly enough their superiority over religion *in their own line*, and will answer you as the Cyclops did Ulysses.

Οὐ γὰρ κύκλωπες Διὸς Αἰγιόχου ἀλέγθουσιν,
Οὐδὲ θεῶν μακάρων, ἔπειη πολὺ φέρτεροι εἰμὲν.

A modernized religion they regard of course as only a meagre imitation, of what they have themselves already in an infinitely more perfect degree. It is as if the country tried to entertain the town with its own regularity, and put its farms and cottages accordingly into rectangular order, row and alley, street and square, when the real fact was, that we went into the country, to *see* the country, not to see the town over again; much less make a miserable apology for the town character.

It would be ungrateful to finish our article without one or two observations more on the Merchant and Friar; especially after making the use of it we have. Extracts of course cannot do justice to such a work; they are necessarily limited, and are confined to some one or two subjects, out of all those which the author treats of: for the ordinary limits of an article do not admit of noticing more. We can only say it is the most varied book we ever read, for so small a one; combines the humorous and the philosophical in a very happy and complete way indeed: besides containing a great deal of information, historical, political, and antiquarian, on the state of things in the middle ages, principally of course in our own country. Our sense of gratitude obliges us to say thus much, from the entertainment which the book has given us in reading; not that we suppose at all that an author so well known as Sir F. Palgrave stands in need of our recommendation. However these are secondary features. Perhaps the most gratifying thing after all, is to see a mind constituted with a strong taste and admiration for the scientific, in the way Sir F. Palgrave's evidently is, combining with that taste real depth and power of thought on moral and religious subjects, and the true reverential spirit which bespeaks the churchman. This is a rare combination in the present day; and therefore when it does come across us, we have all the greater value for it. Sir Francis throws out a promise in his preface, that "should opportunity be given, he may hereafter enter into a full view of the study of Physical Science in the Middle Ages." We only hope that this opportunity will be given to him, and that he will take the advantage of it he proposes to himself doing.

- ART. VI.—1. *A brief History of the Church in Upper Canada : containing the Acts of Parliament, Imperial and Provincial, Royal Instructions, Proceedings of the Deputation, Correspondence with the Government, Clergy Reserves' Question, &c. &c.* By William Bettridge, B.D., (St. John's College, Cambridge,) Rector of Woodstock, Upper Canada, one of the Deputation from the late Bishop of Quebec, the Bishop of Montreal, and the Archdeacons and Clergy of Upper Canada. London. 1838. 8vo. pp. 143.
2. *The Stewart Missions; a Series of Letters and Journals, calculated to exhibit to British Christians the Spiritual Destitution of the Emigrants settled in the remote Parts of Upper Canada; to which is prefixed a brief Memoir of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Chas. James Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec, &c.* Edited by the Rev. W. J. D. Waddilove, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, late Prebendary of Ripon, and Domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Roxburgh. London: Hatchard and Son. 1838. Sm. 8vo. pp. 252.
3. *A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, occasioned by the recent Meeting in support of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.* London: Stewart. 1838.

WE rejoice at the interest which is gradually becoming felt in the cause of the Church in Canada. Of all missionary efforts those which apply to the colonies are the most legitimate; and indeed if the state discharged what we are wont to consider its duty, there is no reason why the most distant dominions of the Queen should be in any degree behind England itself in the means of religious instruction and worship. Kings, we are taught, are entrusted with dominion, in order that in its exercise they may “seek God’s honour and glory;” they no more divest themselves of this obligation in one part of their empire than another; towards all their subjects they extend an equal interest, a comprehensive undivided protection.

Should we suppose any King, possessing far larger and more real authority, than is assumed in modern theories of government, animated with zeal for religion, and pursuing his task with worthy and large affections, it would easily be thought that as far as promoting the cause of religion goes, remoteness of district, meanness of race, recency of acquisition, would by no means interrupt his equal care for the spiritual welfare of his subjects, and that if there were any quarter where protection was most given, it would be where he might feel it to be most needed.

Democracy possesses the happy art of dispensing with every feeling of higher and generous affection ; it has no human heart ; it is not a man, but a system. Where feelings in their nature individual, are required from bodies social, they are apt to become diluted to nothing in the diffusive medium they pass through. Kings and queens can be fathers and mothers of their country, but we shall vainly hope for parental fondness in a parliament or a congress.

The advocates, indeed, of the popular principle afford the best evidence against themselves, in the manner in which their schemes of patriotism are generally developed ; they talk of their own "enlightened views" and "liberal measures," but when their philanthropy is brought to the test, it discovers too obviously that it is instigated by *theory*, and not by *feeling*. "Philanthropists," indeed, is all that they pretend to be ; affectionate and simple motives are really unnamed in their vocabulary ; and the sort of feeling which we have now referred to, with which a king, knowing and caring for his sacred office, would almost watch for the neediest and remotest quarter of his empire, as the sphere for his more earnest bounties, may be compared with that well-known act of Lord Grey's government which withdrew from the cause of religion in the British colonies the annual public grant of £15,600 ; while the present modified arrangement of that measure refuses *all public aid* to ministers of the Church who have become employed in either Upper or Lower Canada after 1833, and deprives above 100 clergymen, occupied in the North American colonies before that time, of a large part of their previous incomes.*

We mention this at present but as an example of the *tendency* of the democratic temper ; and, practically, it is only of tendencies that we speak. We do not affirm that the constitution of this country affords an absolute development either of the monarchical or democratic principle of government ; but as the democratic principle has recently been brought more into action, we cannot help noticing, that its effects are felt in a certain heartlessness of legislation, which we suppose must be proved to be impolitic or unpopular before the legislature will consider it criminal. And certain we are that that temper will not be permanently acceptable in this country ; doubtless far purer and more genuine feelings are already rapidly prevailing in the hearts of a great portion of the people of England.

Whatever plausibility of *argument* the democratic principle is

* See Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1837, p. 19 ; and Bettridge's History of the Church in Upper Canada, p. 33.

susceptible of, there is this to be said against it, that argument it always *requires*; it is not a first conviction; to a simple and free mind, anti-monarchical feeling is nearly as unnatural as anti-filial feeling. The teachers of modern politics profess to be instructing mankind in something they were not aware of; their theories are no calling back to antiquated notions, they rather disown them; every body who dissents from themselves is dull and unenlightened; in other words, before a man can understand their views he must be *indoctrinated* into them.

We desire to connect these remarks with the relation in which England is at present placed to her colonies. Here is an ancient country, whose children have for the most part been bred up in her own principles, freemen* by inheritance, loyal by nature, and not uneducated in some of the best truths and feelings which education can ever confer. We are so used to a newspaper tone of politics, necessarily a tone of discussion and collision, that it is difficult to enter into what may be supposed to be the *political* feelings of the great bulk of the agricultural population; that quiet homely temper, which is one of the virtues of England. If we inquire for the tone which might be anticipated among the inhabitants of the more rural districts, it is not to a newspaper or a county election that we must have recourse; it is said that simple untaught minds are not apt to theorize, but as far as they do theorize, they are safe and genuine philosophers. Their convictions are the patient work of a plain and ordered life, taught by its own habits, unlettered perhaps, but not uninstructed; the village church which stands beside their households, and where their forefathers rest—the returning worship which in the backward years has ceased not through unremembered generations—the intercourse of kindness to which they have been bred up from infancy with the neighbouring mansion of some long known lord of the soil—the more sacred relations to their spiritual pastor—are elements of English character which are not, for they cannot be, inoperative.

Suppose then a people imbued with the prepossessions and feelings which such instruments of education have contributed, fraught with a native loyalty and simplicity of spirit, and carrying in their breasts a ground-work of religious conviction, going out in hundreds and in thousands, whole households together crossing the Atlantic, and settling in the newly opened forests of Canada;

* "One of the congregation," says Mr. Green, a missionary in Upper Canada, "accompanied me some miles to guide me through the woods; he remarked, 'I have liberty enough; all the liberty I now desire is the liberty of having a Church and Sabbath Schools as at home, and not to be left to ourselves as we now are.'"—*Stewart Missions*, p. 16.

pilgrims, but still in one sense upon English ground. Do they foresee that that country, though so long the property of the British crown and inhabited by English settlers for generations, is, as far as the soul is concerned, almost a desert; scarcely churches or ministers, except at exceedingly remote intervals, in a region larger than England itself, and in fact a portion in the British empire no longer theirs, if in that is understood a free inheritance in the worship and privileges of the National Church? It was a part of their loyalty, that they reckoned on *finding* the Church of England, whatever part of the British empire they might be led to colonize; whatever provision their sovereign might make for them, a religious provision would be the foremost; it is not less the fruit of popular legislation that no such care has been shown for the tens of thousands whom this country has induced to emigrate. We are not, indeed, arguing on speculation in speaking of *surprized* and *disappointed* feelings, as those with which the new colonists, when first they arrive in their future country, discover the miserable provision that has been made for their religious welfare; though it is doubtless but too true to the character of human nature, that what at first was felt as a want becomes afterwards comparatively a matter of indifference; yet still their longings and the hunger of the soul may at seasons return; new employments, new associates, active calls upon their industry, may make them forget, for a month or a year, the calmer and less exciting claims of those deeply-seated instincts, whose longings are heavenward; but old religious habits and privileges which had been constantly associated with their earlier days will at times come over them, like a long-forgotten strain; and still more will it be to English parents a keen feeling, to see their children growing up around them unbaptized, uninstructed, unused to God's house, and unblest in the privileges of the Gospel.

We take, from a multitude, the following instances of that *spiritual hunger* of which we are speaking. The first is an Address to the Archdeacon of Quebec, signed by fifteen heads of families (one of them a widow) in a newly settled district of Lower Canada.

"Venerable Sir,

"We, the undersigned heads of families in this settlement, feeling considerably a want in a spiritual way, do humbly pray that you would let us have, as often as possible, a minister to administer the sacrament, baptism, &c. &c., as the Protestant population here is considerable, as will appear in the return forwarded . . . and we do also pray that you would appoint a schoolmaster, under the Royal Institution, such as would instruct our children in the fear of God, and who might

read the Church of England service in the absence of the minister. And, as in duty bound, we will ever pray.”*

From a similar document, dated Broughton, we extract the following words.

“A clergyman is so much desired in this place that I am induced to inform you of the offers which have been made. My father says he would willingly give him 100 acres of land, and the heads of families that they would cheerfully contribute their mite towards his support. It is true there are not more than thirty families, and amongst that number three or four Catholics; but it is supposed that it would be a great inducement for many more to settle; beside, his duty would not so entirely confine him as to prevent him attending Aubert Galleon and Belle Alliance.”

With regard to the concession that this petition was made in behalf of *only thirty families*, we may remind our readers that that number exceeds the population of many parishes in England.

From the inhabitants of Aubert Galleon, and Belle Alliance, (mentioned in the preceding document,) we find similar testimony to the spiritual state of the *new settlements* in Canada. In these places and their neighbourhood, a subscription was entered into by the inhabitants, prefaced by resolutions, from which we extract the following.

“In order to establish the public worship of God amongst us, on a permanent basis, it is necessary that we should, according to our means, contribute certain sums of money annually, for the support and maintenance of a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel.

“As new settlers, our limited means do not enable us at present to afford adequate means to support any respectable minister of the Gospel, without assistance from our fellow Christians.

“As the venerable Society in England for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts contribute largely to support, in the North American colonies, clergymen of the Church of England, and as we believe that Church to be a pure branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, we are of opinion that a clergyman of that Church, deriving part of his support from the liberality of the said society, or from some other source, would be most suitable to our circumstances, and also that his ministry would be acceptably exercised among us.”

The subscription entered upon by these petitioners, as the bishop states in his letter, contained three sorts of annual contribution; “one in money, one in produce, and a *third, from those who had nothing else to give, in personal labour.*”

“Notwithstanding,” says Bishop Stewart in 1834, “*the generally flourishing state of the colony, the persons are but few in number who*

* See “A Letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, from the Bishop of Montreal,” p. 19.

have it in their power to subscribe largely for this object, (incomes for a resident clergy,) and these again are subjected to constant appeals to their bounty *from the distressed portion of the emigrant population*, as well as in behalf of the various public institutions and improvements now carrying on in this country."

"I have frequently," says a travelling missionary, the Rev. Mr. Green, in 1836, a period of comparative distress, "had offers of land and lumber for the erection of churches, and *subscriptions of work* to a very large amount."—*Stewart Missions*, p. 155.

"So many," he observes in another instance, "are the wants of the emigrant at first, and so very dear is every article, that quickly all the little capital they bring out vanishes away, and so far from being able to contribute to the erection of churches or the maintenance of a ministry, they are unable to procure even for themselves many of the most necessary articles belonging to their condition."—p. 171.

"I stopped at a tavern," says the above named missionary, "where the mistress of the house, learning I was a clergyman, refused to take more than half-price for each article supplied to myself and for my horse."—p. 204.

At another place, a tavern keeper refused to accept of the same missionary the payment of any charge whatever.

These are symptoms of the religious tone of feeling in the country; remnants of inherited impressions, which remind us, if it be not too familiar a comparison, of the lines in the *Deserted Village*;—

"Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild."

We add, however, a few further quotations from the journals and letters of various missionaries, all denoting the spiritual condition of *the Upper Province*; we recite them as they have occurred to us, in a volume already referred to.

Mr. Elliot says,

"I have over and over heard the members of the Church observe, 'that, though they belong to the Established Church of the empire, they are the most neglected and destitute denomination of Christians in this flourishing country.'"—*Stewart Missions*, p. 95.

We may compare with this the Bishop of Quebec's letter, printed in the same work, p. 144.

"There is not any provision for any new missionaries in either Upper or Lower Canada, and they are greatly needed by large congregations. The largest new and destitute congregations are for the most part emigrants from Great Britain and Ireland, not long settled, and able to do little or nothing towards the maintenance of a ministry."

"I should not omit to mention that an instance came under my own eyes, of a member of the Church travelling *nearly forty miles*, where the

roads were very bad, for the purpose of communicating in the Lord's Supper."—p. 160.

"One woman had come eighteen miles for the purpose of getting her child baptized."—p. 162.

"A large congregation having assembled at the appointed hour, a few had prayer-books, but did not know how to use them. Many of them, born in this country, never heard, I should think, the Church service read, nor even a Church minister preach,—one told me so,—another remarked, the prayer-books are of no use to us, as we cannot and do not know how to find the places, not having used them in public service for the last fourteen years. (Date March 6, 1836.) 'The only drawback,' said an English gentleman at the same settlement, 'to this country, is the want of churches and clergymen. It is a fine country for poor men, but for my part I have had often serious thoughts of leaving my present residence, and settling again near the means of grace.'"—p. 187.

"I attended a funeral this day; only those who live here, and have an opportunity of witnessing the destitution of this country, can fully know or feel how bitter a thing it is to be obliged to cover up their dead, without the solemn rites and attendance of a Christian minister."—p. 189.

"They are emigrants from Ireland, and had been settled near Troy, in the United States, for some years. With the hope of obtaining land they removed to this country, but one of them expressed, in the most affecting manner, the deep sorrow he felt for consenting to adopt such a step for worldly advantage; as they were now deprived of every service of the Church, which they had enjoyed in their former settlement."—p. 197.

Troy is in the diocese of New York, United States.

"I was lately driving towards the Huron tract, to keep an appointment, and was recognized upon the way by a person on horseback; having inquired the place and the hour at which I intended to hold divine service, he at once relinquished the object of his ride, although within a short distance of the place to which business was carrying him, and accompanied me back, riding nearly ten miles to attend the public worship of God."—p. 249.

The following is from Mr. Bettridge's account (History of the Church in Upper Canada, p. 95) of a colony of English settlers, (from the county of Devon,) in the Huron tract.

The mother of a family, on his stopping by chance at her cottage, inquired whether he were a clergyman of our Church?—"We have been here these two years and a half, and we have never heard nor seen a

* Within three miles of the spot on which I write, says the editor of the *Stewart Missions*, (we believe the north of England,) I have the instance of a respectable family, which emigrated with sufficient means and habits of industry, promising temporal advantage, yet were so unhappy in the destitution of spiritual comforts, that they returned, professing that they could not, for any earthly good, bear the misery of living in a country where no difference existed between Sunday and work-day.

clergyman all the time.' He promised to remain for a few hours; messengers were sent through the settlement, the noise of the wood-cutters presently ceased, and they all came flocking into the place he was staying in. There were from 100 to 150 souls in the settlement, 'members of the Church, without one exception;' after he had baptized the whole of their unbaptized children, he left them, entreating him that he would return again, and assuring him, 'they did not wish itinerant teachers to come amongst them, as it was difficult to know who they were, or whether they came with sound doctrine.' "

These details are indications of that remaining earnestness of religious feeling, which exists through a great variety of districts, both in Upper and Lower Canada; how poorly met, how poorly provided for, our readers are aware. It must be remembered, however, that the real needs of the colony are not to be measured by the *demands* for spiritual assistance; these are but the encouragements to afford assistance, while the real claim upon the mother-country is not the *complaints* of her petitioners, but their silence. At present, English recollections may recall the associations of their ancient faith; they remember the "church-going bell,"* their village worship, its mysteries of creed and Sacrament; and they can yearn for them still; but, unfed, such desires must in time pass away; and wasteful moments are these, while they are being suffered to escape; for of all missionary labours, theirs, as far as *success* goes, is the dreariest, who among a nation once Christian, and which has renounced its faith, have the task of re-awakening whole towns or villages which have become unbelieving and depraved.

It is too probable, that this is already the case in many parts of the North American colonies of England; "while men slept, the enemy hath sown tares." Indeed, it seems only in chance instances, mere islands amid the desert, that genuine religious earnestness is practically realized; in many quarters, not even the name of religion is perhaps professed.† We must not be unprepared also

* "Some females, speaking of the hope entertained by some of their friends of procuring a small bell for a church in their neighbourhood, added with animation, 'That would indeed sound like Sunday once again.' "—*Stewart Missions*, p. 177.

† Every one knows that the most dangerous errors are at this moment propagated through the province with alarming success. In the present state of religion in the colony, it is easy to seduce into error a large portion of the population, who are not grounded in the principles of Christianity, and have had no opportunity of acquiring religious knowledge. . . . In fact, the people, scattered as they necessarily must be in a new country like this, are not only destitute of the information necessary for self-defence, but of all the means of acquiring it, and are therefore apt to become the adherents of every species of error prepared for their acceptance. It is not uncommon to find people, who have professed many different forms of Christianity, changing from one denomination to another, till they make a total shipwreck of the faith, and at length discard religion altogether."—*Address of the Archdeacon of York, Upper Canada, to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry*, p. 3, 4 (1837.)

for worse than ignorance, in districts so nearly adjoining to the penal settlements; the amplest efforts of the Church would perhaps be not more than sufficient to cleanse a moral atmosphere so necessarily infected. And what does the nation do, to aid the Church in its task? It has made it its policy, for many years, to invite great numbers of its population to the North American colonies; indeed an examination of accounts of the population of Upper Canada presents an appalling increase in *numbers*, who year by year thus relinquish unawares the religious privileges, which in England had been afforded them.

The entire population of Upper Canada was in 1783 about 10,000.

In 1814—95,000.

In 1820—134,000.

In 1825—211,713.

In 1833—355,554.

And Mr. Bettridge (p. 115) computes it to be now 503,554; while he states the number *annually* immigrating at no less than 27,000. Indeed, unless the recent insurrection has discouraged emigration, this average ought to be stated at somewhat higher. In the address of the Bishop of Quebec in 1834, (already quoted,) he says, “of 51,000 emigrants who arrived from the British Isles in 1832, 30,000 settled in Upper Canada;” and in 1836 we are informed (*Stewart Missions*, p. 154) that 20,000 souls entered Upper Canada, in four months only, between April 1 and August 1.

Upper Canada is divided into twelve districts;* and for the spiritual instruction of the people, at least ten clergymen are requisite in each district. Such is the statement of Mr. Elliot, a missionary well acquainted with the spiritual condition of several portions of the province. Indeed, if we consider either the extent or population of Upper Canada, this provision is extremely small. (It is professedly the smallest provision *possible*, giving to God no more than *must* be given Him.) It is probably difficult to ascertain the exact limits of the inhabited province, since new lands are constantly being taken in as successive settlers enter; the first range being that bordering on the St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie; and settlements being made backward from these, toward those on Lake Huron on the north. The entire length of the southern settlements is perhaps 500 miles; the depth (from south to north) varying from 50 to some hundred miles; so that for a tract obviously larger than England, the number of clergy required on the demand of missionaries now

* Mr. Bettridge (p. 135), enumerates *eleven* districts.

there, is only 120, less by 200 than a tithe of the number who are labouring in this land. Comparing, again, the number of clergy asked for, with the population of Upper Canada; 120 clergy for the care of 355,554 souls, will leave to each clergyman the charge of about 3000 souls; 1200 being the utmost which a clergyman (in England) can superintend; and this moreover with multitudes to catechise in the first truths, both infants and adults, churches and schools to build, and large portions of the charge entrusted to him, to reclaim from errors often inveterate.

At present it appears that there are *but fifty-one clergy** in the province; and well can the feelings be understood with which they are entreating for help from this happier country, needy as even England itself is, in the supply of clergy the least adequate to its population. Still we think it may with boldness be said, if any man has freely the choice before him, to remain in England, or to minister to the Church in Canada, he would wisely make the latter his choice.

With respect to the funds required for the present necessities of the Church in Canada, the number of churches now needed is stated by Mr. Bettridge to be 360, one in each township of 10 miles square. In the remote districts the expense of building is great; but Mr. Bettridge estimates the erection of each church at so small an amount as 200*l.*, half of which would be supplied by the settlers. The sum therefore remaining to be subscribed for building churches, will be 36,000*l.* The *immediate* expenses of each minister for passage, &c., will be 50*l.*, and his annual stipend 150*l.* Supposing the congregations to pay half of this amount, the sum asked from this country will be 9000*l.* annually, and an immediate subscription, as above stated, of 42,000*l.*

This estimate, however, is like that of another missionary already referred to, as *scanty* as it can be made. Each clergyman would have the charge of *three churches*, in itself an anomalous course; for in that case, if Sundays and the other festivals are observed in one of his churches, he must probably omit them in the others; and if a larger number than usual of communicants attend at the altar, he will be tempted to take up with the system which has of late sprung up, of distributing the divine elements "collectively," instead of in the appointed manner. Baptisms also and catechizing must be hurried over, lest the service should encroach upon a subsequent one at a different church; not to mention the difficulty of committing to the same minister the task of reading prayers over and over in the same day, and thus

* In a letter of the Rev. R. D. Cartwright, Assistant Minister of St. George's, Kingston, Upper Canada, to a Clergyman at Belfast, printed in the Oxford Herald, May 26, 1838, the computed number of clergy is stated as "nearly 60."

tempting him to feel the importance of *preaching* more than that of *prayer*. Indeed the notion of one minister, with one house of prayer, where he will be daily interceding *for*, and, if they will, *with* his people, would be altogether lost in the proposed plan of three churches to each parochial division. Again, the divisions proposed are far larger than the clergy could really superintend. They would be almost of the size of an English county; about seventeen miles and one-third square would be the average extent; and it would be scarcely possible for any intercourse to subsist between the clergy and each family under their charge, at least so as to leave time for public prayer, and for those habits of occasional study and retirement, which missionaries, whose life is one of so much excitement, must be peculiarly anxious to obtain. It is sometimes felt in the poorer districts of England, and the case would seem to be still more frequent in Canada, that the means of the clergy are not a little diminished, in consequence of the *extent* of their charge putting them to much consequent expense; in one instance we find a missionary petitioning the Bishop of Quebec for a sufficient sum to purchase *a horse*; another has so large a charge, as to be obliged to keep three; and it is obvious that in a parish of seventeen miles, this source of expense would be almost unavoidable. Mr. Bettridge, nevertheless, supposes the assigned income of each clergyman to be only 150*l.*; he makes no consideration of the erection of a house, or the expense of lodging; though building, as we have already had occasion to notice, is said to be expensive in the more remote districts; and in one instance among the expenses of a missionary to the Indians, the item of *house-rent* is 25*l.* Almost every necessary article is correspondingly costly; in some instances *provisions* are carried the distance of fifteen miles, and the cost of *clothing* is likewise great; so that practically, even assigning nothing for charities, a Canadian clergyman would *require* an income not less than is usually enjoyed by the clergy in England. It was the fashion with the enemies of the Church in England—till it was found that they had less,—to say that 300*l.* a-year was not “too much” for its ministers. On this point, however, we may quote the authority of Bishop Stewart himself, as respects the Canadian clergy:

“Although I would hope that the clergy of my diocese have learnt how to be abased and to suffer need for Christ’s sake, yet surely they ought not to be left to struggle with absolute poverty; and I have no hesitation in saying that a clergyman in Canada cannot maintain himself and his family with suitable respectability upon an income of less than 200*l.* a-year. This the greater part of the clergy have hitherto received;” and, added the bishop, “in reference to the withdrawal of the

annual grant, "there will be many cases of extreme hardship, if the salaries of tried and laborious servants are to be thus reduced in their declining years."

It may be added, that not one of the priests of the Church of Rome in Lower Canada has a less income than 200*l.*; so that on the whole Mr. Bettridge's estimate is far short of what might justly be urged on this country, as the claim of the Canadian Church. He has forborne his just demand for a *debt*, due from this nation to himself and his fellow-labourers, and to the colony whose best welfare they have engaged themselves in promoting.

Let it not be supposed, however, that, in speaking of the national sin of withdrawing public aid from the cause of religion in the colonies, we consider the interests of the Church to be ultimately dependent on any public measures. The demands which the Church has on the State, ought to be stated fairly, patiently, and to the last; it is the *privilege* of Christians to hope and believe all things. They know that there is one true religion, "one Catholic Apostolic Church," which has claims upon a nation, which cannot extend to any other religion, or to any variety of sect or denomination. Still, when states and governments are wavering in that which is alone their duty and their wisdom, private men are reminded the more of *individual* obligations; and considering the spiritual condition to which Canada has now been reduced, it would be madness to be much longer tampering with the willingness of the State, to perform what, after all, is in its true nature an office of the Church.

We have already given a few extracts from the correspondence of missionaries, manifesting that indication of religious want, which would be expected in settlers leaving the land in which they had imbibed their faith, and placed in a country where its worship and ordinances are no longer enjoyed. There are, it must be feared, numerous quarters altogether unheard of, where the name of Christian is by this time almost cast out; and others where the longing for religious privileges has given scope to the endeavours of perverted and schismatical teachers. The affections of mankind are such, that a *false* religion is far more acceptable to them than *none*. With respect to these schismatical agencies, we give the following extracts, leaving the reader, as before, to draw his own inference from them:

"There is a very new sect in that neighbourhood (North Gvillimbury on the shore of Lake Simcoe) called "the children of peace;" I had some conversation with Mr. ——— their leader, who behaved to me with great civility, and showed me his places of worship. One of them is a commodious building, in which the people assemble for the purposes of preaching and singing hymns. In this place is an organ, and other

musical instruments are also used. Common prayer forms no part of their public worship. Besides this meeting, they have erected another of considerable magnitude, which is built of wood, painted white and green, and ornamented with turrets and spires. Mr. ——— informed me that this edifice was seven years in building, but that the expense of erecting it is unknown. He said he could neither tell me the number of the children of peace, nor *state their particular tenets*—(the reader will observe that he was their leader.) “He never preaches in this large building, but the people meet in it once a month, to *join a sort of concert of music*, and present their offerings of money.”—*Stewart Missions*, p. 31.

“It is said that about one-half of the inhabitants of Uxbridge are Quakers, who are now divided into *two sects*. The rest of the people are of various persuasions, and some of them profess to belong to *no particular denomination of Christians*.”—p. 39.

“It is apprehended that many persons in that neighbourhood (East Gwillimbury), who are now attached to the Church, will join other denominations if they remain destitute of her regular ministrations.”—p. 58. “Many of them (we read three months after) have run into the grossest errors, while others profess to be of *no particular persuasion*.”—p. 63.

“In this township, (Marmora) *like most others in the province*, the members of the Church having so long been destitute of her ministrations, many of them have been compelled, as it were, to join other persuasions in search of that instruction *which they had no means of obtaining from their own*.”

“The unfortunate settlers, (West Loughborough), being in a great measure, if not indeed wholly, destitute of sound religious instruction, are consequently literally tossed to and fro with every kind of doctrine that may chance to come in among them. Numbers were seduced and led away, about two years ago, by the cunningly devised fables and craftiness of certain designing men from the United States, calling themselves Mormonites, who pretended to have discovered a portion of Holy Scripture hitherto lost to the world, and which foretold that the second Advent of Christ would be in the Missouri territory, whither all who would be saved must immediately resort; and at the present time the township is infected with another set of heretics, under the denomination of ‘Christians,’ with whose peculiar tenets I have not yet had the opportunity of making myself acquainted; but from the little I could learn, they appear to *deny the doctrine of the Trinity, and to maintain the peccability of Christ’s human nature*.”—p. 112.

“The majority of the settlers in this part of the township (Marmora, already referred to in a previous despatch), have joined the Methodist Society, *but have been originally Church people*.”—p. 115.

“The number of Episcopalians settled through the (Midland) district far exceeded my expectations. I have had persons come not only ten miles, but no less than fifteen or twenty, and that in rainy weather, to attend service; but I may here observe that these persons, of whom I speak, were Europeans, *who have been brought up in the bosom of the Church; their children however can scarcely be expected to retain the same*

affection and attachment; indeed under existing circumstances it would be folly to look for it.”—p. 123.

“At the close of the service (township of Missouri, London District,) a Mr. ———, an Irish emigrant, observed, ‘We are but poor Church people, Sir, but we have no opportunity offered to us now of enjoying the ministration of our Church.’”—p. 176.

“I stopped (London District) at the house of an Irishman, who had been formerly a member of the Church, but in the absence of all her ministrations, had joined the Baptist connection.”—p. 184.

“I perceive that many of those who are now connected with Dissenters have joined that connection from necessity; they were originally attached to the ordinances of the Church, and the same pious feeling which produced that attachment made them feel more deeply the entire absence of her religious ministrations, and led naturally to this result; but I would venture to assert, that many of them, if they could calculate with certainty upon the regular attendance of a clergyman, would soon return to their ancient fold.”—p. 199.

“He told me that he had come from Pennsylvania nearly forty years back, and was then a member of the Church; but having not the remotest prospect of ever enjoying the services of clergymen of that Church here, he and his family had joined the Methodists.”—p. 199.

“One person being invited to come and hear the Church minister, replied, ‘What use is there for me to go and hear him read a sermon? I can do that for myself at home.’”—p. 202.

“I can ascribe the existing spirit of insubordination (February, 1838,) to one cause—the absolute lack of sound Scriptural education and faithful preaching. A large body of the disaffected are Universalists, whose teaching may be truly and briefly described—‘blessed are they who die in their sins;’ and whose practice in the various relations of life amply verifies this to be their doctrine. I believe nearly two-thirds of the prisoners at present confined in the gaol here are connected with this most unscriptural body. Not a few also of the Quakers of Norwich township have been suspected; and very many professed Baptists have been found in the ranks against the Queen *I know not of one member of the Church of England, nor have I heard of any, being detected in aiding or abetting this unnatural outbreak; but it can be alleged of some, who at home enjoyed the outward means of grace under her shadow, and yet since their settlement in this country, being deprived of any stated ministrations, have become totally indifferent to any and every form of Christian worship.*”—p. 248.

It is needless to multiply instances of what the acknowledged circumstances of the case must render inevitable, even were no details known in England, such as those which we have been quoting; it cannot but be, that where men’s souls are thus left hungering and thirsting in vain, some will fall back into a heathen ignorance and “wretchlessness,” others grasp every empty shadow of doctrine that is offered to their acceptance, and few indeed sit patiently as hermits and watchmen of the spiritual Jeru-

salem, "thinking upon her stones, and pitying to see her in the dust." Bodies of sectarian professors engaged (as has become so grievously the case in this country) in active alienation from the Church, are already catching the stray sheep of the fold—perhaps the best minded and most zealous and affectionate of the once children of the Church—and have engaged them in their own schismatic connections; and it appears that their activity, and their outlay of funds, has been a source in many quarters of such success, that the ministers of the Church point to them as examples of a zeal, not equally manifested in the cause of truth. Something however for that cause is undoubtedly being done; and when it is considered what a sacred prerogative the clergy of the true Church carry with them in their Apostolic ordination, in the divine grace attending them as the ministers and stewards of the Christian Sacraments and ordinances, in the right which they have as men who have been "sent;" we cannot but be sure that their mere cursory trafficking backward and forward through the province, tells upon the hearts and convictions of multitudes, who would otherwise have been contented with the vacant messages of unordained instructors. Truly, the words are inspired, "*how shall they preach except they be sent?*"

It will easily be believed, that however in one sense unconsciously, there is an habitual disposition manifested among the Canadian settlers, to open their hearts towards the Apostolic prerogative of the genuine clergy; all classes and all characters of men, the ancient French settlers, the aboriginal Indians, the American royalists of 1783, German Protestants, English, Irish, Scotch emigrants, strangers from Pennsylvania, from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, are all in one instance or another found gathering in consent towards the clergy, and the ordinances of the Episcopal Church; and if, when so little has been done, this is already the case, much room is there for future hope. We collect a few testimonies to the disposition thus manifested, from a manual which we have already so largely employed, on account of its containing some of the latest religious information from Canada.

"The inhabitants of this island (Long or Wolf Island, in the Midland District,) are, I believe, for the most part Methodists, but very many of them have never joined themselves to any particular denomination; and in the many visits I have been able to pay them, they have all evinced great satisfaction, and appeared extremely desirous of having the regular ministrations of the Church; indeed I feel persuaded, that, could even the occasional visits of a clergyman of the Church of England be secured to them, a numerous congregation might soon be formed, which, under the blessing of God, could not fail to be attended with the most beneficial results to the inhabitants in general."—*Stewart Missions*, p. 113."

"The places where he first began were in those congregations I had collected, and where I ministered occasionally; but he has added many to the number; and almost every time he returns here, it is with the tidings of fresh discoveries of scattered Church families, sufficient to constitute congregations of from twenty-five to forty souls in a place. I presume his congregations are small compared with those in other districts; but they are all likely to increase, both from the influx of settlers, and the increasing disposition of dissenters to attend his ministry."—p. 152.

"I am not in the least surprised that so many members of our communion join themselves to dissenters of various denominations, despairing as they do of ever having a minister established in the remote settlements where they have purchased lands. It is my opinion, from what I have already observed since I came amongst them, that, were it possible to locate clergymen, devoted to the service of their Master, so that they could from different missionary stations visit these scattered sheep, and making their own residence the centre of their sphere of action, dissent would be little heard of here; the Church would in this country be established on as firm a basis in the hearts of the people, as ever it has been at home."—p. 185.

"In some of their settlements (London District) many who had been a long time connected with dissenters, entirely owing to the want of means supplied by the Church, professed their willingness to return to her fold; and more than once was I assured *they never should have left it*, had they only been favoured with a clergyman to reside amongst them, on their first settlement in this country."—p. 251.

"I am sure from my own experience, and the professions of the people, a resident clergyman could collect very large congregations of Church families; their present spiritual destitution leaves them most lamentably open to the pernicious and anti-christian doctrines, which are daily and actively disseminated by the busy agents of Satan."—p. 252.

Such even now are the prospects obtained, from efforts hitherto made to convey the teaching and ordinances of the Church among the people of Upper Canada; and it need not be observed how inestimably important are the few years now passing, to the future state of that colony. If the ministers of that genuine Church, which is nominally established there, obtain free scope and efficiency of numbers, if, in effect, Apostolic Christianity becomes the domestic faith of the country, religious dissensions will gradually subside, and the wayward zeal of earnest but misled minds, will be gathered within a common channel, in which all will alike consent. On the other hand, if errors and heresies of creed, contending systems of church government, and rival partizans, are suffered to carry on their contest, till religious dissension arrives at that state of faction in which it visited this country two centuries ago, the occasion now offered will then be gone, and the hope of an uniform and peaceful feeling in the colony will have been lost through a guilty neutrality. It depends

on *present* exertions, whether a system of parochial ministration, a clergy intrusted with pastoral functions, and charged, as in England, with a local superintendence of the whole colony, should bear an influence of peace and truth, and of divine blessing, to the land.

If the question of "Establishment" is to depend on comparative numbers,—(a shifting, as well as vicious, criterion,)—instead of on the inherent truth of one religion over every variation of departure from it, then dissension will become fixed as a sort of perpetual heritage upon the province. We forbear, however, from urging the mere *consequences* of an act in itself criminal and godless.

It is probably on account of its connection with the future religious establishment of the province, more than from its value as an endowment, that the interest of Churchmen has been much engaged towards the well-known question of the "Clergy reserves." At the period of the separation of the province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada (1791), a measure was introduced for securing the interests of the Established Church by reserves of one-seventh of uninclosed lands in the Upper Province. At that time the inhabitants were only 10,000 or 12,000; but as the population was already on the increase, Mr. Pitt, who introduced that measure, looked forward to such a progress in improvement and cultivation, as should render the reserved lands available for the incomes of the clergy. It is probable, that if there had been means in the colony, he would have followed the example of the French legislature, whose endowments to the clergy of the Lower Province have an appearance of much more consideration, and were attended with better success. Richelieu, from whom the charter of the French colonizers of Canada was obtained, included in it an engagement for the appointment of three priests in each district, whose stipend for fourteen years was to be paid in money, and after that period in opened lands fitted for immediate cultivation. No such *antecedent* provision was made for the Protestant clergy by the legislature of England; unopened lands were left for them, as a barren provision,—which indeed might at that time be almost obtained for nothing, and which to the clergy would be peculiarly valueless, inasmuch as (individually) they are not permanent landlords, and would consequently be expending large sums in reclaiming the land, with no prospect of receiving perhaps any income. In a speech of Mr. Pakington's, printed in the St. James's Chronicle for August 4, 1838, it is stated that the charge of reclaiming waste land in Upper Canada is *3l.* per acre; and that this great *immediate* expense almost precludes its being *underlet* on any terms; for a few shillings more than the

expense of clearing, the fee-simple might be bought. Meantime, as the clergy reserves had remained for many years uncultivated, it was found necessary by the government, in 1827, to introduce some measure with respect to them; but, instead of any steps for rendering them available as property of the Church, by placing the Protestant clergy on the same footing as the clergy of the Church of Rome in the other province under the government of France; the more convenient, but not very generous, course was taken of selling the clergy reserves, and leaving to the Church the mere income which the proceeds should yield. About 70,000*l.* is the amount actually obtained from the partial sale of these lands, up to the present time; and the interest is scarcely more than 2000*l.* per annum; the whole of which has been *hitherto* employed, as it arose, in making provision for the Protestant clergy. For thirty years from the time of the appropriation of the reserves, no question arose as to the intention of the act which assigned them; but in 1818 the Scotch Church claimed a portion of them, as being in the eye of the law a "Protestant clergy;" the *legal* sense of the term admits, it would seem, of this ambiguity; and *legally*, therefore, the government can thus far alienate any portion of that property. We do not know whether they think themselves, in equity and conscience, justified in such an act; but if so, the Church is touching on its last stage of forbearing dependence upon the mere political system of the country; a dependence which it has been natural to it to exercise, and which already it has been found tardy to relinquish. Meantime it is surely due to their sacred cause, that they whose interests are affected by the question of the reserves, should have no hand in any compromise, by which Church property will be sacrilegiously taken from its owner; let them take *patiently* the spoiling of their goods, but beware of *consenting in the sin*.

We have now cursorily laid before the reader the general bearings of a question, which is beginning to excite interest in numerous quarters; instead of further pursuing the subject in its *political* bearing, we gladly turn to the inquiry,—what steps seem the first that suggest themselves, what practical results are to be come to, in order to meet, as far as in the members of the Church lies, that demand which the spiritual condition of Canada so impressively suggests?

In the first place, with regard to the appropriation of funds designed to meet the urgent exigencies which have been alluded to, it seems important that *some specific channel* should be provided, to convey contributions individually intended for such a cause as that of the Church in Canada. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel forms a collective fund for the colo-

nies at large, any interference with which might restrict the general principle on which its income is appropriated; and consequently we believe it scarcely ever occurs, that that society becomes the depositary of contributions conveyed to it for any *single* specified object. Might not, however, such a case as the present demands of the Church in Canada be considered sufficiently urgent to admit of *a specific fund* being opened in that society? Such a change in its system would not be a departure from the true principles of the Church, which rather catches every impulse of charity in its members, gathering the varied streams of bounty into a common channel; not leaving them to find their own outflow, as we fear is too much the case in the present instance. If there were a branch opened "for Canadian designs," in the Society for Propagating the Gospel, those two or three funds which now exist would no doubt be appropriated to that channel; by this means the evil of multiplying societies, not to mention possible jealousies, would be entirely avoided; while the Society for Propagating the Gospel would lose nothing of its genuine character, as a fund for transmitting to the bishops in the colonies contributions offered in this land for the aid of the Churches which they rule. It deserves to be considered how many interested feelings would be enlisted in the cause, by appropriating contributions in the way supposed; there must be many persons in the middle classes in England who have relatives in Canada; thousands who have connections, such as fellow-parishioners or fellow-labourers, landlords, clergy, owners of manufactories, who have been instrumental to emigration, and are now anxious for the welfare of families settled in the colonies; all these are at present in want of some direct and well-established channel for the truest instance they can exercise of their natural kindness and sympathy; it is due that the Church should afford to so legitimate a feeling, the means which will ensure its freest exercise. Besides this, it seems just to those who promote designs of Christian benevolence, to leave to them the privilege of selecting the channels to which their bounties are contributed; the cause of education, as for instance Bishop's College at Calcutta (where we believe the plan now recommended was successfully tried); the amelioration of the penal settlements; the larger endowment of bishoprics or rectories; the establishment again of new missions; the specific object of erecting Churches; or the supply of occasional instances of spiritual destitution, such as that of the new emigrants in Canada; are objects which will variously engage the interest of various minds, and among which it would be well that each should choose its task. The tendency of thus opening different departments for

missionary purposes, will be to render the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel *the only organ of the Church of England for the aid of Missions*; this, it may be trusted, will in time be the case; but the reader is referred to "A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury," clearly and satisfactorily entering into this subject, which is mentioned at the head of this Review.

In the next place, with respect to the present condition of the Church in Canada, the first impression which it suggests is, undoubtedly, one of anxiety that the *number* of the Clergy should be largely increased; wide spheres of duty in every direction unoccupied, several rectors within the last few years deceased, and in consequence of Lord Grey's measure their cures *to this day unsupplied*, and 100,000 members of the Church destitute of spiritual instruction,* are causes not only for regret but shame, that the Church of Christ should in any land be thus branchless and trodden down; but yet it may be a question, whether the multiplying of missionaries be the most direct, or at least the most effective step that can be taken. It should rather be thought that something more substantial than discursive labours among the settlers is the one great task to be gained; to secure, namely to religion, not only occasional ministers through the country, but a central home from which its influence will in the first instance be expanded; a heart, from whence the circulation will more freely flow. It is a cause of thankfulness that Upper Canada has indeed the superintendence of a bishop, which is the first security for the stability and building up of religion in a land. The whole history of the Christian faith enjoins that tone of settling and establishing religion, which the fixed superintendence of one ruler will secure; from the first hours of the faith bishops have been the true missionaries of the Church; *they* were its preachers before the other orders were assigned to aid them. Of late years, on the other hand, when a new country is evangelized, the youngest ministers, generally without any spiritual superior, are the first messengers of the Gospel; and as they are thus sent on a humanly-chosen plan (and it must be feared in a niggard temper), though individual zeal has many times been rewarded, their cause on the whole has but little prospered. It is not, however, the office and presence only of a bishop, that feeds and vitalizes the spiritual system; the adjuncts, doubtless, of his office, the kind of attendance by which it is signified, the aids of learning, the constant and solemn worship of God in a worthy house, are the true means of giving to religion, at its first visit to nations, not majesty only but strength. In these times such

* See Mr. Bettridge's petition, printed in the British Magazine for September, 1838.

means of promoting Christianity are often considered trivial and idle; perhaps some persons will presumptuously call them unscriptural and superstitious; but then, on the other hand, those plans which conform to the modern temper have been tried, and have failed; failed in comparison with the missionary successes of the primitive Church; and it is therefore not unjustifiable to entreat that the former means should be returned to, not only on the ground of *their* having been successful, but because all besides them have been to a great extent useless. It is said by Stillingfleet, that in old times, when the Gospel was sent to any country, its ministers were *a bishop with his clergy*; and the first employment of their funds was *to build a Cathedral*. Were only the temper recovered that would act thus, there would be a good hope of converting nations and empires again to one Catholic and united faith; we should hear of kings and emperors bowing once more before the Church's altar, or savages who, unknowing pen and ink, "have the word of life written within their hearts." Looking, therefore, to an ancient and well-founded principle in missions, the course seems suggested of aiming at a system inverting that which is at present more popular, namely, fixing a central seat for a bishop; endowing his office with a large present income, so that he may be a trustee of the Church's wealth; erecting a worthy cathedral like those of this land, built when England was perhaps almost as poor as Canada is now; and supplying means for an attendance of clergy around him, as his council, and as deputies at the same time for actual duties.

At present the position of the only Bishop in Canada is the following; he has a diocese of 1800 miles, an income of £1000 a-year; no Cathedral Church at Toronto, (the supposed episcopal city of Upper Canada,) and instead of the attendance of other clergy as a council to assist him, he is *himself both a rector and archdeacon*. Those offices he held before he was a bishop, and he now retains them in order to eke out the utterly inadequate revenue to which the see has been reduced, (it was previously to 1837, £3000 a-year,) and likewise because, if he vacated them, the same government measure by which the revenues of his see were reduced, will place a period to any further stipends being assigned for those appointments. How contrasted is the recent mission of a diplomatic agent to the same country, with his splendid retinue and gorgeous income, with that true minister of peace, the bearer to Canada of permanent and effectual blessings, but cramped and weakened, through the caprice of a government, in his beneficent and holy functions.

The same principle on which it is suggested to give a kind of central dignity and eminence to religion, by the endowment of a

bishopric, and the erection of a cathedral, guides to the establishment, not so much of systematic education through the colony, but more immediately of some institution in the episcopal city, for the education of the clergy and others, and still more for the permanent maintenance of a body of learned men, after the manner of the endowed colleges in this country. It is understood that many of the cathedral chapters in England are likely to form institutions of this description; but their value in a remote colony will be obviously greater, and their position will indeed be in many ways altogether different. In England the Universities will continue to give the tone to the theology of the country; cathedral education will only be adding to stores which were before large though inadequate; and if any material change is made, it will be perhaps a stricter and more ascetic tone of education, through greater closeness of superintendence; and the admission of a poorer class of students, to whom, in the great increase of the population, it would seem desirable to provide admission into the Church. Erected on the other hand in a colony, where few establishments for education exist, and none for the education of the clergy, such an institution would be a fountain of wealth to the cause of religion, not a little contrasted with the chance movements of a few travelling missionaries, hurrying from month to month through successive districts. The Roman Church in Canada has had colleges of this description, (still we believe in full vigour and activity,) for more than a century; so indeed have they had a cathedral and an episcopal palace; and it would be well if Protestants would consider how successful in proselytizing that Church has always been, from the days of Augustine in England, to the present day; and how firmly on the whole it retains the affection and dependence of its followers. When, after some delay, a Roman Catholic bishop was sent from England to Quebec, the first from this country after Canada became the property of England (there was then no Protestant bishop in Upper Canada), it is on record that the joy of the inhabitants was so great, that they expressed it in almost a public way, meeting each other with congratulations in every street, and saying "God has remembered us! Thank God, we have a bishop!" We know not why a false and perverted faith should be the only channel of feelings in themselves so Catholic and pure; feelings of which many testimonies might indeed be found, before the errors of the Romish faith had mixed in the pure channel of traditional truth. It is the *theory* of the Church of England, to revert to that ecclesiastical state in which the Catholic Church was, before the errors of Romanism had entered within it; but it seems as if men were caring more to be Protestants than Churchmen; and

while avoiding the errors of Rome had forgotten great Catholic principles, both of doctrine and polity. Hence there has been so little that is calm and measured in the missionary undertakings of the present day; if any thing was to be done, no intervening steps, no looking to system has been brooked; and the reward has followed, that affection to the Catholic Church, as a system, has never been fully realized among Protestant converts; we have shamefully left it to Romanists to exclaim, "*God has remembered us, thank God we have a bishop!*"

It is observable, that the principle now suggested in missions, of large bounty upon few objects, is not in the present day pursued by the *Church of Rome* alone; the *dissenting connections* in Canada are mentioned in a letter of a missionary there as following the same kind of plan in the distribution of their funds; and for a reason which would be surely far more stringent, in the instance of Church of England missions, namely, that if once the reliance and affection of the people were secured, and they felt those great blessings entrusted to them, they would be as little dependent upon foreign contributions as the Church of England is now; and funds which on the usual principle would be doled out from year to year for another half century, might soon be available for carrying onward with increase the Christian faith, into needier and more distant countries. If the Church in Canada had possessed more the character of a corporation, if the bishop had had an adequate income, and the ecclesiastical endowments had been in the first instance available in some measure for its general purposes, the lauded property of the Church would have been at this time as productive as that of any secular landlord; but this is the least and lowest instance of the benefits which would have followed if it had been remembered, that the Church is an apostolic institution, which can lose no part of the integrity of its system, can omit no well-established precedent, and neglect no salutary maxim, without detriment to the efficacy and permanency of the blessings which it otherwise dispenses. "*With the froward thou wilt learn frowardness.*"

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*
7 vols. Murray and Whittaker, London: Cadell, Edinburgh.
1838.

SOME one has observed, how sad and unsatisfactory, generally speaking, are the recorded lives of great poets. But it may be doubted whether the observation be fairly drawn from a view of the very highest specimens of the art. The great examples of misery in that kind have commonly been in literary rank about the level of Chatterton or Savage. And Mr. Wordsworth avowedly meant it for a representation of an untrue notion, indicating a fanciful as well as an unhealthy mood of mind, when he averred that

“We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.”

But though it be not at all necessary that the career of a first-rate poet should be full of discomfort, it might perhaps be true to say that it has almost always proved very full of mystery. Which of our lives, indeed, is not so? since it is a secret expressly reserved: “Thou, Thou alone knowest the hearts of the children of men.” Positively as we all speak of one another, we all know by our own experience how impossible it would be for any one to trace the actual springs of our own conduct, the circumstances which truly and really made us what we are, without information which ourselves only can give. We know how large a portion we have forgotten of our own outward behaviour, much more of our wishes and emotions; nay, how little we knew of them at the time, even on those occasions which were the turning points of our life. We know all this, and yet we go on coolly discussing and analyzing the living and the dead, as if we had them subjected to some unfailing chemical apparatus.

One of the great merits of the interesting life before us is the biographer's strong impression on this delicate point.

“I regard,” says he, “with small respect, any attempt to delineate fully and exactly any human being's character. I distrust, even in very humble cases, our capacity for judging our neighbour fairly; and I cannot but pity the presumption that must swell in the heart and brain of any ordinary brother of the race, when he dares to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, on the whole structure and complexion of a great mind, from the comparatively narrow and scanty materials which can by possibility have been placed before him.”

Now if this remark hold in respect of the statesman and general, and those whose proceedings would seem to stand out in

full light, much more concerning the poet, whose character as such begins and ends, for the most part, within his own bosom.

"The difficulty, to my view," Mr. Lockhart proceeds, "is not lessened,—perhaps it is rather increased,—when the great man is also a great artist. It is true that many of the feelings common to our nature can only be expressed adequately, and that some of the finest of them can only be expressed at all in the language of art, and more especially in the language of poetry. But it is equally true, that high and sane art never attempts to express that for which the artist does not claim and expect general sympathy;" (is not this rather too broadly stated?) "and however much of what we had thought to be our own secrets he ventures to give shape to, it becomes, I can never help believing, modest understandings to rest convinced that there remained a world of deeper mysteries, to which the dignity of genius would refuse any utterance."—vol. vii. pp. 397, 398.

The biography, therefore, of a poet worthy of the name, even his unconscious auto-biography (which latter description would seem to apply most properly to the greater part of the present publication), may be an instructive and curious, but must ever be an imperfect lesson. And this, over and above any difficulty in obtaining materials, and ascertaining the positive facts of a life not commonly spent before the public.

Whatever be the cause, the effect appears undeniable; that we shall generally look in vain for satisfactory lives of the poets of the highest order; such lives as may furnish a real account, not merely an ingenious conjectural solution, of the chief facts in their history—their works.

Of Homer, *e. g.* who can affirm any thing positive beyond the simple matters in the fragment preserved by Thucydides: that he was blind, that he resided in Chios, that he exercised the profession of *ἄοιδος*, and in that character went occasionally (among other places) to Delos? Of Æschylus we can hardly be said to know more facts, but those which are preserved to us are more important: they are the critical points of his life; that he served actively as a soldier, that he fought at Salamis; that he invented additions of no small moment to the mechanical and scenical part of tragedy; that finding himself eclipsed by Sophocles, he retired, in his old age, from Athens to Sicily; lastly, and perhaps one may say chiefly (with regard to his cast of poetry), that he was a disciple of the Pythagorean school. The histories of Pindar, Lucretius, Virgil, Spenser, Shakespeare, so much of them as is certainly known, might be related in as few and as brief sentences as these. For the rest, we are left to make out from their works what their tastes and pursuits were; an investigation sure to be tinged more or less with the peculiar views of the person carrying

it on, and to be warped, more or less unconsciously, in support of any theory of poetry in general, or of *their* poetry in particular, which he may happen to entertain.

It is obvious how greatly this deficiency of evidence regarding the chief masters of an art must embrace the difficulty of coming to right conclusions concerning the nature and essence of the art itself. It is as if a chemist had lost the record of the experiments on which he had been prepared to ground some great discovery; or as if a financier had mislaid the document containing his figures. Till such loss be replaced, there may be plenty of ingenious conjecture, but no data to be thoroughly depended on. So far as poetry is a development of certain qualities in the human mind and heart, and not merely a work of art or a branch of literature; so far, it may be truly said, that all our speculations concerning it are stopped *in limine*, if we are denied the knowledge of the history and education of the minds from whom it proceeded.

So much the more are we indebted to the volumes before us, for the ample and complete picture which they exhibit of the education of one great poet at least. For in that character, surely, as his leading one, posterity will always consider Sir Walter Scott. His romances in prose are essentially poems, whatever test we take of poetry, except that ordinary one of metre; indeed it would not, perhaps, be easy to find a completer proof of metrical composition being but an accident of the art, than any one may make out for himself, by recollecting what he felt on first reading the *Lady of the Lake*, and how little the impression differed from that left by the *Talisman*, or *Guy Mannering*. The kind of interest, the objects of sympathy, are surely the same in both cases: the difference of prose and verse is felt to be but technical; it is the same or similar music performed on different instruments. Thus it may be fairly said that his poetical remains amount to at least sixty volumes, a fertility unsurpassed even by what we read of Lopez de Vega; a mass of composition which, taken along with the very minute detail of his life preserved in these volumes, supplies, perhaps, the completest set of materials for speculation on the poetical character, which the world has yet inherited from the stores of any one writer.

This is the particular point of view in which it is now proposed to consider this very full and interesting memoir of one of the most interesting of those whom mankind have agreed to admire; a memoir which altogether does the greatest credit to the compiler, in respect both of good and manly feeling exercised on a great variety of very trying and delicate subjects, and also of skill and good taste as a biographer, such as we believe to have been rarely exceeded; the rule observed throughout being that which

of old was so highly praised in Homer, to permit the subject of the memoir to speak as much as possible for himself. To be sure, there was a great facility in doing so in this instance, beyond what most other writers of personal history have enjoyed; Sir Walter having been all his life a most fluent and punctual correspondent, and pouring himself out in his familiar letters in that kind of mixed tone, between sport and seriousness, between private and general topics, which at the same time by its engaging qualities ensures the preservation of letters, and by and by with least impropriety admits of publication, and best rewards it. And to complete the interest of the collection, it so happens that we have his own account of himself, in his own words, for just those two periods of his life, in regard of which we should most wish for such a document; we have his recollections of his childhood, and his diary when in declining health, and in the very severest of his trials. Thus we have his own confessions, so to speak, exactly where it was least possible for others to speak for him. And if there be any special relation between a man's general character and his character as a poet, undoubtedly such a life as this, so abundantly yet so undesignedly disclosed, and combined with such a store of original writings, cannot but offer large scope for ascertaining and exemplifying such relation.

To a question of this kind, then, it is proposed principally to direct attention in the following remarks. We shall try, by comparing this memoir of Sir Walter Scott with his poetical remains, to solve the main phenomena of the latter; not without a certain misgiving of mind, as if there were more or less impropriety in submitting to any thing like critical analysis the memory of so noble a character and so great a writer. One is painfully reminded as one writes, of the well known complaint,

“Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder, to dissect.”

One feels that the proper application after all of the record of such a life as this, is to something still higher than poetry or poetical criticism. Nevertheless the attempt must be made, with an endeavour to preserve throughout the respectful tone which becomes men speaking of their superiors over their graves newly closed; and not without hope that it may issue in something conducive to those higher interests, to which all poetry and all literature, to be worth cultivating at all, must eventually do suit and service.

The idea then of poetry in the abstract, which it is conceived admits of especial illustration and support from the comparison of the works of Sir Walter Scott with his life, is something like what follows. *Poetry is the indirect expression in words, most ap-*

appropriately in metrical words, of some overpowering emotion, or ruling taste, or feeling, the direct indulgence whereof is somehow repressed. This notion, to bring it fully out, would require more explanation and development than the limits of the present paper will allow. It is proposed in this formal and positive shape, as a definition, for perspicuity's sake, not from any clear conviction that it is a sufficient account; but it is believed to be true as far as it goes, and to be worth proposing by way of conjecture, were it only for the chance of affording a clue to more fortunate or more sagacious inquiries. With this preface we proceed to offer a few considerations in support of this idea of Poetry.

And first of all, that there is *some* central idea of it, towards which the various definitions or descriptions of great men in several ages, and also the ordinary and popular notions, converge; this seems implied by the manner in which the word itself, and still more the adjective "poetical," are continually used both in books and in the conversation of educated people. We hear it said from time to time, such and such a remark was quite "poetical;" such and such a character, or landscape, or effect of light and shade, upon clouds, suppose, or on water, was "just what a poet would rejoice in;" particular usages or expressions of uneducated men are said to have more or less of unconscious "poetry" in them; and races, families, individuals, schools of policy, philosophy, or morals, nay, and sects in religion too, are said to differ from one another as being some more some less "poetical." Thus it would be generally agreed on, we suppose, that the Spaniards, as a nation, have more poetry in them than the French; that the views of Plato and Pythagoras were more likely to approve themselves to a poetical mind than those of Aristotle or Epicurus; that the Scandinavian mythology was more poetical than those of ancient Egypt, or of India; that mountainous districts are more favourable to the poetical temper than unvaried plains, the habits of the country than those of the town, of an agricultural than of a commercial population.

Again, it is no unusual remark, when people are talking of little children, their sports and sayings and other indications of temperament, this or that trait was "truly poetical;" this or that child has more "poetry" about him than the other. Nay, the same sort of thing may be and is not unfrequently observed, even in such slight matters as the fitting up of a room, the laying out of the nooks and glades of a garden, or the disposition of a flower bed, whether by educated persons or uneducated.

Again, in the kindred arts, there is something which men commonly agree to designate as Poetry; of course as being more or less analogous to poetry, properly so called, whatever that may

be; the poetry of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, of music, is an expression only generally recognised among those who are judges in such matters. The pictures, e. g. of Raffaele are felt to have more poetry in them than those of Rubens; the Grecian architecture is more poetical than the Roman, and the Gothic more so, perhaps, than either; and sometimes the art of sculpture itself is compared with that of painting, and decided to be the more poetical of the two. And to conclude with an example from the highest subject of all; is it not a reproach frequently cast upon the orthodox and Catholic side in theological debate, that the sincerest among them are led, not by reason, but by feelings akin to poetical ones; and on the other hand, is there not an instinct which causes the youthful and ardent mind to shrink from utilitarian or rationalistic error, previous to accurate examination, as being essentially cold and unpoetical?

The question then arises, What all these things have in common, which should cause them thus to be represented by a common term, and that term appropriate, in the first instance, to a distinct branch of art? Such common quality, could it be ascertained, would evidently throw no small light on the nature of the art whose name it bears; it would clearly indicate that circumstance in the art which, according to the general feeling of mankind, is most characteristic of it. In searching for it, it seems natural first to turn one's attention to those theories of poetry, which the great masters of reason have sanctioned at various times. Aristotle, as is well known, considered the essence of Poetry to be *Imitation*, or rather, perhaps, one should say, *Expression by metrical words*. *Expression* we say, rather than *imitation*; for the latter word clearly conveys a cold and inadequate notion of the writer's meaning, and is quite inapplicable to musical composition, which however he himself produces as affording obvious illustrations of the view which he was taking.

Will it then be a sufficient account of "the poetical" in the kindred arts, or in common life, to say that it is applied to those traits, or details, or accidents, which strike us as more "expressive" than ordinary? It will be true, perhaps, as far as it goes, but one should still desire some specification of what is meant by "expression." Now would it not be found, that when people use that term, they commonly mean something like this—that the direct enunciation of a fact or feeling is impeded, and the mind, full of that fact or feeling, finds out for itself indirect ways of conveying it to others? Thus the living countenance, voice, or figure, is more or less *expressive* as it answers more or less exactly to the *changes* which take place in the mental habit or emotion. If settled in any one cast of feature, one tone, or one attitude, so

as to appear incapable of any other, we do not call it simply "expressive," however strongly the particular feeling may have stamped it. What obtains for it that denomination is its aptitude to obey the mind, and to reflect every passing shade from within. Why is this, and why is it thought much of, but because of the extreme *difficulty* of expounding to another in any satisfactory way the history but of a single moment in one's heart, much more its conflicts and changes? That face, that voice, that form is most *expressive*, which best serves the purpose of relieving men's instinctive wish to communicate, perhaps for the chance of engaging sympathy, these otherwise indescribable variations of thought and feeling. Are not the same likewise the most *poetical*?

So again (a topic before touched on), when we are comparing one with another the sports and fancies and playful imitations of children, every one must have observed how greatly they differ in this quality of Expression, or fulness of meaning; some being merely imitative, just enacting the gestures of their playmates, and echoing their words, while others, on the contrary, abound in quaint inventions of their own. And among these latter again may be observed a further and a very remarkable difference, according as any one particular thread of meaning is found to run more or less entirely through all their little sallies of thought or imagination. Some are more versatile, some more enthusiastic; some ready with whimsical resources to embody whatever fancy comes uppermost, others, as it may seem, ever on the watch to find ways of shadowing out, whether in words or in actions, some one particular group of fancies which has become dominant in their own minds. It is this latter class among children, if we mistake not, to which primarily and principally the title of "poetical" is attached; and the observation, duly followed up, may prove to be of no small service in guiding us to right notions of Poetry in the abstract. For example, (the reader will excuse the insignificance of the illustration should it really answer its purpose as an illustration), a child of seven or eight years old was heard to describe herself and her sister as follows: "Mary and I would each of us like to be a bird, for Mary would like to *fly*, and I should like to *make a nest*." Every one probably would allow at once that there was something very poetical in this little flight of imagination. Why, but because it contrives to express, not directly, but by way of association and allusion, that which one should have thought far beyond the expressive powers of a child of that age. It gives a sort of sketch of her own and her sister's character, a brief history of both their minds. Now, if on coming to know more of the same two children, one perceived, as doubtless one should perceive, the contrast which one of them thus hit

off running like two distinctive threads through the whole course of their little imaginative efforts, their ways of telling stories, their inventions in play, their remarks or speculations, whether serious or sportive, on striking objects in nature or art as they became acquainted with them : many, we suppose, at least among those who condescend to notice such things, would say, there was a good deal of "poetry" in the general character of such children; and the name in that case would clearly be applied to the instinctive skill with which they severally realized, in matters of themselves remote from all such associations, the visions which they delighted in respectively, of soaring or repose.

Without departing from the same illustration, we may carry the argument one step further. Suppose the same children grown up; of course the tastes which they thus expressed in childhood will be exercised and developed all their lives through; but such exercise and development will no longer be thought to give their characters a "poetical" air, except where being more or less impeded by outward circumstances or feelings of reserve, they find means to vent themselves indirectly, and covertly to engage the sympathies of those who understand them, by aid of associations often accidental, and subtle to any degree of refinement. The quiet and domestic character will be recognized as poetical, when, being cast upon the turmoil of busy life, it betrays itself to be for ever contriving imaginary escapes and little images of the repose for which it longs: the animated and soaring temper in like manner, when untoward circumstances keep it still and in the shade, and it manages to relieve itself by the same sort of indirect exercise. The former will sympathize with those who in a great city cherish in secret the remembrance of their native mountains:

"Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on down the vale of Cheapside :"—

the latter, with the inland boy, who longs to be at sea, and assuages his longing, as Nelson is reported to have done, with every sort of sport or enterprise that may best remind him of maritime scenes and hazards. In both cases it is the *difficulty*, and the way of overcoming it, which marks the character as poetical.

So again, in respect of those cases in ordinary life, the life, we mean, of uneducated people, which are generally confest to raise their thoughts and language, perhaps, we might still more justly add, their behaviour, to something deserving that epithet: they are such as violent bodily pain; the death or burial of a dear friend; intense hope and fear, or bitter disappointment in some matter of personal affection; exile, or any thing approaching to it, as violent removal from their own home, especially if it be an hereditary home. It is the commonest possible remark that, on these and

similar occasions, even the coldest and rudest minds express and behave themselves, comparatively, in a poetical way.

And the fact seems to be sufficiently accounted for, if we suppose the poetry to consist in the indirect expression of overpowering, but impeded feelings: impeded in their direct exhibition, as in these cases no doubt they are, partly by their very strength and intenseness, which renders it impossible at once to give them vent; and partly, in almost all minds, by an instinctive delicacy which recoils from exposing them openly, as feeling that they never can meet with full sympathy.

Reverting for a moment to some of the other instances above alluded to of the conversational use of the words *poetry* and *poetical*, let us see if they can be explained without violence on the hypothesis offered. Certain landscapes, it was observed—certain combinations of the colours and forms of nature—strike the intelligent observer as poetical, he can hardly tell how or why. “There is a great deal of *thought* in that sky:” “that effect of light and shade *looks as if it would do for a simile*:”—these are the kind of sayings which drop from lovers of scenery, and when we hear them, we may recognize their aptness and truth, without any idea of a particular train of thought, or object of comparison, having been in the speaker’s mind. It is enough that we feel by an instinct, no matter how attained, that there *is* some leading idea, some *moral* in what we see, could we anyhow discern it. We feel that it answers, and tends to express, and by expression to soothe or develope, as the case may be, *some* state more or less complicated of human thought or feeling; that persons so affected would enter into the scene before us, and welcome and adopt it as more congenial to them than any words. When we feel this, and call such sights (or sounds) poetical, do we not so far countenance the notion, that where there is indirect expression of any engrossing mood of mind, there is Poetry, though without rhyme, metre, or words?

If from nature we pass to art, and consider (*e. g.*) what such a writer as Sir J. Reynolds meant by the “poetry” of painting or sculpture; we find him denying that quality to Rubens, and ascribing it to the great masters of the Roman school, and in an especial degree to Giulio Romano. “Rubens,”* he affirms, “never possessed *poetical conception of character*. In his representation of the highest characters in the Christian or fabulous world, instead of something above humanity, which might fill the idea which is conceived of such beings, the spectator finds little more than mere mortals, such as he meets with every day.” At the

* Works, edit. 1824, vol. ii. p. 300.

same time, Sir Joshua places Rubens "in the first rank of illustrious painters," not on account of "any particular expression," but of the "general effect, the genius, which pervades and illuminates the whole." He ascribes to his works the quality of making the spectator "feel a degree of that enthusiasm with which the painter was carried away;" and says, that he "possessed an originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art."* So distinct, in the judgment of this great critic and artist, was the peculiar praise of Painting as an art from that which may be called "poetical" in it. In what he conceived this latter to consist, may be seen in his opinion of the Roman and Bolognese masters. Giulio Romano, according to him,† possessed "the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps in a higher degree than any other painter whatever." Now, Giulio's manner is thus described by Du Fresnoy,‡ in whose sentiments Reynolds has expressed his concurrence:—"He was a great imitator of the ancients, giving a clear testimony in all his productions, that he was desirous to restore to practice the very forms and fabrics which were ancient;" yet "his manner was drier and harder than any of Raffaele's school; he did not exactly understand either light or shadow, or colouring; he is frequently harsh and ungraceful." Again, in comparing Raffaele with Michael Angelo, Reynolds says,§ "The latter has more of the poetical inspiration . . . his people are a superior order of beings . . . Raffaele's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings." Yet, to his works, the Cartoons especially, we are elsewhere|| referred for choice examples, "how much the great style exacts from its professors to conceive and represent their subjects in a poetical manner." Again (and this bears on another comparison above-mentioned, that of sculpture with painting:) "What artist,"¶ we are asked, "ever looked at the Torso without feeling a warmth of enthusiasm, as from the highest efforts of poetry?" Let such incidental notices as these be compared with the more definite account which the same writer gives in another place** of the poetical art:—"Its object, in common with painting, is to accommodate itself to all the natural propensities and inclinations of the mind. The very existence of poetry depends on the licence it assumes of deviating from actual nature, in order to gratify natural propensities by other means, which are found by experience full as capable of affording such gratification." What is this but saying that the "poetry" of art lies

* Works, edit. 1824, vol. ii. pp. 296—298.

† Vol. iii. p. 152.

‡ Ibid. 176.

§ Vol. i. p. 101.

|| Ibid. p. 67.

¶ Vol. ii. p. 15.

** Page 93.

in its tendency to relieve certain longings of our nature after perfection in this or that kind? that the several schools, and models in each school, are more poetical one than another, as their several objects are more engrossing, more completely such as to fill the whole mind, and less attainable in any direct way? Thus the Roman school excels the Venetian and Flemish, because the beauty of design and form is higher and rarer, and, when truly felt, more enamouring to the imagination, than the beauty of colour and mere composition: Michael Angelo was more of a poet even than Raffaelle, because,* “knowing that his hand could execute whatever his fancy could suggest,” he permitted himself to be quite carried away by the grandeur of his conceptions, while Raffaelle was continually chastening his by a kind of Virgilian purity, judgment, and correctness: Rubens, on the contrary, who was equally great in many departments, whose enthusiasm was that of his art, not of his subject, is pronounced to have been wholly deficient in poetical conception: and, to conclude, if Sculpture be sometimes accounted nearer akin to Poetry than Painting is, Sir J. Reynolds may seem to have explained this, where he says† that sculpture, from the nature of its material, can have relation to but one kind of painting, and *that* the highest and most poetical. From its very want of colouring, and the general scantiness of its means, it gives one, more than painting does, the notion of a full mind, struggling to express, with inadequate materials, some idea with which it labours.

A difficulty suggests itself on this head, of which it may be as well to take notice. Reynolds, evidently following Bacon,‡ supposes that there is some one high class of objects, the highest and most ideal of all, to the development of which poetry, properly so called, is confined; whereas our theory would extend it to all subjects, which can any how take entire hold of the imagination, and cause it to seek relief by indirect expression. The answer has already been hinted at, but may as well be stated here a little more formally. If poetry be what we have supposed, though its field will of course be as extensive as the tastes and passions of mankind, yet the need of it and its peculiar power will be more evident as it is employed on loftier objects, and such as lie further beyond our direct attainment; whose attractive force also is more complete, so that having once entered in they quickly possess the whole mind, and form henceforth its point of sight, causing it to view all things in relation to themselves. Thus antique subjects, *ceteris paribus*, are more poetical than

* Reynolds, vol. ii. p. 149.

† Ibid. p. 12.

‡ Works, vol. i. p. 90, edit. 1803; Adv. of Learning, b. ii.

modern, as being more out of reach: Achilles more so than Æneas, were it only from his mysterious and supernatural air, which renders it so much harder for his admirers to realize him. Thus also the old Platonic notion of ideas, elevating all things, both in history and in nature, into a sort of tokens of a higher world out of sight, bears a close analogy to high poetry. No wonder then if great and eloquent men, confining their view to such instances, have formed too exclusive a notion of the art itself. It may still be true that much inferior subjects may prove sources of poetry to this or that individual, in such measure as they fill his whole mind, and set his imagination at work in default of realities.

So much for the present, and surely on no mean authority, for the meaning of the term Poetry, when it is applied by analogy to the other arts.

The principle on which it is also applied to differences in national character, to sects of philosophy, sometimes even to theological systems, is perhaps yet more obvious. The Spaniards, we said, taken as a nation, would probably be called more poetical than the French. Why, but because they are more constant and more imaginative; apter to dwell upon things distant, obsolete, unattainable, and to supply the absence of their favourite objects as they may, by associations however indirect and inadequate. Again, the moral view of Plato and Pythagoras, and in no small degree of Aristotle and Zeno, was poetical, as lifting men out of "the ignorant present," and causing them to shape even trivial actions by reference to an archetype beyond the reach of man. The legends of Woden and Thor were more poetical than that of Osiris or of Brahma, because the latter, whatever play of fancy or depth of meaning one may discern in them, have no common moral, no sentiment, to the expression of which they all converge, as the Scandinavian stories do to that of military heroism. Gothic architecture (to give an instance half in art and half in religion) is more poetical than Grecian, because more mysterious, and related to a higher and more enthusiastic sentiment; the one to the love of perfect Form, the other to true Christian devotion. Finally, of the old Catholic views (if one may without profaneness introduce such a subject to close a group of miscellaneous earthly examples)—of the views of the Fathers it may be said, that they were more poetical than any others in the Church, filling the soul, even to overflowing, with the highest and greatest Objects, and, by the doctrine of sacramental signs, assisting her to find and use, every where and always, means effectual, though indirect, for realizing to herself those Objects, and bringing them near.

As far as these instances go, it would seem that the analogical applications of the word poetry coincide well enough with Aristotle's notion of it, as consisting chiefly in Imitation or Expression, provided we understand that term with the two following qualifications:—1. That the thing to be imitated or expressed is some object of desire or regret, or some other imaginative feeling, the direct indulgence whereof is impeded:—2. That the mode of imitation or expression is *indirect*, the instruments of it being, for the most part, associations more or less accidental.

It would seem also that most of the leading phenomena of poetry may be solved by this account of its nature. To take first that which is most obvious, its connection with metre and music. Setting aside all mysterious natural aptitude, such as universal experience appears to attest, in certain combinations and orders of sounds, as compared with certain passions and moods of mind in ourselves; the very task of metrical arrangement will fall in with the poetical instinct, such as has been above described, in two respects. On the one hand, it shapes out a sort of channel for wild and tumultuous feelings to vent themselves by; feelings whose very excess and violence would seem to make the utterance of them almost impossible, for the very throng of thoughts and words, crowding all at once to demand expression. In such cases, the conventional rules of metre and rhythm may evidently have the effect of determining, in some one direction, the overflow of sentiment and expression, wherewith the mind might otherwise be fairly oppressed. On the other hand, the like rules may be no less useful, in throwing a kind of veil over those strong or deep emotions, which need relief, but cannot endure publicity. The very circumstance of their being expressed in verse draws off attention from the violence of the feelings themselves, and enables people to say things which they could not venture on in prose, much in the same way as the musical accompaniment gives meaning to the gestures of the dance, and hinders them from appearing to the bystanders merely fantastic. This effect of metre seems quite obvious as far as regards the sympathies of others. Emotions which in their unrestrained expression would appear too keen and outrageous to kindle fellow feeling in any one, are mitigated, and become comparatively tolerable, not to say interesting to us, when we find them so far under controul, as to leave those who feel them at liberty to pay attention to measure and rhyme, and the other expedients of metrical composition.

But over and above the effect on others, we apprehend that even in a writer's own mind there commonly exists a sort of instinctive delicacy, which finds its account in the work of arrang-

ing lines and syllables, and is content to utter, by their aid, what it would have shrunk from setting down in the language of conversation: the metrical form thus furnishing, at the same time, a vent for eager feeling, and a veil of reserve to draw over them. All this, if it may be said without irreverence, would seem to be exemplified in perfection in the Psalms, and in those other portions of the inspired writings which take the form of impassioned poetry. From their perfect parallelism, they are the most artificial of all compositions, yet none ever so apt to relieve the deepest and most overflowing minds; exhibiting, therefore, by their very form, as compared with their matter, the perfection of that self-controul which must itself be the perfection of a mixed creature such as man: "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," exactly obeying a certain high law, and shaped by it into perfect order.

This notion of the uses of metre, as subsidiary to the end we attribute to poetry, may seem to be confirmed by reference to those compositions, to which the term poetry is applied without any sort of metre. Something will always be discoverable in them, which answers the purpose just now assigned to numbers; of regulating, and thereby mitigating, the expression of feeling, and so reconciling to it both the writer and the reader. Thus, in the prose romances of Sir Walter Scott, and in all others which would be justly considered poetical, it will be found, we believe, that the story is in fact interposed, as a kind of transparent veil, between the listener and the narrator's real drift and feelings. The history of Waverley, or Henry Morton, or Ivanhoe, is but a pretext for the author's employing himself on those scenes, and characters, and sentiments, which would best satisfy the cravings of his own ruling fancy. The rules of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, answer perhaps the same purpose, whenever we find in any of their provinces respectively what would be commonly denominated poetical composition. Men's attending to proportions, perspective, harmony, throughout the indulgence of emotions ever so vehement, is like articulation in the sounds they utter; it distinguishes our grief or joy from the mere sensations of infants or of irrational animals.

Thus poetry, in its metrical form as well as in its substance, would seem to be deducible from two great instinctive necessities of our common nature—the same to which it was long ago referred by Aristotle: the need of some vent for absorbing or exciting thoughts, which he calls imitation or expression: and the need of so controuling that expression, as that the presence of reason, subduing and ordering it, shall be felt, and make itself

discernible throughout; which in this case becomes what he calls the instinct of harmony and of rhythm.

Another phenomenon connected with poetry, which would seem to accord well with the foregoing account of its origin, is the sort of character, which in common life is usually regarded as poetical—the combination of shyness with eagerness, of reserve with enthusiasm: the state of mind which makes people unable to remain quiet, yet causes them to shrink, almost with loathing, from any thing like an unreserved exposure of their feelings. In sketching the poetical temperament, the traits generally adopted, we imagine, would be such as in Beattie's *Minstrel*:

“ Responsive to the tuneful pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth was join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling down the wind :”—

or as the following, related by Burns of himself. “ There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it *pleasure*—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of the wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion.” It is obvious that all such anecdotes tend to exemplify more or less exactly, what has just now been said, of Expression, *controuled and modified by a certain reserve*, being the very soul of Poetry.

On the same principle may be explained the fact, that love of natural objects, and of whatever makes scenery, especially of the wilder and more romantic, rather than of the cultivated and beautiful kind, is an acknowledged element in the poetical character. Lovers of scenery may perhaps be found, who would nowhere be accounted poetical: but you would hardly find a poetical temperament, not keenly alive to the forms and sounds of nature, so far as circumstances place them within its reach. This seems to be best explained in the supposition, that there is a certain intended harmony, between those forms or sounds on the one hand, and our tempers, settled or varying, our shades and combinations of thought and feeling, on the other hand. So that minds full or excited, being placed where there is store of such objects, are instinctively drawn to select and combine those among them, which respond most truly to their own mood at the time. And this taste, whether going on silently and instinctively within the mind itself, as the person looks around him, or recorded by the pen or pencil, or in any other way, supplies just the kind of indirect vent or re-

lief, which we have proposed as the essential characteristic of poetry, and the constant object of aspiration to poetical minds.

Here, no doubt, is one *final* cause of poetry; to innumerable persons it acts as a safety valve, tending to preserve them from mental disease. At the same time a circumstance is explained, which is frequently felt as a disparagement of the poetical character; that it is in some sort allied to extravagance and distraction of mind. Plato,* as is well known, takes this for an inseparable adjunct, if not for the leading idea, of poetry, that it lies in a sort of unaccountable enthusiasm, inspired, but to men appearing like insanity. Aristotle assigns as the natural qualification of a poet, that he should be εὐφρὺς ἢ μανικός: i. e. that he should either be possessed with some overpowering thought or emotion, requiring such relief as we have described, in order to prevent it from terminating in actual madness; or else that he should have the power of transforming himself into the likeness of one so possessed and so relieving himself:—a distinction of which more will be said presently. And Shakespeare, in lines too well known to be here quoted, reckons “the lunatic, the lover, and the poet,” but as three specimens of the same general head. Testimonies these, which all appear more or less favourable to the doctrine, that poetry is the proper relief of minds, overpowered as it were with some engrossing idea.

The distinction from Aristotle, noticed a little above, will remove one of the most plausible objections to our theory. If we are asked, are there not multitudes of poets, confessedly of a high order of excellence, in whose works it will be impossible to assign any one such central thought or instinct, attracting to itself the writer's whole mind; we cannot deny it. We have, for example, Dryden. It were a strange definition of poetry which should exclude him; yet who shall say what was the prevailing object which forced him into poetical expression? seeing that he seems to have written equally *con amore* on opposite sides of the same question: his thoughts breathe and his words burn as keenly for Cromwell as for Charles. We should say then of Dryden, that he had in perfection the εὐφροσύνη, the versatility and power of transforming himself into the resemblance of real sentiment, which the great philosopher has set down as one natural qualification for poetry, but that he wanted the other and more genuine spring of the art—τὸ μανικόν—the enthusiasm, the passionate devotion to some one class of objects or train of thought. He could see and imitate such enthusiasm in others, and help them to express it, and often kindle it in his readers; but not feeling it in himself, he could not

* Ion. c. 5, p. 534; Phædr. p. 243.

write as if he felt it. If we may be allowed to denote the distinction here intended by the words *primary* and *secondary*, we would say, place Dryden, if you will, at the very head of the list of *secondary* poets; but there is a want of reality about his manner which must hinder his admission into the other class. Had his circumstances in life been other than they were, he might still have written verse to amuse himself, or exercise his talent, but we find in him no indication of an overflowing mind, needing relief, which would have compelled him to write in any case. Had there been no poets before, he would not have invented poetry; whereas no one, we think, can read with understanding Homer or Lucretius, Virgil or Shakespeare, without just the contrary impression.

It will be perceived that the words, *Primary* and *Secondary*, are not here used as measuring the ability of the writer, but the kind and character of the composition. It will often, perhaps oftener than not, happen, that there is greater skill in composition, and felicity of language, in those who adopt poetry as a mere mode or branch of literature, than in those who are urged into it for their own relief. Just as well instructed foreigners may speak a language with more exactness and propriety than the ruder natives, yet will there be always a certain indigenous tone, distinguishing, to a practised ear, those who cannot help speaking it, from those who have more or less perfectly brought themselves to do so. Should it, then, at any time happen that one speaks of famous writers, Euripides, for instance, or Milton, or Dryden, as belonging but to the secondary class in poetry, this is no depreciation at all of their abilities: it is merely saying, that they rather *made themselves* great in that line, than *were driven* to it by an *instinct* of nature. Whether, in consequence, one charm, and that the most appropriate charm of poetry, be wanting in those writers, or no, is a different question, only to be solved by the experience of unbiassed readers.

Another seeming difficulty is, how to account on the foregoing hypothesis for such a phenomenon as a "full-grown epic:" the construction of which might naturally seem too complicated and too calm an employment for minds overflowing in the manner above described. But this is an objection only at first sight. The mind has its ἡδῆ as well as its πάλῃ,—its permanent tastes, habits, inclinations, which, when directly checked, are as capable of relief by poetical expression as the more sudden and violent emotions. Only the *mode* of relief will vary: as lyric poems differ from narrative or descriptive. Suppose, e.g. that Homer wrote under the pressure of a romantic sort of regret for the heroic age of Greece, which he knew only by the faint traces of it among which he had been brought up; that Virgil sought an

outlet for his love of woods and rivers and all that is refined and melancholy in nature ; Lucretius, on the contrary, for the deep awe with which he contemplated the mysterious scenery of the universe ; that Æschylus, by his tragedies, lightened his oppressive sense of the misery of man, and the dark ways of Providence ; and that Shakespeare gave play to the real sympathy which he seems to have felt towards all natural and common affections in a degree hardly conceivable by ordinary men. In these several cases it would appear, that the elaborate narration, argument, or description may as truly relieve the state of mind to which we ascribe it, as any sudden burst of high or plaintive feeling would be relieved by lyrical or elegiac composition.

In a survey of this kind, however, one thing must be taken into account, not so obvious at first sight ; viz. that instinctive or primary poetry does not always succeed in finding out, among existing moulds or forms, the most appropriate whereby to express itself. The mind is often turned, by accident, or caprice, or some external influence, into a channel more or less inconvenient for its movements. Virgil's cast of thought, it is evident, was altogether rural and melancholy, flowing out naturally in such a poem as the *Georgics*. When the command of Augustus, or some other motive, determined him to write an *Æneid*,* it is curious to see this instinct working its way through all the incumbrance of the epic story ; availing itself of every gleam and breath for the admission of country sights and sounds, and the comments of a shy and pensive yet playful mind. As far as the epic goes, he is a secondary poet, working evidently by rule, and against the grain ; but the development which is continually going on of his true self, in descriptive or moralizing sketches, gives to the *Æneid* also the freshness and charm, which Virgil never surely could have imparted to it, in its professed character of a warlike Homeric tale. The epic, therefore, or any other form, may act, as was said, like a safety-valve to a full mind, either directly, as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, or indirectly and incidentally, as in the *Æneid*.

By keeping in mind the distinctions above explained, first between *primary* and *secondary* poets, next between the poetical expression of *settled tastes* and of *present feelings*, we may, it is apprehended, go a good way in classifying the treasures of the art. But it is evident that no complete arrangement can be made of them ; since if our notion of poetry in general be correct, the subjects of it must needs be as various as the tastes and passions which require relief in mankind, and the modes as numerous as the associations of different individuals. In fact, every person

* See Froude's *Remains*, vol. ii. p. 318.

whatever who has either decided tastes or strong emotions will have a poetry of his own; i. e. he will hit upon his own ways of indirectly expressing or relieving such his inclinations, when their direct indulgence is checked. And this expression being put into metrical words, constitutes, as we have endeavoured to show, what the world has agreed to call poetry, and as such to sympathize with it.

Hence the peculiar delight which some men feel in some poetry will be found, if analyzed, mainly to depend on the sympathy they feel for the character of the author, indirectly made known to them through his verses. It is *that*, much more than the subject, or the skill of treating it, which really takes possession of the reader's mind, and makes him uneasy if he has not the volume in hand.

At the same time, we are far from asserting that such a fondness, existing in any person, or in any number of persons, for a particular poem, is a certain indication of the author's being of that class, which we have ventured to denominate *Primary*. It may be, their liking for him arises not from any particular truth of expression in him, but from some accidental association of their own. In feeling a pulse, it may sometimes happen that the pulsation which seems to us another's is in our own veins. So in the case we are now imagining, the poetry is in the reader not in the writer, but the writer gets the credit of it.

Many other observations might be made on the tests of primary, as distinguished from secondary poetry, which is indeed one of the most curious and interesting portions of the whole theory; bearing (among other things) no small analogy to the difference between what is genuine, what more or less affected, in manners and conduct. But we will not dwell longer on mere preliminaries. If we have at all succeeded in explaining to the reader what our notion of real poetry is, he cannot but perceive how much to our purpose, either in the way of confirmation or correction, must be the appearance of such a *Life* as this; affording us abundantly the means of ascertaining, whether the character of this one great Poet at least were really such as we should have gathered from a general view of his writings—his tastes and inclinations, those which we may conceive instinctively shaping to themselves such a vent or channel, as those writings exhibit. The biography may serve as an actual experiment, to verify or disprove the conclusions, which the theory as applied to the poems would give. We will explain our meaning. If poetry be, as above supposed, the expression of decided taste or strong emotion, checked in its direct indulgence; and if the poetry of Sir Walter Scott was of the primary or instinctive class; we should expect to find with tolerable certainty,

in so large a mass of materials, the one prevailing character or element, the centre of attraction, round which the whole had gathered; and again, on his life becoming known to us in minute detail, such as these volumes disclose it in, we should not only look for perpetual indications of the same ruling taste or passion, but also for such occasional admixture of checks and interruptions, and reasons for reserve, as would be most apt, on our hypothesis, to urge him into some kind of poetry. These are the requirements of our theory; now what are the facts? On the one side, the poetry of Sir W. Scott,—including as above, under that term, the whole series of the *Waverley Novels*, although not written in verse,—is possessed and animated throughout by the spirit, not simply of chivalrous honour, but of that particular form of chivalry which had reigned among his own ancestors, the clans of the Scottish border. It is the nucleus round which his successive creations accumulated. We may in a manner account for them all, on the supposition, that the author had indulged himself, early and long, in a kind of imaginative regret for the departure of those heroic days from his own native soil and home. It might however have been imagined that all this, instead of expressing real feeling, was merely the excursiveness of a full and strong mind, over the ground which chanced to be most familiar to it. But this idea vanishes at once, when we come on the other side to be acquainted with the author's life. We there find, that what a superficial view might have represented as the mere play of his literary fancy, was in fact so serious a principle in him, that one, who was well entitled to judge, considers it as furnishing the clue no less to the turning points of his character and course of life, than to the cast and tenor of his writings.

“The whole system of conceptions and aspirations, of which his early active life was the exponent, resolves itself into a romantic idealization of Scottish aristocracy. He desired to secure for his descendants (for himself he had very soon acquired something infinitely more flattering to self-love and vanity) a decent and honourable middle station, in a scheme of life so constituted originally, and which his fancy pictured as capable of being so revived, as to admit of the kindest personal contact between (almost) the peasant at the plough, and the magnate with revenues rivalling the monarch's. It was the patriarchal,—the clan system, that he thought of; one that never prevailed even in Scotland (within the historical period that is to say) except in the Highlands, and in his own dear Border land. This system knew nothing of commerce; as little certainly of literature, beyond the raid-ballad of the wandering harper,

‘High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest.’

His filial imagination shrunk from marring the antique, if barbarous, simplicity. I suspect that at the highest elevation of his literary renown, when princes bowed to his name, and nations thrilled at it, he would have

considered losing all that at a change of the wind as nothing, compared to parting with his place as the Cadet of Harden and Clansman of Buccleugh, who had, no matter by what means, reached such a position, that when a notion arose of embodying a 'Buccleugh Legion,' not a Scott in the Forest would have thought it otherwise than natural for Abbotsford to be one of the field officers."—vol. vii. 405.

This testimony, coinciding so nearly with what our theory leads us to expect, would seem to confirm that theory as strongly as a single instance can do. But it may be well to explain a little more particularly, first, what is meant by the assertion that Scott's central idea was the chivalry of the Borders especially, and next, how critically many circumstances in his life were adapted to furnish at once the check and the spur, the combination whereof seems to constitute the proper and immediate cause of poetical expression.

Now there are two remarks commonly in people's mouths when they are comparing Scott's writings one with another, and both of them acknowledged just by Mr. Lockhart, which lead immediately to the notion we are now enforcing: the one, that his *first* works in each kind, the Lay of the last Minstrel and Waverley, have a charm about them more vivid than any of the rest; the other, that free and energetic as Scott always appears, it is upon *Scottish* ground exclusively that his genius seems to be properly at home. *Border* Romance, and *Highland* Romance, are felt to be the two subjects most congenial to him: the subjects wherewith all that is most characteristic and engaging in his later writings is found associated. Perhaps on further consideration it will be perceived that these two subjects do in fact coincide; that as other scenes and histories, treated by him, captivate more or less as they have more or less analogy with these, so the second of these, the Highland subject, engaged him, and of course his readers, most effectually by its close resemblance in many parts, almost amounting to identity, with the first. For illustration's sake, we will suppose his narratives, in prose and in verse, arranged in three classes: the Lay of the Last Minstrel standing at their head as a kind of archetype or standard form, to which the rest, how diversified soever, may in effect be referred. There will be Border stories, such as the Lay itself, Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, the Monastery, &c.: Highland stories: e. g. the Lady of the Lake, Waverley, Rob Roy: and stories more or less remote from either, whether within the limits of Scotland, as Marmion, the Antiquary, the Heart of Mid Lothian, the Pirate; or altogether foreign, as Ivanhoe, Quintin Durward, Kenilworth, the Tales of the Crusaders.

Now what was there in the supposed archetype, the Border

Chivalry such as it is represented in the Lay, to distinguish it, in Scott's eyes especially, from other forms of baronial and feudal life? There was the spirit of clanship—the tie of blood added to that of feudal allegiance: there was the union of local and family quarrels with national warfare after the manner of borderers; and the combination of high heroic feeling with the recklessness of marauding adventure: there was perpetual connection, more than enough to dignify the subject, with the greatest names and events in Scottish history; and above all, there was the continually recurring sense, “These are my own native scenes, these are the men whose blood is running in my veins.” He had known the ground from his childish years, and felt as if he had known the men too: he felt that he had a right and interest in them such as few besides him could have; and so he went warbling on, with constant attachment and unexhausted powers, only with infinite variations high and low, the strains which had been the delight of his very boyhood. The well-known origin of the Lay very happily illustrates this. It was not undertaken with a view to publicity, or with any thought of poetical excellence, but simply as one among other sallies by which he was accustomed to transfer himself in fancy into the old Border times. Of success as an original author he seems previously to have had little or no thought; and it is most remarkable that he should have gone on so long in literary pursuits, before either he or the world made the discovery of his having any particular talent of the kind.

“The story of Gilpin Horner was told by an old gentleman to Lady Dalkeith, and she, much diverted with his actually believing so grotesque a tale, insisted that I should make it into a Border ballad. I don't know if ever you saw my lovely chieftainess; if you have, you must be aware that it is *impossible* for any one to refuse her request, as she has more of the angel in face and temper than any one alive: so that if she had asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick I must have attempted it. I began a few verses, to be called the Goblin Page: and they lay long by me, till the applause of some friends whose judgment I asked induced me to resume the poem; so on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length the story appeared so uncouth, that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel; lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old.” “It has great faults,” he had said just before, “of which no one can be more sensible than I am myself. Above all, it is deficient in that continuity which a story ought to have, and which, were it to write again, I would endeavour to give it. But I began and wandered forward, like one in a pleasant country, getting to the top of one hill to see a prospect, and to the bottom of another to enjoy a shade;

and what wonder if my course has been devious and desultory?"—vol. ii. pp. 27, 28.

Mr. Lockhart's remarks are well worth adding.

"It is curious to trace the small beginnings and gradual development of his design. The lovely Countess of Dalkeith hears a wild rude legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asks him to make it the subject of a ballad. He had been already labouring in the elucidation of the 'quaint Inglis' ascribed to an ancient seer and bard of the same district, and perhaps completed his own sequel, intending the whole to be included in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*. He assents to Lady Dalkeith's request, and casts about for some new variety of diction and rhyme, which might be adopted without impropriety in a closing strain of the same collection. Sir John Stoddart's casual recitation, a year before, of Coleridge's unpublished *Christabel*, had fixed the music of that able fragment in his memory; and it occurs to him, that by throwing the story of Gilpin Horner into somewhat of a similar cadence, he might produce such an echo of the later metrical romance, as would serve to connect his *conclusion* of the primitive Sir Tristrem with his imitations of the common popular ballad in the *Grey Brother* and *Eve of St. John*. A single scene of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by some pranks of a non-descript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated; but his accidental confinement (through a kick from a horse) in the midst of the volunteer camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle:—and suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline, so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult and all earnest passions, with which his researches on the '*Minstrelsy*' had by degrees fed his imagination, until even the minutest feature had been taken home and realized with unconscious intenseness of sympathy; so that he had won for himself, *in the past*, another world, hardly less complete or familiar than the present. Erskine or Cranstoun suggests that he would do well to divide the poem into cantos, and prefix to each a motto explanatory of the action, after the fashion of Spenser in the *Fairy Queen*. He pauses for a moment; and the happiest conception of the frame-work of a picturesque narrative that ever occurred to any poet—one that Homer might have envied—the creation of the ancient harper starts to life. By such steps did the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* grow out of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*."—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 23.

There is somewhat pleasing, may we not say affecting, in the thought, that one whom he valued and respected so much as he did the late Duchess of Buccleugh should have been the person whose casual request led to the composition of his first great poem, and so hit out the spark which has now become such an orb of poetical fame: that she who in classical language would have been called his *muse* was one of whom he could speak as follows: writing to Mr. Morritt on his return from a tour in the Hebrides.

"I would have you to know I only returned on the 10th current, and the most agreeable thing that I found was your letter. I am sure you must know I had need of something pleasant, for the death of the beautiful, the kind, the affectionate and generous Duchess of Buccleugh gave me a shock, which would not have been exceeded, unless by my own family's sustaining a similar deprivation. She was indeed a light set upon a hill, and had all the grace which the most accomplished manners and the most affable address could give to those virtues, by which she was raised still higher than by rank. As she always distinguished me by her regard and confidence, and as I had many opportunities of seeing her in the active discharge of duties, in which she rather resembled a descended angel than an earthly being, you will excuse my saying so much about my own feelings on an occasion where sorrow has been universal.

"The survivor," (we cannot refrain from adding the rest of the passage, although not immediately connected with this part of our argument, both on account of its own beauty as an expression of considerate friendship and manly grief, and the light which it throws on an important subject, to be hereafter more particularly mentioned:) "the survivor has displayed a strength and firmness of mind seldom equalled, where the affection has been so strong and mutual, and amidst the very high station and commanding fortune, which so often render self-control more difficult, because so far from being habitual. I trust for his own sake, as well as for that of thousands to whom his life is directly essential, and hundreds of thousands to whom his example is important, that God, as He has given him fortitude to bear this inexpressible shock, will add strength of constitution to support him in the struggle. He has written to me on the occasion in a style becoming a man and a Christian submissive to the will of God, and willing to avail himself of the consolations which remain among his family and friends. I am going to see him, and how we shall meet, God knows: but though 'an iron man of iron mould' upon many of the occasions of life in which I see people most affected, and a peculiar contemner of the common-place sorrow which I see paid to the departed, this is a case in which my stoicism will not serve me. They both gave me reason to think they loved me, and I returned their regard with the most sincere attachment; the distinction of rank being, I think, set apart on both sides. But God's will be done. I will dwell no longer upon this subject."—vol. iii. p. 290—2.

To return to our argument, and resume the classification we were attempting to institute of his works: the Lay, as it was undertaken, so to speak, from instinct, so it seems to have combined beyond all other subjects the points towards which his instinct bore him; and not least, perhaps in the time in which the narrative is cast. For it is observable that Scott loved throughout to dwell rather on the decaying age of chivalry than on its high and palmy state. The 16th and 17th centuries suit him better on the whole than the period of the Crusades, or of the wars of York and Lancaster: chiefly, as we believe, because the former era

seemed to lie more within reach, and more easily blended itself with the recollections of his boyhood. According to the strong common sense and love of truth which were prevailing ingredients in his character as a man, mere fancy never satisfied him as a poet. He always wanted to realize things; to feel that he had under him a true substantial spot of earth; and living, as he did, in a kind of imaginative regret for the decay of chivalry and clan-ship, the age of Elizabeth, when such splendours were in great measure matter of history, had something in it more engaging to him than the earlier generations of knights and enchanters of whom he read in his favourite romances. Thus even in the date assigned to it, the story of the Lay was most attractive.

And though both this, and the intimate association of the narrative with the fortunes of the house of Buccleugh were wanting in the subsequent Border romances, they possess to the full the other great charm of the Lay,—the perpetual feeling that the author is hovering over things and places dear to him almost from his childhood. The attachment to such early recollections, and the shadowy magic by which nature delights to recall them, is the leading feature in the *Bertram* of Guy Mannering. Nothing of the kind surely was ever so exquisite as his landing by his father's ruined castle, and wondering at his own dreary consciousness of having been once familiar with the scene, followed by the incident of the ballad tune taken up by the girl who was washing just by. We will transcribe part of the passage, though doubtless well known to all our readers.

“ ‘Why is it,’ he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted—‘why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahmin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respects correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject is entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gateway, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, is not entirely strange to me; can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood had still a tender though faint remembrance?’ Presently afterwards, ‘It is odd enough,’ said *Bertram*, fixing his eye upon the arms and gateway, and partly as it were thinking aloud, ‘it is odd the tricks

which our memory plays us ; the remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, recur to my recollection upon hearing that motto.' And again : arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection,—' Yes,' he said, ' I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English ; and when I could get into a corner by myself I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end. I have forgot it all now ; but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory.'

" He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, at a fine spring about half way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song.—

' Are these the links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-head,
That I sae fain would see ?'

" ' By heaven,' said Bertram, ' it is the very ballad. I must learn these words from the girl.' "

All this seems to us to acquire the greatest additional interest, when we come to know the particulars of Sir Walter's life, and that *Guy Mannering* is the tale in which, perhaps more distinctly than in any other, he has embodied his own personal remembrances, both in the transactions with the advocate, Pleydell, and in the scenery of Liddesdale ; while the hints which occasionally recur, that all takes place within the sphere of " the Deuk, God bless him," Dinmont's landlord, help us to see how the author was ever looking wistfully towards his own clan and home—what a family pride and pleasure he felt in tracing among the modern Border farmers the hospitality and frankness and independence of the old Border warriors, with something occasionally of their pugnacity.

It was almost a matter of course that such a mind, so trained, having found accidentally its power over other men's sympathies, and beginning to look abroad for subjects beyond the Border, should at once light upon the Highlands ; a region which had the great advantage of exhibiting its peculiar form of the chivalric and feudal life in fragments far more perfect than any thing to be found in the Lowlands ; a region, too, with which Scott had very early become acquainted, and where no doubt he had been accustomed instinctively to verify or correct the impressions which his reading had given him of the bearing of human nature under such a system. The Highland and the Border life were alike characterised by clanship and the other great marks of a feudal state—by a regular course of foray and reprisal, checked mainly by a common hatred of a neighbouring race, and mingling con-

tinually with the great stream of Scottish history. The differences in scenery, sentiment, and modes of warfare, were just such as he knew how to make available for bringing out both pictures with full effect. Yet it must be allowed on the whole that the Lowland feeling not undecidedly prevails. One always perceives that the narrator himself would rather fight on horse-back than on foot. None of his Highland martial ballads are so completely *con amore* as that (e. g.) in the *Antiquary* :—

- “ They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse’s head,
And a good knight upon his back.
- “ They had na ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae,
Wi’ twenty thousand men.
- “ Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear :
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.
- “ The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see :—
‘ Now here a knight that’s stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.
- “ ‘ What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my rein,
Were ye Glenallan’s Earl this day,
And I were Roland Cheyne ?
- “ ‘ To turn the rein were shame and sin,
To fight were wondrous peril :—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan’s Earl ?’
- “ ‘ Were I Glenallan’s Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
My spur should be in my horse’s side,
And my bridle on his mane.
- “ ‘ If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.
- “ ‘ My horse shall ride through ranks so rude,
As through the moorland fern ;
Then ne’er let the gentle Norman blood
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.’ ”

His “ *Bonnie Dundee* ” will occur to every one as being pitched in the same key :—

“ The Gordon has ask’d of him whither he goes—
 ‘ Wheresoever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose :
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.’

* * * * *

He wav’d his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums beat, and the horsemen mov’d on,
 Till on Ravelston crag and on Clermiston lee
 Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.”

Again, noble as are the views of Highland scenery, his touch in describing them appears to us that of a visiter rather than of a native. In the progress, for example, from Glasgow to Rob Roy’s country, and in the wanderings of Fitz-James in the Lady of the Lake, every thing is regularly described. He does not assume, in the exquisite manner which lends such a charm to the Lay, that the reader knows all the ground, and only wants one bold line or two to call up the complete picture. Still, the Highland subject, with a few exceptions which will presently be accounted for, would seem to stand second in order of interest ; owing, as we conjecture, to its most nearly resembling his first and darling field of thought.

Among the other tales, a distinction has been made (as already remarked), and on the whole perhaps a just distinction, in favour of those whose scene is laid in Scotland. And of these, three more especially seem to bear the stamp of their author’s genius : the Antiquary, the Heart of Mid-Lothian, and the Pirate. But the tragic part of the Antiquary, the fortunes of the House of Glenallan, turns altogether upon points of feudal feeling ; and the lighter part, the character of the Antiquary himself, is now known to be grounded almost entirely on Scott’s reminiscence of his early life ; and on his real sympathy for a kind of lore, which, if not nearly akin to the romantic, has ever proved to it at least a most useful handmaid. Viewed in this light, the antiquarian parts of his correspondence acquire an interest for the general reader which could not well otherwise belong to them. For “ Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had,” in his *den* at his father’s house, before his professional life had begun, “ more books than shelves ; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, &c. A claymore and Lochaber axe, given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie ; and Broughton’s saucer was hooked up against the wall below it.”—vol. i. p. 178. At the time, no doubt, this seemed to his acquaintance a mere fancy ; but we perceive now that it was a poetical instinct ; he was seeking to realize by visible tokens and memorials, the scenes

and events which he delighted to imagine. "He was *making himsell* a' the time," said one of his old companions: "but he didna ken may be what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun."—vol. i. p. 195. The two ingredients then which have been before mentioned, the love of Scottish chivalry, and the delight he had in living over again his early days, will account for whatever is most striking in this romance also, undoubtedly one of the most generally captivating of the series.

As to the story of *Jeanie Deans*, remote as it is from any thing that can be called chivalrous, that defect is more than made up by excess in the other sort of interest. He has told it like something that had happened at his own door, availing himself of his thorough knowledge, both of all the localities of Edinburgh, and of the manners and opinions of the stricter class of Presbyterians, among whom, from his parents' bias, he had received much of his early training.

The *Pirate* remains; the likeliest an exception to our theory of all Sir Walter's compositions; for it is neither a knightly tale, nor do his own Border recollections predominate in it; yet most readers, we suppose, will agree in ranking it with those which have been mentioned, as truly and freely flowing from his peculiar vein. The *Life* explains this, by producing his journal of a voyage, in which he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the scenery and manners of Zetland. In the cast of legendary superstition current among that people he was long before versed; and his intimacy with the family of Clark, of Eldin, had taught him early not a little, for a landsman, of nautical society, and of life on shipboard. Then the characters of Minna and Breda, if report speak true, are sketched from the life; and the whale-fishing, the cliffs and craigs-men, even the wrecking of the Zetlanders, were just the wild sports and forays of the Border, only on another element. On the whole, the *Pirate* may seem less remote from the former fields of his genius than it appears at first sight; and it possesses in an eminent degree the charm of sea scenery, winds, waters, clouds, and cliffs; and also that which Sir Walter himself regarded as being eminently his own talisman. Having noticed in his journal that he had given an engraving of himself to young Davidoff "for his uncle, the celebrated Black Captain of the campaign of 1812; it is," he adds, "curious, that he should be interested in getting the resemblance of a person whose mode of attaining some distinction has been very different. But I am sensible, that if there be any good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases

soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition. I have been no sigher in shades—no writer of

‘Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
Fram’d on fancies, and whistled on reeds.’—vol. vi. p. 321.

With regard to those narratives, the scene of which is laid either on the Continent or in England, on some of them Scott has set his peculiar mark, by making the heroes his own countrymen; as in *Nigel*, the *Talisman*, and *Quintin Durward*; in all which instances it will perhaps be found that there is a continual awakening of home associations and feelings. And what if we were to add *Woodstock* to this list? since the secret spell of that romance undoubtedly is the perpetual though silent reference to the martyred king, as if mysteriously present. In him, and after him in his family, Scott took peculiar interest, (as is illustrated by many new traits in these volumes,) not simply on principles of chivalrous honour and fidelity, but also because they were altogether Scottishmen, and their cause was bound up with that jealous feeling concerning their country’s independence, which he as a Borderer cherished throughout. Witness the delight he took in the success of his pamphlet on the banking system, under the name of *Malachi Malagrowther*. He really speaks of it in his journal with more satisfaction than is called forth by any of the great triumphs of his genius:—

“*Malachi prospers and excites much attention. The Banks have bespoke 500 copies. The country is taking the alarm; and I think the Ministers will not dare to press the measure. I should rejoice to see the old red lion ramp a little, and the thistle again claim its NEMO ME IMPUNE.* I do believe Scotsmen will show themselves unanimous, at least where their cash is concerned. They shall not want backing. I incline to cry with Biron in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, ‘More atés, more atés’—stir them on. I suppose all imaginative people feel more or less of excitation from a scene of insurrection or tumult, or of general expression of national feeling. When I was a lad, poor *Davie Douglas* used to accuse me of being *cupidus novarum rerum*, and to say that I loved the stimulus of a broil. It might be so then and even still. ‘Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.’”—vol. vi. p. 246.

The only great works of Scott, the chivalry of which has nothing in it to connect them particularly with Scotland, nothing at all of a Border or clannish character, are, we apprehend, *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth*; to which, perhaps, we should add *Anne of Geirestein*; though there is almost sufficient analogy between the Swiss and the Scots, through a long period of their history, to take the last-mentioned into the former class: and, magnificent as the other two are, we hope to be pardoned for asking, do they not

carry a more elaborate air than is usual with this author—the air of one writing from books, instead of expatiating *sub dio* among places and persons with which he was himself intimate? As we read them, we say to ourselves, This is not only high poetry, but also very learned history, chivalry painted in two of its most interesting aspects; for *Ivanhoe* displays it when it was most real, and filled the whole of public life; *Kenilworth*, when it lingered only in the shape of court pageantry, and a code of punctilious honour. But does the thought occur, that the painter is a real enthusiast, living in and for the remembrance of the times which he describes? We imagine not; and our solution of the fact would be, that in these instances the writer has wandered too far out of sight of Scotland and Scottish associations. He had a taste but not a passion for the subjects on which he was writing; whereas his local Border attachments were ingrained into the very substance of his character.

There are many affecting instances in his Italian tour of the manner in which he clung to those early feelings, even in the wreck of his health and decay of his mind. We find him, for example, surveying the antiquities of Malta with no small measure of curiosity and interest, treasuring up hints for future romances; and as he passed ruined forts and monasteries, or other feudal remains, in Southern Italy, we hear of his imagining stories to accord with the scene; but his bursts of real emotion and enthusiasm occur only with awakened reminiscences of Scotland.

“Near Nocera,” says Sir W. Gell, “I pointed out a tower situated on a high mountain, and guarding a pass by which a very steep and zigzag road leads towards Amalfi. I observed that it was possible, if the Saracens ever were really situated at Nocera dei Pagani, this tower might have been at the confines of the Amalfitan republic, and have been their frontier against the Mahometans. It was surprising how quickly he caught at any romantic circumstance, and I found, in a very short time, he had converted the Torre di Ciunse, or Chiunse, into a feudal residence, and already peopled it with a Christian host. He called it the Knights’ Castle, as long as it remained in sight, and soon after transferred its interest in the curious little towers used for pigeon shooting, which abound in the neighbourhood, though they were on the other side of the road.

“We visited on the following day the splendid Benedictine monastery of La Trinità della Cava, situated about three miles from the great road, and approached through a beautiful forest of chestnuts, spreading over most picturesque mountains. The day was fine, and Sir Walter really enjoyed the drive; and the scenery recalled to his mind something of the kind which he had seen in Scotland; on which he repeated the whole of the ballad of Jock of Hazledean with great emphasis, and in a clear voice. . . . On the whole, Sir Walter was more pleased with the

monastery of La Cava, than with any place to which I had the honour to accompany him in Italy: the site, the woods, the organ, the size of the convent, and above all, the Lombard kings [pictures of whom were in the library], produced a poetical feeling; and the fine weather so raised his spirits, that in the forest he again recited *Jock of Hazledean* by my desire, after a long repetition from his favourite poem of *Hardyknute*."—vol. vii. p. 354.

Again,

"There is a point in going toward the Arco Felice, whence, at a turn of the road, a very extensive and comprehensive view is obtained of the lake of Avernus. The temple of Apollo, the Lucrine lake, the Monte Nuovo, Baïæ, Misenum, and the sea, are all seen at once; and here I considered it my duty, in quality of Cicerone, to enforce the knowledge of the localities. He attended to the names I repeated; and when I asked whether he thought himself sure of remembering the spot, he replied, that he had it perfectly in his mind. I found, however, that something in the place had inspired him with other recollections of his own beloved country and the Stuarts; for, on proceeding, he immediately repeated, in a grave tone, and with great emphasis,

Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a milking, for Charlie and his men.

I could not help smiling at this strange commentary on my dissertation upon the lake of Avernus."—vol. vii. p. 356.

No sight in Rome seems to have captivated him so much as the villa which belonged to Cardinal York, and which still retains some pictures and other relics of the Stuarts.

But the most remarkable instance of his deep local affection is contained in the account of his return, almost in a state of insensibility, to the scenery of Tweedside.

"Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's hotel, in St. Andrew's Square [Edinburgh], in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. . . . At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 4th [July, 1832], we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was observed that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two: 'Gala water, surely;—Buckholm—Torwoodlee.' As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst upon him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose Bridge, and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicholson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a few miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his

stupor ; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said ‘Ha ! Willie Laidlaw ! O man, how often have I thought of you !’ By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair, they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, till sleep oppressed him.”—vol. vii. pp. 385, 386.

Would it not be true to say, that this passage is but the expression, in sad truth and real life, of the same deep local attachment, which gives tone to the following tender stanzas, occurring among the earliest which Scott ever published ? They describe, as will be remembered, the departure of Thomas the Rhymer, when finally summoned from his home by a fairy token.

“ The elfin harp, his neck around,
In minstrel guise he hung,
And on the wind, in doleful sound,
It’s dying accents rung.
Then forth he went—yet turn’d him oft
To view his ancient hall ;
On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall.
And Leader’s waves, like silver sheen,
Danc’d shimmering in the ray ;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra’s mountains lay.
‘ Farewell, my father’s ancient tower,
‘ A long farewell,’ said he :
‘ The scene of pleasure, pomp, and power,
‘ Thou never more shalt be.
‘ To Learmont’s name no foot of earth
‘ Shall e’er again belong ;
‘ And on thy hospitable hearth
‘ The hare shall leave her young.
‘ Adieu ! adieu !’ again he cried,
All as he turn’d him roun’,
‘ Farewell to Leader’s silver tide !
‘ Farewell to Ercildoune !’ ”

As a contrast to these touching sketches, yet not a little illustrative of them, we may take Sir Walter’s own account of the process by which he was first set on brooding over the Border legends.

“ The local information, which I conceive had some share in forming my future taste and pursuits, I derived from the old songs and tales which then” (when he was first old enough to remember any thing)

"formed the amusement of a retired country family"—his grandmother's family, to whom he was sent out of Edinburgh to be nursed in his lameness. "My grandmother, in whose youth the old Border depredations were matter of recent tradition, used to tell me many a tale of Wat of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merrymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. A more recent hero, but not of less note, was the celebrated *Diel of Little Dean*, whom she well remembered, as he had married her mother's sister. Of this extraordinary person I learned many a story, grave and gay, comic and warlike." "The ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, Dr. Duncan, the worthy clergyman of the parish, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty."—vol. i. p. 17—19.

Such hints as these may give an idea how the Border stories were associated in the poet's mind with the scenes and amusements of his childhood. But on this head, although for a quotation it be somewhat long, we must add the passage which gives Mr. Lockhart's impression of what may be called Scott's early poetical education; for indeed nothing could so strikingly confirm the view above taken of the whole subject.

"He says that his consciousness of existence dated from Sandy-Knowe; and how deep and indelible was the impression which its romantic localities had left on his imagination, I need not remind the readers of *Marmion* and the *Eve of St. John*. On the summit of the crags which overhang the farm-house stands the ruined tower of Smail-holme, the scene of that fine ballad; and the view from thence takes in a wide expanse of the district in which, as has been truly said, every field has its battle, and every rivulet its song—

'The lady look'd in mournful mood,
Look'd over bill and vale,
O'er Merton's wood, and Tweed's fair flood,
And all down Teviotdale.'

Mertoun, the principal seat of the Harden family, with its noble groves; nearly in front of it, across the Tweed, Lessudden, the comparatively small but still venerable and stately abode of the Laids of Raeburn; and the hoary Abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew trees as ancient as itself; seem to lie almost beneath the feet of the spectator. Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of Faerie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Erceldoun himself inhabited, the 'Broom of the Cowden-Knowes,' the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels towards the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward, Melrose, 'like some tall rock with lichens gray,' appears clasped amidst the windings of the Tweed; and the district presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow,

all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border minstrels.

“As his memory reached to an earlier period of childhood than that of almost any other person, so assuredly no poet has given to the world a picture of the dawning feelings of life and genius, at once so simple, so beautiful, and so complete, as that of his *Epistle to William Erskine*, the chief literary confidant and counsellor of his prime of manhood.

* * * * *

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time.
And feelings rous'd in life's first day
Glow in the line and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely pil'd;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle lov'd to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its rounds survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power:
And marvell'd as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers who with headlong force
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And home returning fill'd the hall
With revel, wassail rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glar'd through the windows' rusty bars;
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,—
Of patriot battles won of old
By Wallace Wight and Bruce the Bold—
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,

The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
 Had swept the scarlet ranks away :
 When stretch'd at length upon the floor,
 Again I fought each combat o'er,
 Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
 The mimic ranks of war display'd,
 And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
 And still the scatter'd Southron fled before."

Will the reader excuse yet a few more sentences? it seems to us that neither the picture nor the argument will be quite so complete without them.

"There are still living in that neighbourhood two old women, who were in the domestic service of Sandy-Knowe, when the lame child was brought thither in the third year of his age. One of them, Tibby Hunter, remembers his coming well, and that he was 'a sweet tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house.' 'The young ewe-milkers delighted,' she says, 'to carry him about upon their backs among the crags;' and he was 'very gleg (quick) at the uptake, and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them.' His great pleasure however was in the society of the 'aged hind' recorded in the epistle to Erskine. 'Auld Sandy Ormistoun,' called, from the most dignified part of his function, 'the cow bailie,' had the chief superintendence of the flocks that browsed upon the 'velvet tufts of loveliest green.' If the child saw him in the morning, he would not be satisfied unless the old man would set him astride on his shoulder, and take him to keep him company as he lay watching his charge.

Here was poetic impulse given
 By the green hill and clear blue heaven.

The cow bailie blew a particular note on his whistle, which signified to the maid servants in the house below when the little boy wished to be carried home again. He told his friend Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that 'the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life.' There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls, when a thunderstorm came on, and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, 'Bonny, bonny!' at every flash. I find the following note in his copy of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*: 'This book belonged to my grandfather, Robert Scott, and out of it I was taught Hardyknute by heart before I could read the ballad myself. It was the first poem I ever learned, the last I shall ever forget.'"—vol. i. p. 79—83.

To the same period, or but a little after it, Sir Walter himself

traces also his seemingly instinctive loyalty to the Stuarts, combined as it appears with as instinctive an hatred of democracy.

“ During the heat of the American war, I remember being as anxious on my uncle’s weekly visits (for we heard news at no other time) to hear of the defeat of Washington, as if I had some deep and personal cause of antipathy to him. I know not how this was combined with a very strong prejudice in favour of the Stuart family, which I had originally imbibed from the songs and tales of the Jacobites. This latter propensity was deeply confirmed by the stories told in my hearing of the cruelties exercised in the executions at Carlisle, and in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden. One or two of our own distant relations had fallen on the occasion, and I remember detesting the name of Cumberland with more than infant hatred. Mr. Curle, farmer at Yetbyre, husband of one of my aunts, had been present at their execution, and it was probably from him that I first heard these tragic tales which made so great an impression on me.”—vol. i. p. 17.

A few years later he records another stage in his poetical education.

“ I then first became acquainted with Bishop Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention, from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor who showed that his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platane tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.

“ To this period also I can trace distinctly the awaking of that delightful feeling for the beauties of natural objects which has never since deserted me. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland, is eminently calculated to awaken these ideas. It presents objects not only grand in themselves but venerable from their association. The meeting of two superb rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, both renowned in song,—the ruins of an ancient

abbey,—the more distant vestiges of Roxburgh Castle,—the modern mansion of Fleurs, which is so situated as to combine the ideas of ancient baronial grandeur with those of modern taste—are in themselves objects of the first class, yet are so mixed, united and melted among a thousand other beauties of a less permanent description, that they harmonize into one general picture, and please rather by unison than by concord. I believe I have written unintelligibly upon this subject, but it is fitter for the pencil than the pen. The romantic feelings which I have described as predominating in my mind naturally rested upon and associated themselves with the grand features of the landscape around me, and the historical incidents, or traditional legends, connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for my bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over half the globe."—vol. i. p. 38—40.

These statements, surely, are more than sufficient to strengthen and account for the impression which his writings would create: that his love of chivalrous and legendary lore was originally and essentially *local*: he clung to it as to the feeling of his childhood, and it was inseparably connected in his mind with the love of scenery and of home, and with the sense of loyalty. His romance is not like Homer's, rejoicing in the description of things as he found them, only investing them with a sort of supernatural light: nor like Tasso's, told with solemnity and reverence, as though in fulfilment of a religious vow: nor like Spenser's, the form and garb merely in which the poet clothed his visions of an ideal world, and longings for supernatural perfection. The nearest resemblance, perhaps, is that which Bishop Heber long ago observed and illustrated, viz., between Scott and Pindar: for Pindar also had to go back some ages for his story; he also generally began to work on a ground of real scenery and traditionary genealogy. But the charm derived from association with his own boyhood seems in a great measure peculiar to Scott, and throws around all his performances an atmosphere and colouring of simplicity, short only of that which would have resulted from actual truth.

We were next to specify certain occasions in Scott's life, critically adapted to check yet foster this his longing after legendary lore, till it was just fit, according to our theory, to pour itself out in true poetry. His early lameness, occurring before he could remember any thing, was the very thing, one should have expected, to interfere with his out-door propensities. But it led to his being sent to Sandy Knowe, at such a moment of his life,

that the first sounds he could afterwards well remember were the scraps of Border ballads he was entertained with ; and the first sights were the rocks, ruins, hills, and waters of the Tweed and Teviot. We can also imagine his regarding horses, dogs, and other such accompaniments of the woodland life, with other and more poetical thoughts than would have been natural to him, had he been free to move about like other boys. They would seem to him more like playmates and companions, less like mere instruments of amusement and excitation, in which latter and more vulgar light they are apt to be considered by ordinary sportsmen : a class to which it is probable that Scott would have approached nearer by many degrees, had he enjoyed to the full his natural robust activity. As it was, all his pursuits in that kind were in a manner ennobled by a sense of difficulty overcome, which caused them also to present in his case a truer and more adequate image of that feudal warfare, to which he ever delighted to recur. One of the most characteristic traits in his management of a story, and one which few, we imagine, can have failed to observe, is the manner in which he introduces his dogs, making them really part of the *dramatis personæ*, and almost endowing them with human qualities—as in the *Talisman*, and in the *Lady of the Lake*. He notices himself, as will have been seen, the “sort of fellowship which he early formed with the lambs and sheep.”

We cannot quit this topic of his lameness without adverting to a contrast between him and his contemporary (and as some think his rival) Lord Byron, brought out by this seemingly unimportant circumstance. Lord Byron’s infirmity, instead of stimulating him as Scott’s did to generous exertion, seems to have been felt by him as a continual incentive to spleen—a thorn in the side of that inordinate vanity, which apparently was always the ruling passion of that unfortunate person. An instance of it is incidentally mentioned in these volumes.

“Will Rose told me that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose.”—vol. vi. p. 131.

Such things may seem too trifling to dwell upon ; but men must have watched themselves and others to little purpose, if they have not found that these are the very points on which, if one had the skill to seize them, a whole character often turns. Nor is this the only instance in which, evidently without intention on the part of the biographer, the minds and tempers of the two poets come into contrast with each other, to the great disad-

vantage of Lord Byron, and in a way to give effectual warning against some of the greatest perils to which the poetical temperament is liable.

The *profession* of Sir Walter Scott is another critical circumstance, which might seem at first sight to withdraw him from the region of romance, but which on inquiry we may find to have combined only just that mixture of restraint and indulgence which best forwards the development of the poetical faculty. On this point again we willingly strengthen ourselves by the decided opinion of Mr. Lockhart. After reciting the entry of Scott's apprenticeship from the minutes of the Society of Writers to the signet, he remarks,

"An inauspicious step this might at first sight appear in the early history of one so strongly predisposed for pursuits wide as the antipodes asunder from the dry technicalities of conveyancing; but he himself, I believe, was never heard in his mature age to express any regret that it should have been taken; and I am convinced for my part, that it was a fortunate one. It prevented him, indeed, from passing with the usual regularity through a long course of Scotch metaphysics; but I extremely doubt whether any discipline would have led him to derive either pleasure or profit from studies of that order. His apprenticeship left him time enough, as we shall find, for continuing his application to the stores of poetry and romance, and those old chroniclers, who to the end were his darling historians. Indeed, if he had wanted any new stimulus, the necessity of devoting certain hours every day to a routine of drudgery, however it might have operated on a spirit ever prone to earth, must have tended to quicken his appetite for the sweet bread eaten in secret. But the duties which he had now to fulfil were in various ways directly and positively beneficial to the full development of his genius and his character. It was in the discharge of his functions as a writer's apprentice that he first penetrated into the Highlands, and formed those friendships among the surviving heroes of 1745, which laid the foundation for one great class of his works. Even the less attractive parts of his new avocation were calculated to give him a more complete insight into the smaller workings of poor human nature than can ever be gained from the experience of the legal profession in its higher walk: the etiquette of the bar in Scotland, as in England, being averse to personal intercourse between the advocate and his client. But finally, and I will say chiefly, it was to this prosaic discipline that he owed those habits of steady, sober diligence, which few imaginative authors had ever before exemplified; and which, unless thus beaten into his composition at a ductile stage, even he, in all probability, could never have carried into the almost professional exercise of some of the highest and most delicate faculties of the human mind."—vol. i. p. 132, 133.

It might perhaps not irrelevantly be added, that his legal pursuits afforded greater facilities than almost any other profession

could have done for antiquarian research, the connection of which with romantic poetry has already been touched on, and is too obvious to need much further explanation. In truth, it is the same feeding of fancy on the days gone by, whether a man try to recall them by brooding over their visible and tangible fragments, or by setting down the thoughts they suggest in metrical language. The peculiar sympathy with which Scott evidently regarded such characters (e.g.) as his own Antiquary, is generally, we suppose, felt to be quite in keeping with his proper office and character, as last of the minstrels. It seems as though, if he had not been Walter Scott, he would very contentedly have been Jonathan Oldbuck. The connection of the two pursuits is apparent in other romantic poets, as Warton and Gray, and, if we mistake not, in Spenser also, and in Virgil. Witness the delight which the former evidently takes in reciting the substance of the old Chronicles, in identifying places, and accounting for their names by genealogical and local tradition. Witness again on Virgil's part, that most engaging episode of Evander, and the thousand legendary allusions, mixed up with rural description and precept throughout the Georgics. The stories, indeed, and relics, which formed the framework of the heroic poetry of Greece and Rome—what were they but so many points of antiquarian research, cherishing and developing in its way a certain imaginative longing for the heroic age, no less effectually than did the strains of Ennius, of Pindar, or of Homer himself? Nor do we perceive any reason why the antiquarian pursuits, which at all times so earnestly engage the attention of not a few, both in town and country, should not be referred to the same head, of silent and instinctive poetry. If one were to name the classes of persons most apt to be captivated by those pursuits, and among whom are to be found the most eminent examples of success in them, they would probably be these two: clergymen, of our own or of the Romish persuasion, each in their way fondly hanging over the real or supposed fragments of better times: and lawyers, seizing all opportunities of ideal escape into those feudal ages, to which their professional inquiries are ever bringing them near. Thus much to confirm Mr. Lockhart's remark, that Scott's profession, contrary to first thoughts, may have proved a material aid in the development of his poetical character.

The tendency in the same direction of one part of his domestic history, is too obvious to need more than just mentioning in this place: it has been distinctly owned to by himself in his exquisite lines at the end of the *Lady of the Lake*:

“ Much have I ow’d thy strains in life’s long way,
 Through secret griefs the world has never known,
 When on the weary night dawn’d wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devour’d alone :—
 That I o’er-live such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.”

The anxieties here alluded to seem to have accompanied him just far enough to interest his mind, so as nothing else could have done it, in the tales and scenery of the Highlands, and then to have left him free to fall back on the ever fresh recollections of his childhood, and the studies associated therewith ; nor is it easy to conceive adequately the peculiar charm which those studies and recollections must have acquired in his mind, when he had so proved their healing and soothing power. Certain it is, that with all his cheerfulness of heart, and his many projects, he may be said ever after that time to have lived more by memory than by hope. Romance, we should say, was thenceforth his real *passion*, though his *affections* were deeply and abundantly exercised.

On the whole, the three turning points in Sir Walter Scott’s personal history, his lameness, his profession as a lawyer, and the disappointment just referred to ;—all of which might seem, in different ways, to tend to interrupt the education which circumstances were giving him as the poet of Border Romance ; the first, as an obstacle to his collecting materials ; the two last, as withdrawing him to other subjects :—all of them are found in effect to have aided in perfecting him for his task.

It were easy to add other circumstances, more obviously of the same tendency : such as his not having travelled. The state of the continent during almost the whole prime of his life, prevented his obeying an instinct which he acknowledges was peculiarly strong in him. Lord Byron, in a too characteristic letter, quoted by Mr. Lockhart, sneers at Scott for not being a travelled man. But surely in the extract just referred to, in which Scott expatiates so affectionately on the scenery about Kelso, the landscape which first attracted him *as* scenery, we may discern one inestimable advantage, which the very confinement gave to his imaginative energies. Concentrated as they were on one class of objects, they acquired in perfection the art of associating therewith whatever else came before the writer’s mind. The print they first took continued throughout fresh and true, to a degree which could not have been expected, had he plunged into totally new scenes at that period of his life.

Another privation which he repeatedly laments was his total want of Greek literature : and yet it may be doubted whether this

also were not in the main a fortunate circumstance, in that it tended to keep his style entirely, exclusively and unaffectedly *romantic*, in the sense in which that word is used by way of opposition to the word *classical*. Had he been familiar with the Greek models, it can hardly be but he must have lost something of the frank military artlessness, which, as we have seen, he himself perceived to be the chief charm of his composition. Who would wish the architect of Canterbury Cathedral to have been deeply versed in the proportions of the four regular orders of Greece?

Such being the instinctive art of this rare genius, that he laid hold of things which seemed at the time most adverse to his chance of success, and turned them into profitable materials and helps of one kind or another; it is no wonder, though not a little amusing and interesting to observe, how he dealt with the several affairs, both of life and literature, as they arose: how easily they were all made to put on the hue of the writer's own mind. His field sports and love of animals, throughout life a feature of his character, and outlasting almost the conscious faculties of his understanding; his eager Toryism at all times, and his peculiar enthusiasm in the yeomanry service during the alarm of the first French war; his mode of life in the flourishing time of his fortunes; his baronial hospitality, all but indiscriminate; his mode of interesting rich and poor mutually in each other's sports; his planting and felling often with his own hand, thereby making for himself and enjoying the sort of mystery which belongs to woodland scenery; perhaps too his uncompromising way of devoting himself for his duty's sake, when he once knew the amount of his pecuniary difficulties; and certainly, and not least, his joining the Church, although bred up in the Kirk, (for it is not in human nature that he should not have been more or less influenced by the association of Church principles with the scenes and parties to which he was so deeply attached:)—all these in their several lines may be considered as so many accommodations, or extensions, of his darling chivalrous taste, to subjects beyond its proper sphere, yet bearing an analogy more or less direct to some part of those with which it was originally conversant. The peculiar charm of all was his entire simplicity. He went through the greater part of his youth with little or no suspicion that his poetical talent was any thing beyond a very common standard. This caused him, with all his love of the Border ballads, to refrain from any imitation of them until 1796, when he was near five and twenty. He himself distinctly states, that "he made no attempts in the manner of the old minstrels, great as his admiration for them had been, until the period of his acquaintance with Bürger,"

(i. 136), whose ballad of Lenore he translated, and on much encouragement published, in the year just mentioned. But from first to last he never seems to have written, spoken, or lived, in any sort of consciousness that he was unlike other men. He was a boy in many respects later in life than most men; and his boyish instincts, the best of them, never forsook him. It was the hardest thing in the world for the admiring "public" to "din it" into him, that something out of the common was always expected from him; and when he did find it out, the discovery seems to have brought far from unmixed gratification: indeed the annoyance he continually felt from that which is the very food of so many authors' vanity, seems to have had no small share in urging him to conceal his authorship of the prose romances. Speaking of the like reserve in the case of the Bridal of Triermain—

"The truth is," he said, "that this sort of muddling work amuses me, and I am something in the condition of Joseph Surface, who was embarrassed by getting himself too good a reputation: for many things may please people well enough anonymously, which, if they have me in the title-page, would give me that sort of ill-name which precedes hanging."

A little afterwards,

"I shall *not* own Waverley; my chief reason is, that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again. . . . In point of emolument, every body knows that I sacrifice much money by withholding my name, and what should I gain by it, that any human being has a right to consider as an unfair advantage? In fact, only the freedom of writing trifles with less personal responsibility, and perhaps more frequently than I otherwise might do."—vol. iii. p. 131, 133.

"His object," Mr. Lockhart says, "was above all, to escape the annoyance of having productions, actually known to be his, made the daily and hourly topics of discussion in his presence."—vol. iii. p. 302.

As a different exhibition of the same rare simplicity, we would cite the passages which record his opinion of the Duke of Wellington. When he returned from Paris in 1815, James Ballantyne begged to be informed what was the general impression on his mind. He answered, that "he might now say he had seen and conversed with all classes of society, from the palace to the cottage, and including every conceivable shade of science and ignorance, but that he had never felt awed or abashed, except in the presence of one man, the Duke of Wellington."

"I expressed some surprise. He said, I ought not, for the Duke of Wellington possessed every one mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other man did or had ever done. He said, he beheld in him a great soldier and a great statesman—the greatest of each.

When it was said, that the Duke on his part saw before him a great poet and novelist, he smiled, and said, What would the Duke of Wellington think of a few bits of novels, which perhaps he had never read, and for which the strong probability is that he would not care sixpence if he had."—vol. iii. p. 375.

Mr. Lockhart here remarks,

"I need hardly repeat, what has been already distinctly stated more than once, that Scott never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitled to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments of practical life: least of all with the glory of a first-rate captain. To have done things worthy to be written was in his eyes a dignity to which no man made any approach, who had only written things worthy to be read. He on two occasions, which I can never forget, betrayed painful uneasiness when his works were alluded to as reflecting honour on the age that had produced Watt's improvement of the steam-engine, and the safety-lamp of Sir H. Davy. Such was his modest creed."

The distinguished poets, we suspect, are not many, of whom it might truly be said that they looked on it as a much greater matter to *do poetical things*, than to record them in good verses. Perhaps it might be found that the sentiment was an indication of something primary and original in the poetry of the mind which adopted it.

In truth, it seems to us, that to the complete developement of this part of Scott's character, his single-minded frankness and noble simplicity, the volumes before us owe their main attraction; and a most potent one it is. Before this publication, those who knew nothing of the man might be led to wish and hope from his writings that such was his cast of character, but they could hardly venture to be very sanguine about it; partly on account of the known duplicity of authors, and partly from certain anomalous appearances, to which we shall presently advert more particularly, in the style and conduct of the narratives themselves. But the *Life* puts an end at once to all questionings of the kind. There is throughout a transparency of character, which, if you could bring yourself to suspect, you might next begin finding out plots and intrigues in the careless jollity of a schoolboy. We are thus left free to the full and delightful admiration of the other noble and ingenuous qualities which naturally accompany this open frankness of mind, and which are as discernible as his energy and genius in every part of his correspondence. We have spoken of the unaffected modesty, which caused him to go on so long in ignorance of his own poetical powers. He was twenty-eight, by his own account, before he made any serious attempt in verse. This modesty, joined to his habitual kindness, made him the most indulgent of readers and of critics; he always at-

tributing to the writer himself the bright thoughts which struck him on perusal. Of this a remarkable instance occurs in the anecdote about the origin of the *Minstrelsy*, vol. i. 316, 317.

“ James Ballantyne called on him one morning and begged him to supply a few paragraphs on some legal question of the day for his newspaper. Scott complied, and carrying his article himself to the printing-office, took with him also some of his recent pieces, designed to appear in Lewis’s collection. With them, especially, as his memorandum says, the ‘*Morlachian fragment after Goethe*,’ Ballantyne was charmed; and he expressed his regret that Lewis’s book was so long in appearing. Scott talked of Lewis with rapture; and after reciting some of his stanzas, said, I ought to apologize to you for having troubled you with any thing of my own when I had things like this for your ear. I felt at once, says Ballantyne, that his own verses were far above what Lewis could ever do, and though, when I said this, he dissented, yet he seemed pleased with the warmth of my approbation. At parting, Scott threw out a casual observation, that he wondered his old friend did not try to get some little booksellers’ work, to keep his types in play during the rest of the week. Ballantyne answered, that such an idea had not before occurred to him; that he had no acquaintance with the Edinburgh ‘trade,’ but if he had, his types were good, and he thought he could afford to work more cheaply than town printers. Scott, with his good humoured smile, said, you had better try what you can do. You have been praising my little ballads, suppose you print a dozen copies or so, or as many as will make a pamphlet, sufficient to let my Edinburgh acquaintances judge of your skill for themselves. Ballantyne assented; and I believe exactly twelve copies of William and Ellen, the Fire-King, the Chase, and a few more of these pieces, were thrown off accordingly. . . This first specimen of a press, afterwards so celebrated, pleased Scott; and he said to Ballantyne, ‘I have been for years collecting old Border ballads, and I think I could with little trouble put together such a selection as might make a neat little volume to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh; and if the thing goes on you shall be the printer.’ Ballantyne highly relished the proposal, and the result of this little experiment changed wholly the course of his worldly fortunes, as well as of his friend’s.”

The above is but one among innumerable traits in these volumes which fully justify the “summing up” of the biographer on this head.

“ The ease with which he did every thing deceived him; and he probably would never have done himself any measure of justice, even as compared with those of his own time, but for the fact, which no modesty could long veil, that whatever he did became immediately ‘*the fashion*’—the object of all but universal imitation. Even as to this he was often ready to surmise that the priority of his own movement might have been matter of accident; and certainly nothing can mark the humility of his mind more strikingly than the style in which he discusses, in his *Diary*, the pretensions of the pigmies that swarmed and fretted

in the deep wake of his mighty vessel. . . . His propensity to think too well of other men's works sprung of course mainly from his modesty and good nature; but the brilliancy of his imagination greatly sustained the delusion. It unconsciously gave precision to the trembling outline, and a life and warmth to the vapid colours before him. This was especially the case as to romances and novels; the scenes and characters in them were invested with so much of the 'light within,' that he would close with regret volumes which perhaps no other person except the diseased glutton of the circulating library, ever could get half through. When colder critics saw only a schoolboy's hollowed turnip with its inch of tallow, he looked through the dazzling spray of his own fancy, and sometimes the clumsy toy seems to have swelled almost into the majesty of buried Denmark."—vol. vii. p. 416.

It was part and parcel of the same modesty that he always undervalued literary fame, as before mentioned, in comparison with eminence attained in more active life. And herein, as in other his maturer opinions, it is curious to trace the temper which caused him, when a boy at Edinburgh High School, to direct his chief efforts towards overcoming the disadvantages of his lameness out of doors, and so on the whole to make "a brighter figure in the yards than in the class."

And thus it is throughout. With that key to his character, which the memoirs of his childhood supply, we are able to account for almost all the great features both of his writings and his life. No where, probably, in biography can be found a completer illustration of Wordsworth's sentiment, "The child is father to the man."

Even those particulars which disclose something more or less to be regretted, either in his sentiments or his habits, generally have in them something akin to his romantic and poetical temperament. Occasionally we find him swearing: there is one letter, indeed, so recklessly profane in that respect, that one wonders how it got inserted in the *Life*: if any sufficient justification exist, surely it should be stated; as it is, the page alluded to is simply shocking. However, even this most lamentable defect is so far to our purpose, as it clearly indicates a mind overcome with some violent but restrained feeling, and seeking a vent for it any how: the very condition, as we speculate, of poetical composition. For without question it is relief in excitement, relief by venting one's self, which tempts men to swear in the first instance, before the crime have become habitual. It can hardly be necessary to add, that this is no more an excuse for that hateful custom, than any other temptation for the sin which it prompts.

The very questionable morality again, of his various disquisitions and narratives about *duelling*, and his own determination, in his old age, to have answered a challenge, if it had come, on a certain occasion, are results probably of devotion, in this respect

idolatrous, to the chivalrous and romantic school of honour. We may well believe, that both in these matters, and in the occasional countenance which he gives to intemperance in drinking, he was, half unconsciously perhaps, but really, seduced in part by the known practices of his favourite clanish times. Nay, and those parts, even of his life and writings, which would seem most irreconcilable with genuine poetical enthusiasm, are in some measure traceable, without undue refinement, to the same master passion—the love of what pleased him when a boy. He did not, indeed, affect to be superior to the love of fame, wealth, and success, but as motives to writing, it is evident they were with him but secondary. And we have seen how in after years his too eager engaging in great schemes of the kind was due, his biographer being judge, to a romantic wish of realizing in himself a sort of feudal or baronial life. This being supposed, will help us to explain the reserve, in other respects so alien to his temper, which he practised towards many even of his intimate friends, in regard both of his commercial engagements and of the authorship of the novels. Men are always more or less reserved in what concerns their ruling passion. Conscious to themselves that the degree of sympathy they will meet with from others is very limited, and afraid of exposing to some sort of rudeness what they seriously prize or revere, they instinctively contrive all sorts of shading, to withdraw ordinary eyes from their real subject. The more they retain of the imaginative playfulness of children, the apter are they to indulge in this kind of half sportive mysteriousness. We cannot but think that this consideration, added to what we before adduced, will go far to explain the secrecy, unaccountable to many, which Scott affected so long to keep up concerning the parentage of Waverley and the rest of that family. The poetical mind must have its veil, its mode of reserve after its own fashion: and this was the particular fashion to which Scott's temperament, boyish to the last, inclined him. Again, if Mr. Lockhart is right in imagining that his commercial speculations were mainly prompted by the visionary hope above mentioned, though but half acknowledged to himself, he would feel the same temptation to conceal them, which all sane minds experience in matters wherein their conscience tells them they are obeying imagination rather than reason.

But how shall we explain the apparent *liberalism* of many of his discussions and reflections, so opposite to the youthful and chivalrous tone which we have assumed to be his only natural one? E. g. no one surely who surrenders himself to Scott's influence can avoid feeling as a partisan of the Stuarts; yet he has solemnly declared himself more than once abstractedly in

favour of "the glorious revolution." *Ex cathedra*, he instructs young people to admire those proceedings, which to the end of his life he considered so invalid, as to prejudice the right of the House of Brunswick to the throne, until the death of the Cardinal of York. In like manner much of what he says of the liberty of the press, of the rights of the people, of indifference as to religious systems—is clearly at variance with his impulses on those subjects, as they betray themselves in the more dramatic parts of his writings. Again, we may compare his early horror of Bonaparte, for which Mr. Lockhart has thought necessary to apologise as a weakness, with the bland tone and citizen-like candour which he occasionally assumes in the life of that least of great men, and for which perhaps others, at least as reasonably, may think some apology necessary. Scott himself, on one occasion, declined writing the life of Queen Mary, because, he said, his feelings on that part of history were so much at war with his convictions; and this being so, the question arises, what was the real ground and amount of those convictions? We shall probably have to fall back in reply on some such statement as this:—that while the modern utilitarian and republican views, the views of 1688, were taught him regularly, as to most young people of his time, he was in his own irregular self-education imbibing tacitly far more potent draughts of severer and more obsolete principles, which continued all his life to sway him in secret, though from his natural modesty, his sense of his own imperfect training, and mistrust of his reasoning powers, (it is upon record that he particularly disliked all sorts of argument in conversation)—he never got so far as to embody those principles in a distinct mental statement, much less to inculcate them on others. He continued, therefore, on the abstract points to take as a matter of course the tone which he had received by inheritance, or by intercourse with those who (he supposed) knew better than himself; while in all matters of detail and feeling he was a thorough cavalier, perhaps what would now be called a bigot. In his imaginative works this apparent inconsistency may be numbered among the half-involuntary artifices, by which, according to the instinct of all poets properly so called, he withdraws from the view of those, who will not sympathize, himself and his own depth of interest in his subject. In this point of view his occasional professions of liberalism give somewhat of the same kind of zest to his Tory career, as old sportsmen find in the declarations which we sometimes hear from them, that "they have given up hunting, but their horse would not be controuled whenever they fell in with the hounds in their quiet rides."

If now we have been at all correct in our estimate of Scott's

poetical character, and have truly connected it with his history as a man and as a boy, it surely adds no mean confirmation to the idea that poetry may be a provision of nature, for the relief of overcharged minds by indirect expression. The facts of the case, substantiated as they are, furnish to the theory what surveyors, we believe, call a *base of verification*; the line ascertained by actual admeasurement coinciding very nearly with that which calculation would lead us to construct. There is a ruling passion—the love of Border Chivalry—distinctly traceable through every variety both of subject and form of composition; there is an instinctive power and habit of turning every thing to the purposes of that passion; there is, thirdly, an instinct no less discernible, prompting him unconsciously with different artifices, to veil the taste which engrossed him from those who would not sympathize with or respect it.

Whatever opinion then we might form of some other great names, according to this idea of the art, Scott at least must be set down as a Primary Poet in every sense of the word. Every year proves more decidedly that his popularity was not of the flighty and ephemeral kind; that the instinctive comparisons with Homer, and Pindar, and Shakspeare, which used to occur to his admirers in their first enthusiasm, had a groundwork in truth and reason. We should not have thought it needful, perhaps, gravely to enunciate such a mere truism, but for the sake of certain prophecies which were uttered in the days of his first reputation as a poet, and which Mr. Lockhart, like a skilful artist, has here brought into vivid contrast with the event. It seems that on the first publication of *Marmion* the following oracle was solemnly uttered, *ex adyto*.

“ Though we think this last romance of Mr. Scott’s about as good as the former, and allow that it affords great indications of poetical talent, we must remind our readers that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition, and ventured on a former occasion to express our regret that an author endowed with such talents should consume them *in imitations of obsolete extravagance*, and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which *none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest*, except the few who can judge of their exactness. *To write a modern romance of chivalry seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda*. For once, however, it may be excused as a pretty caprice of genius; but a second production of the same sort is entitled to less indulgence, and imposes a sort of duty *to drive the author from so idle a task*, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution. His genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, has brought chivalry again into *temporary favour*. Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk indeed of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures,

caps of maintenance, portcullises, wimples, and we know not what besides: just as they did in the days of Dr. Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away, and Mr. Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects."—vol. ii. p. 147, from *Edinb. Review* for April, 1808.

And by way of justifying these anticipations, he was accused of having "*throughout neglected Scottish feeling and Scottish characters.*" Truly these literary auguries were a fair match for the political ones which at the same time abounded in the same quarter; and it is instructive, and in some respects consolatory, to think that both failed through an under-estimate of the relics of virtuous feeling, of loyalty and simplicity, in this day of selfish calculation and swaggering intellect. But the political augury, as things then looked, was less discreditable than the critical one to the soothsayer's sagacity.

For the actual result: it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that never did any single writer exert a greater influence on his age. It was no slight benefit, the substitution of his manly realities, both in prose and verse, for the flimsy enervating literature, which, with few exceptions, peopled at that time the shelves of those who read chiefly for amusement. In verse, indeed, he had noble coadjutors towards this most desirable effect, but the reformation of the novel was exclusively his own work; so far at least as that kind of composition comes under the head of poetry, to which title Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, whatever their general merit, can hardly be supposed to lay claim.

But it was far more than an improvement in such things, for which this generation is indebted to him. Whatever of good feeling and salutary prejudice exists in favour of ancient institutions, and in particular the sort of rally which this kingdom has witnessed during the last three years, not to say the continuance of the struggle at all through the storm of the preceding—is it not in good measure attributable to the chivalrous tone which his writings have diffused over the studies and tastes of those who are now in the prime of manhood? His rod, like that of a beneficent echanter, has touched and guarded hundreds, both men and women, who would else have been *reforming* enthusiasts. Considering the cold supercilious tone of our age, and the great temptations to utilitarian views, we doubt whether a more remarkable instance ever occurred of the reasonableness of the acute saying, "Give me the making of the ballads of a country, and I will give you the making of its laws." Whether the impulse he has given prevail or no, surely to his writings, humanly speaking, we are mainly indebted for a comparative pause in the career of change on which we had entered: for any opportunity which

may now seem to be afforded us, of surveying and strengthening the bulwarks which yet remain. His biographer has designated him as the "Minstrel of the Anti-Gallican war," and future historians will probably see cause to record his name as that of one timely raised up to educate the youth of England for a crisis like the present. Let us hope that as his poetry has already, in a good degree, superseded the hard misanthropy of Lord Byron, to whom, in his excess of modesty, he used to defer, so the high chivalrous feeling, which he has communicated, may prove a constant glow, not a temporary blaze. It will be much, if it only train some few to a noble and self-denying resistance, when the time shall come for treason and irreligion to throw off the mask which they wear with so ill a grace, and for dry, calculating *conservative* compromise, to retire from what will then be a field of suffering.

But here comes in, we will not say a curious, but a deeply interesting and almost an awful question. What, if these generous feelings had been allowed to ripen into that of which undoubtedly they are the germ and rudiment? What, if this gifted writer had become the Poet of the Church, in as eminent a sense as he was the poet of Border and Highland chivalry? Such a speculation we trust will be found neither irrelevant nor invidious. It is not forced, nor irrelevant, for it comes spontaneously, we will venture to say, into the minds of most readers at all imbued with Catholic principles. While such contemplate Scott's character, whether as recorded in his life or displayed in his writings, the feeling which continually suggests itself is, *cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!* What pity that these good and generous impulses, this energy of self-denial, had not the advantage of being hallowed by devotion to the cause most congenial, the only cause entirely worthy of them! We feel that this one thing, the presence of high Catholic views of religion, is just the thing needed to elevate indefinitely the many noble parts of Scott's *ἥθους*, and to correct the comparatively few points which one would wish quite otherwise.

We will illustrate our meaning: but first, we would deprecate any suspicion of invidious remark on this delicate part of our subject. It cannot be unfair or invidious to point out what we consider defects in the system under which a great writer was brought up, while, at the same time, we acknowledge that he, by mere good sense and good instinct, improved greatly on that system, and attained a point in advance of his own education. While, for the truth's sake, we wish it to be observed how he might have been more perfect, we admire him personally much more for the progress he did make, than we blame him for still falling short of the highest reverential feeling in an irreverent age. For in truth, Sir Walter Scott's position, in respect of religious

truth and duty, was a very disadvantageous one in many respects. His instincts we know early revolted from the strict Calvinism of his father's family; and well it was that he did not contract, as the other great poet of Scotland seems to have done from the same cause, an aversion to all external religion, associated as it came to him with the presumptuous unnatural formulæ of John Knox. He has himself recorded the disgust which he felt at the cold silent funerals of the kirk; and one of his early letters incidentally expresses the like feeling with regard to another part of Presbyterian discipline.—(i. 223.) The danger was of course great, under the actual circumstances of Edinburgh society, that a youth so active in mind, with so few able to appreciate or control him, would break loose from all religious restraint, if not into actual infidelity. It seems as if his deep domestic affections, rather than any peculiar wisdom exercised or influence acquired on the part of those to whom he was intrusted, had been under Providence the instrument of his preservation. He carried about with him in those days family remembrances, as after his death he was found to have accumulated round him family relics.

“ Perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing room: the silver taper stand which the young advocate had bought her with his first five-guinea fee: a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her: his father's snuff-box, and etui-case; and more things of the like sort, recalling ‘the old familiar faces.’ The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George's-square. Even his father's ricketty washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. The whole place seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the *Lares*.”—vol. vii. p. 411.

Never surely was so ardent an imagination better ballasted by a constant and faithful heart. The result as to his religion is summed up in the following sentences:—

“ Sir Walter received a strictly religious education under the eye of parents, whose virtuous conduct was in unison with the principles they

desired to instil into their children. From the great doctrines thus recommended he appears never to have swerved, but he must be numbered among the many who have incurred considerable risk of doing so, in consequence of the rigidity with which Presbyterian heads of families in Scotland were used to enforce compliance with various relics of the puritanical observance. He took up, early in life, a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is administered in the Scottish establishment, and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he revered as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles. The few passages in his Diaries, in which he alludes to his own religious feelings and practice, show clearly the sober, serene, and elevated frame of mind in which he habitually contemplated man's relations with his Maker; the modesty with which he shrunk from indulging either the presumption of reason, or the extravagance of imagination, in the province of faith; his humble reliance on the wisdom and mercy of God, and his firm belief that we are placed in this state of existence, not to speculate about another, but to prepare ourselves for it by active exertion of our intellectual faculties, and the constant cultivation of kindness and benevolence towards our fellow men."—vol. vii. p. 413.

There is a sound of something like rationalism about this last sentence, and an apparent disavowal of devotion properly so called, little intended, we dare say, by the biographer, and certainly unwarranted, as far as we know, as an expression of Sir Walter Scott's opinions. But with that exception the statement is amply borne out by the notices of feeling and thought on sacred subjects, which are scattered up and down his publications, diary, and letters. Whatever of that kind has dropt from him has this peculiar value, that we are quite sure it was perfectly *undesigned*; it is the oozing out, so to speak, of a full heart; unlike the religious phraseology of many journals, the sincerity whereof there is no cause to question, but it cannot be called *undesigned*, since it is evidently adopted as a matter of duty. The natural deduction in the case before us is, that the few entries which do occur of a religious or devotional kind are infinitely scanty as indications of the degree in which his thoughts were that way exercised. We have observed in particular one entry which demonstrates (if any were inclined to doubt) his habit of regular private devotion. Speaking of a fluttering of the heart, to which he was subject, he says,

"It is an awful sensation, and would have made an enthusiast of me, had I indulged my imagination on devotional subjects. *I have been always careful to place my mind in the most tranquil posture which it can assume during my private exercises of devotion.*"—vol. vi. p. 263.

What a satisfactory light does this sentence throw on the beautiful passage in the *Lady of the Lake*!

“ ‘I’ll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resign’d—
My midnight orisons said o’er,
I’ll turn to sleep, and dream no more.’
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consign’d to Heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose.”

For other unequivocal indications of unaffected seriousness we would appeal to the notices of his occasional intercourse with Lord Byron. The following passages, if we mistake not, imply more or less a wish on Scott’s part to make the most of any opportunity he might enjoy, for making an impression for good on one, whom he admired for his talents and pitied for the distemperature of his mind, which he, from the beginning, seems to have been aware of. As his manner was, he had formed a much higher opinion than the truth warranted of Lord Byron’s station as a poet in comparison with his own; and when they came to be acquainted, it should seem that this, with his other manly and amiable qualities, caused his lordship to be less unapproachable to him than he was to most others; that Scott, being deeply interested for him, tried to avail himself of this partiality, in order to turn his mind towards better ways of thinking; and that in fact Lord Byron endured more of that kind from him than he commonly would from any one else, and paid him the unconscious but unequivocal compliment of always appearing to him in his best mood. Such are our conclusions: now for extracts to warrant them.

“ Have you seen the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*, by Lord Byron? It is, I think, a very clever poem, but gives no good symptom of the writer’s heart and morals; his hero, notwithstanding the affected antiquity of the style in some parts, is a modern man of fashion and fortune, worn out and satiated with the pursuits of dissipation; and although there is a caution against it in the preface, you cannot for your soul avoid concluding that the author, as he gives an account of his own travels, is also doing so in his own character. Now really this is too bad; vice ought to be a little more modest, and it must require impudence, at least equal to the noble lord’s other powers, to claim sympathy gravely for the ennui arising from his being tired of his wassailers and his paramours. * * * Yet with all this conceit and assurance there is much poetical merit in the book, and I wish you would read it.”—vol. ii. p. 394.

This was his original, unbiassed judgment; but his second thoughts savour of his respect for the verdict of others, and still

as Lord Byron mounted higher in popularity, and became what some would call a more formidable rival, Scott, like a true knight, thought and spoke more favourably of him, till at last he came to pronounce him "the only poet we have had since Dryden of transcendent talents" (vol. vii. p. 376); and to assign Byron's having *bet* (surpassed) him as the reason why he left off writing in verse. With this disposition on Scott's part the two poets met, and the following is part of Scott's account of their intercourse.

"Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met for an hour or two, almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a good deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that, for about two months, I had the advantage of a considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics; upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him that I really thought if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I shall turn methodist. I replied, No. I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power over the imagination. He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right. I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy, almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour I used to wait till either it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. * * * * I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. * * * * I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret and perhaps offensive meaning in something casually said to him. In this case I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that in my own case the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

"I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head

unbidden; little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was open to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget."—iii. 337.

To this we may add what Sir Walter Scott once told Captain Hall on this subject (vol. v. p. 402).

"Lord Byron quoted, with the bitterest despair, to Scott, the strong expression of Shakspeare, 'Our pleasant vices are but whips to scourge us,' he added, 'I would to God I could have your peace of mind, Mr. Scott; I would give all I have, all my fame, every thing, to be able to speak on this subject' (that of domestic happiness) 'as you do.'"

The religious principle, moreover, of the reality of which the above extracts, with many others, afford no doubtful indication, was accompanied in Scott by certain predilections and opinions, which require only to be named in order to show what hopeful training he was in for the complete system of the old Catholic Church, could it but have been fully and fairly presented to his mind. We allude in particular to a trait which needs no proof by examples, it is so obvious on the surface of all his most engaging narratives; the love of the marvellous and supernatural, not simply as employing his fancy, but as exercising the principle of faith within him:—his inclination, of the two, to be rather superstitious than unbelieving. This is curiously illustrated by some passages in his life, indicating the sort of pain which he felt, when persons attempted to pry too minutely into accounts of extraordinary appearances and impressions—to draw the exact line between the natural and supernatural. In spite of himself he was continually betraying, that he shrank from the rude and irreverent dealings of modern minute philosophy on topics of that kind.

"On the subject," says Mr. Adolphus, "commonly designated as the marvellous, his mind was susceptible, and it was delicate. He loved to handle them in his own manner and in his own season, not to be pressed with them, or brought to any thing like a test of belief or disbelief respecting them. There is, perhaps, in most minds, a point more or less advanced, at which incredulity on these subjects may be found to waver. Sir W. Scott, as it seemed to me, never cared to ascertain precisely where this point lay in his own mental constitution; still less, I suppose, did he wish the investigation to be seriously pursued by others. In no instance, however, was his colloquial eloquence more striking than when he was well launched in some 'tale of wonder.' The story came from him with an equally good grace, whether it was to receive a natural solution, to be smiled at as merely fantastical, or to take its chance of a serious reception."—vol. vii. p. 59.

It seems plain that the mind here disclosed would have welcomed

the opinions of the early Christian times, as earnestly as it rejected the modern Genevan metaphysics. The tenets of the presence of good and evil angels, of the power of sacramentals, of communion with the faithful departed, in short, the whole of the high doctrine concerning the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints, had it been fairly presented to him unincumbered of Romanism, would have found ready entrance into a willing mind. The severe simple majesty and richness of the full apostolic ritual would as surely have attracted him, as he was disgusted by the overstrained fancies of ultra-Protestants. Take, e. g. his opinions on psalmody, vol. iii. p. 25.

"I think those hymns which do not immediately recall the warm and exalted language of the Bible, however elegant, rather cold and flat for the purposes of devotion. You will readily believe that I do not approve of the vague and indiscriminate Scripture language which the fanatics of old and modern Methodists have adopted, but merely that solemnity and peculiarity of diction which at once puts the reader and hearer upon his guard as to the purpose of the poetry. To my gothic ear, indeed, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, and some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a gothic Church, and reminds us instantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a Pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities."*

It appeared on his very death-bed how deeply these associations had sunk into him, (vol. vii. 391.)

"His mind, though hopelessly obscured, seemed to be dwelling, when there was any symptom of consciousness, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but not querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. . . . Commonly what we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible, (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Book of Job,) or some petition in the Litany—or a verse of some Psalm, (in the old Scotch metrical version,) or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*; and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite:

"Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

(It will be remembered that his first great poem, and that in which he most pours himself out, ends with a translation of the *Dies Iræ*.)

* Compare Life of Dryden, p. 342, 2d edition.

In all this, (to borrow the powerful language of Burke) we seem to discern "the reachings and graspings" of a natural piety, deep and practical in itself, and therefore manly and sober in its expression, often striving to feel its way out of the unnatural confinement in which it was educated, but not well discerning in what direction to emerge. Situated as Scott was, we may and must regret, but we cannot severely censure, that inadequate sense of the religion of holy places, and of the appointed means of grace and Catholic communion, which permitted him, not occasionally, but as part of his settled plan of life, to substitute, during great part of the year, his own reading in his dining-room for the regular offices of the Church: we can allow for the unfavourable notion which he seems in general to have entertained of the Anglican clergy; of which class, as far as we recollect, he has not produced a single good specimen in all his novels from *Kenilworth* to the *Antiquary*: we feel no surprise at his incredulity about the austerer parts of Catholic practice: we can understand how, without any thing like settled perverseness of heart, he might take liberties with the words of Holy Scripture. In this last remark we do not so much refer to the *vxata questio* concerning the over-correct imitation of the Puritan sermons and conversations in "*Old Mortality*," but rather to the irreverent introduction of Scripture phrases in familiar talk and correspondence, which, it is too plain from Scott's letters, and still more from some of those addressed to him, was practised among them as a matter of course. Painful as such expressions are, they are almost sure to be adopted, more or less unconsciously, even by persons who have no irreverent meaning, in a country where it is a part of religion to talk much of holy things, and to be fluent in quoting the most sacred words. It is in short the extreme Protestant rule of dispensing with all reserve about the Scriptures—such reserve as was religiously practised in the ancient Church,—to which we attribute in great measure this grievous blot in a style otherwise so delightful.

Assuredly it arose not from general want of deliberate veneration for the Bible. "His Sunday talk with his children," says Mr. Lockhart, "was just such a series of biblical lessons as that which we have preserved for the permanent use of rising generations, in his '*Tales of a Grandfather*,' on the early history of Scotland. I wish he had committed that other series to writing too: how different that would have been from our thousand compilations of dead epitome and imbecile cant! *He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart.*" When during his illness he first awoke from a sort of stupor of days and weeks continuance, "he expressed a wish that I should read to him: and

when I asked from what book? he said, ‘*Need you ask? There is but one.*’ I chose the 14th chapter of St. John’s Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, ‘Well, this is a great comfort: I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.’ A little after, we find that, while he had completely forgotten his favourite passages, from Crabbe for instance, “his recollection of whatever was read from the Bible appeared to be clear and lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts’s hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service, and when I was about to close the book, said, ‘Why do you omit the Visitation for the Sick?’ which I added accordingly:” another instance of his sober love of the Liturgy.

It is not, therefore, on Sir Walter himself that we charge any of these deficiencies in Catholic *πλοῦς*, or the occasional concessions to Liberalism, by which they are accompanied; but rather on the cast and tone of religious opinion which prevailed where his lot was cast: and does it not still widely prevail? We have no right nor desire to complain of the individual: but we do and must complain of a system, which, disparaging the means of grace and the glory of God’s visible kingdom, and disregarding the prime law of reverential reserve, rejected those noble impulses which the primitive Catholic system would have developed and sanctified. We do consider it a sorrowful thing, that the eye of such a mind should never have rested on the true form of the City of God; “*quæ si oculis ejus cerneretur, mirabiles amores excitaret.*” What might have resulted in the way of poetry, or poetical narrative, had things been otherwise ordered, we can but faintly imagine.

Only we would fain, before concluding, enter our protest against the suspicion, not unlikely to occur to many, that there was a cold ideality in the plan of the primitive Church, a severe calmness in her tone of sentiment, which would have taken away the charm from romantic poetry, by precluding the writer from the free exercise of sympathy and imagination. The very contrary is the truth. As the Church herself is the only system, which, according to her title Catholic, comprehends all people, nations and languages; so the poet of the Church, if ever such an one should arise, will find neither feeling nor condition, in human life or in the works of God, beyond his reach or without his province. The hand of our great minstrel would not have been cramped—believe it not—by such a guiding spirit: but his touch in many cases would have been steadier, and his expression more decided, as being sure that he was striking the right note. You would

have felt throughout that the writer was sure he was telling substantial truth : which, after all, is the charm of charms to all men. Nor is this altogether visionary. A living writer, Manzoni, has shown what interest may be communicated to a romance on true Church principles, by powers of a high order indeed, but very deficient in the resource and brilliancy of Scott.

Perhaps, however, it is hardly to be expected that a Catholic Homer or Shakespeare should ever arise. It might almost seem to be ordained, that the master minds of poetry should not be cast on those times and places, where the Church, the only perfect mould to form them in, exists in any thing near its original lustre. As perfect kings, so perfect poets, are hardly to be found in her annals : as though it were intended she should work her way still by instruments comparatively mean and unworthy, and never be tempted to transfer the glory from herself, or rather from Him with whom she is instinct, to any even of her most favoured children.

“ *Privatus illi census erit brevis,
Commune, magnum.*”

Or, if we may without irreverence so apply even sacred words, it may be as well that in this respect also none of her children should believe “ that aught of the things which he possesses is his own,” or the property of any individual besides, but that all should have “ all things common :” that whatsoever is done in God’s household, and for God’s cause, may be evidently done by God’s wisdom and not by man’s.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

MR. JACOBSON'S Edition of the Epistles of St. Clement, St. Ignatius, and St. Polycarp, lately published, we suppose, to be the commencement of an undertaking on the part of the Oxford press, which was reported to be in agitation some years since, of editing a number of the works of the Fathers. The University is fortunate indeed, if the editions which follow are executed with one half the pains and critical skill which Mr. Jacobson has evidently taken with this.

Dr. Pusey's Edition of the Original Text of St. Austin's Confessions is just published, as well as his Translation of the same Work, and the Translation of St. Cyril's Catechetical Lectures. Much pains seem to have been bestowed upon all of them. A most elaborate and instructive account of the Manichæan tenets is added to the Translation of the Confessions. Dr. Pusey's arduous work having now at length commenced, we trust that no obstacles will lie in the way of its regular progress.

We are indebted to Mr. Dowling for one of the most important works to a theological student which has appeared for a long time, "An Introduction to the Critical Study of Ecclesiastical History" (Rivingtons.) It consists of the list of historians of the Church down to the present day, and an Essay upon the sources of Ecclesiastical History generally. The work is the more important, as we cannot but hope we see in it the augury of some more extended and methodical attention to this great subject, than has ever been paid it in our Reformed Church. Mr. Dowling at least has begun at the foundation, and that alone is an omen of a superstructure.

Mr. Dowling's work commenced in the pages of the British Magazine; a publication which, more than any of the day, has been successful in bringing churchmen together, making them feel confidence in each other, and giving occasion to works some of which at least would not otherwise have been written. Dr. M'Caul's instructive Sketches of Judaism and the Jews, which has just been published in a separate form, is another instance of the last mentioned service.

A series has commenced of most interesting reprints from the works of some divines of the 16th century, under the title of "Tracts of the Anglican

Fathers." Those which we have seen are "Cranmer's Sermons on Holy Baptism;" on "the Apostolical Succession and the power of the Keys;" on the "Blessed Sacrament of the Altar;" and on "the Gifts of the Holy Ghost in the Holy Catholic Church." If the series continues as it has begun, it will exercise an important influence on the theological points at present in controversy.

Mr. Parkinson's instructive Hulsean Lectures (Rivingtons) have a value even beyond their intrinsic worth, as indicating and promoting the advancement of ethical studies at Cambridge. They are intended to show that the doctrines of the Gospel are but the great conclusions to which the phenomena of this world tend; "that their specific defects are exactly such as meet with their specific remedies in the very revelation which we possess; that they stop short just where revelation begins; and that it appears by the deficiency on the one side being exactly met by the sufficiency on the other, that they each form part of one harmonious plan, and were originally designed by the artificer of that plan to be united together for the great end of furthering the moral advancement of man." Accordingly he brings the testimony of ethical philosophy, of the intellectual powers, of the human body, of man as related to external things, to his fellow men, and to himself. It is curious, as a coincidence, that the same subject has lately, as our pages have shown, been discussed, independently of Mr. Parkinson, by Mr. Woodgate and Mr. Oakeley. The subject is most important.

A third edition has appeared of Mr. Miller's well known Bampton Lectures.

Mr. Faber has published an Inquiry into the History and Theology of the ancient Vallenses and Albigenses, (Seeley and Burnside,) which is conducted, as might be expected, with the research and vigour which are the usual characteristics of his works.

Mr. Townsend, the Master (we believe is his title) of the Peculiar of Allerton, has published a charge, which, were we his enemies, we should delight in seeing run to the "fifth thousand." It is written *against* speaking with reserve to the world at large on the more sacred subjects of religion! The style is as extraordinary as the matter. In any one else it would be pompous. It is not so in Mr. Townsend. It is his own style.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt's Doctrine of the Deluge (Longman) is a work of much ingenuity in its design, and most elaborate research in its execution. Its object is to vindicate the Scripture account "from the doubts which have recently been cast upon it by geological speculations;" and he does so, by setting out to show that the Noachical deluge was the type of the doctrines of "expiation of past guilt" and "regeneration," that it is attested by "evidences im-

pressed not upon the surface of the earth, but upon the memory of its inhabitants, and derived from their traditions, their superstitions, their monuments, and their usages," and that "the doctrine which it inculcated was kept alive obscurely in various parts of the world, till it was finally enlisted in the service of true religion, and obtained a permanent place in the institutions of Christianity, and was consigned to holier purposes and endowed with a more operative practice and exalted to the dignity of a Sacrament." In a word, he proves the fact and doctrine to come under the "*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*" "Ever since," he says, "the family of Noah issued forth into the air and light of a new life, and stepped once more upon the renovated earth now cleansed from its former guiltiness by the waters of the deluge, the providence of God had so overruled the superstition thence arising, that a notion of some mystical regeneration by water and expiation of sin had been kept alive among all the nations, with whose history we are well acquainted; and thus the world was prepared to receive that doctrine of a moral regeneration by baptism and forgiveness of sins, which is the commencement of a new life to every Christian." There is an important chapter at the end, on the view of the early Church concerning the regenerative power of baptism, in which Mr. Harcourt nobly upholds our Church's doctrine and the authority of the Fathers against the schools of the 16th century. "The nearer," he says, "we ascend to the fountain head, the purer will the waters flow; the three first centuries therefore after the Apostles were more likely to know in what sense the Apostles themselves used a theological term, *than any three centuries that have since elapsed.* I do not say that they are free from error, or that any uninspired writers are absolutely safe authorities for doctrine: but *they are unexceptionable witnesses to a mere matter of fact*; and in the present instance the fact with which we have to do is this: were the first converts to Christianity in the habit of considering baptism equivalent to regeneration, and necessarily attended with some spiritual grace, or were they not?" What can be desired clearer or more sensible than this? Mr. Harcourt considers Antiquity to supply the *comment* on the text of Scripture.

Dr. Shuttleworth has taken the opposite side, in a little work (Rivingtons) either on "Not Tradition but Scripture," or on "Not Tradition but Revelation," we are not certain which; for the title-page promises the one, and the body of the work undertakes the other. The advertisements have given both. This, we consider, will perplex editors some centuries hence. We hope we are not uncandid to Dr. Shuttleworth, when we say, that this ambiguity at starting is no unfair symbol of the whole production. For instance, he says, that "the great leading principle of Protestantism" is "the entire *sufficiency* of Scripture, independently of tradition, as a rule of faith and doctrine." Sufficiency for *what*? teaching or proving? for the persons Dr. Shuttleworth writes against do not dispute the proposition as he words it. However, in spite of this defect, we rejoice to say, what no one could ever doubt in a work of Dr. Shuttleworth's,

that, unlike some other controversialists, who shall be nameless, he uses much courtesy of language towards his opponents. He even extends it to the ancients. He calls St. Irenæus, for instance, "the good Father," "this good and singleminded man," and "with more honest simplicity than soundness of sense or accuracy of logic" in his arguments. We wish, in turn, to be as courteous to Dr. Shuttleworth. Mr. Holden (Rivingtons) has written a work on the same subject, which we prefer. We do not agree with him, but he sees the difficulties of the subject. All is plain and easy to Dr. Shuttleworth.

The Bishop of Oxford has just published his Charge, which will be read with much interest. The most remarkable part of it is the energetic protest which it enters against the Board of Ecclesiastical Commissioners, "a power," his Lordship says, "as irresponsible as it is gigantic, an imperium in imperio, which, before long, must supersede all other authority in the Church, and whose decrees are issued in such a manner as to render expostulation and remonstrance unavailing." The Charge is also remarkable as giving judgment upon the Tracts for the Times. This is a memorable precedent, and shows what lies before us. *The Church is resuming her judicial power.* We only wish that *other parties* may defer to her as frankly as would, we feel assured, the writers of the above-mentioned Tracts were there a call made on them.

Sermons by the late Rev. John Marriott (Hatchard) are a collection of earnest, serious, practical Discourses, made still more impressive by the circumstances of their publication. They are especially valuable at this moment, as showing that religious views lately put forward, which many persons would represent to be an innovation on received doctrine, are not only to be found in our divines of the seventeenth century, but even in the popular sermons of divines of the generation immediately before us. We direct attention to the sermon on the Danger of Schism.

Mr. Butt has lately published a volume of Sermons, occasioned, as he tells us in the Preface, by Mr. Keble having said that the view of Gospel Truth given by Mr. Butt, in his *Strictures upon Mr. Keble's Visitation Sermon*, was such as might "be literally accepted by an Arian or a Sabellian." We do not believe that Mr. Keble had any intention of saying that Mr. Butt's views were Arian or Sabellian; far from it; but that the theory he was in his Pamphlet advocating against Mr. Keble, had actually involved him in the necessity of so attenuating his statement of fundamental truth, that an Arian or Sabellian might agree with that particular statement, as far as it went. And so far we must say we agree with Mr. Keble; but we should be sorry to seem to say more, against so highly respectable a clergyman. Mr. Butt ought, we think, to have quoted Mr. Keble's words. They are as follows:—"May it not be taken as an indication of the *tendency* [sic] of the theory, that the list of fundamentals, offered in exemplification of it, includes no express affirmation of the doctrine just mentioned? [that of the Holy Trinity.] Is it not a test which

might be accepted, as far as the letter of it goes, by an Arian or Sabellian? And this consideration is more serious, *the more entirely we are convinced of the orthodoxy and judgment of the person drawing up such a confession.* So much the stronger does the argument become, &c."—*Postscript*, p. 47.

Plain Parochial Sermons, by Rev. Daniel Parsons, (Rivingtons,) are written on a very sound view of doctrine, and in an easy popular style. There is, however, a want of maturity, or we might even say, in a certain sense, of reality, which perhaps is unavoidable in the writings of a young man, as the author seems to be. It is encouraging, however, to find the younger clergy speaking in the tone of Mr. Parsons.

Single Sermons, published as they are commonly at the request of bishops and clergy, or of numbers of clergy, are perhaps as good a test as can be of the feelings uppermost in the mind of the clergy, or what in mathematical language may be called their *differentia* at the time. Those which we have fallen in with give a most satisfactory result, as their titles will show; and we name some of them as well for that reason as for their intrinsic excellence. Such are Mr. Vogan's Sermon, "The Doctrine of the Apostolical Succession developed and proved;" Mr. Fulford's Assize Sermon, "The Interpretation of Law and the Rule of Faith;" Mr. Woodhouse's, on "that Branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to which we belong;" and Mr. Maurice's, on "The Responsibilities of Medical Students."

We must draw especial attention to a learned sermon of Mr. Manning's, at Chichester, on the Rule of Faith, which contains a great deal of matter and much useful theological information; and a beautiful sermon of Mr. Christie's, at Gloucester.

Mr. Baxter's Sermon, on Scripture Knowledge the Source of National Stability, is excellently principled, as far as its subject leads it to state principles.

"Laud and Leighton," a sermon by Mr. Mortimer, is written in an excellent spirit. He considers that there are two schools in our Church, of which those two archbishops are the respective representatives. Are there then no Kenns and Hammonds on the side of Laud? Is all the meekness gone off with Leighton to the Record, Christian Observer, the Dublin Statesman, and Mr. Townsend?

But of all the single sermons during the last quarter none is to be compared in importance with Dr. Hook's Sermon before the Queen, which, having since delivering gone through so many editions that we have left off counting them, is the most remarkable instance in our time of a religious protest made to high and low, rich and poor. And the plainness and clearness of its statements make it just the sort of composition which should have such a destiny.

Mr. Wilberforce's *Essay on the Parochial System* (Rivingtons) gained the premium of the Christian Influence Society. Little as we like the principle of that Society, we feel much satisfaction in finding it recognizing and approving the sentiments put forward in this little work. It is the plain, serious, clear, and most impressive appeal of a sound Churchman to Englishmen to exert themselves for the increase of the Parochial System up to the present state of our population. Under the circumstances of its publication, we suppose it will be largely circulated, else we should recommend it to the attention of the reader.

Would this same Society had done as well in the prizes awarded to another subject! There is a passage in one of them, which, though not uncommon in this day, is rank Apollinarianism, and gives sad and anxious warning of the (unconscious) growth of heresy among us. The author says, "*Deity* dying in the flesh as the commutation for man's eternal punishment." In like manner the author of *Essays on the Church*, in a new edition of his work, avows Nestorianism, and, we are sorry to say, involves in his implicit heresy others besides himself. "The Christian Knowledge Society," he says, "has latterly erased from one of its publications the phrase 'the Mother of God,' rightly judging it to be Popish." It is easy plausibly to account for such mistakes in the individual instances, but, we may depend on it, there is a more serious leaven at work at bottom.

We welcome with much satisfaction a reprint of Wogan on the Proper Lessons, (Cowie,) a work of a very primitive cast, and full of instructive matter. It is truly a Church of England book. We think our readers will not be sorry to have their attention called to it.

"Plain Conversations concerning the Church of England" is a series of dialogues between a clergyman and one of his farmers, on the Church contrasted with Romanism and Dissent. It is written on the soundest principles and with a good deal of careful research, and is well adapted to give instruction on the important subject it handles.

An unpretending volume of poems has made its appearance, consisting of "Translations from the Lyric Poets of Germany," by Mr. Macray, (Black and Armstrong). They show a good deal of poetical taste, and a power of easy versification.

No. LXXXIII. of Tracts for the Times has appeared under the title of "Advent Sermons on Antichrist."

A pleasing little book has just appeared, called "A Voice from the Tomb" (Longman). It is a sort of lament over the existing state of things; it abounds in beautiful Catholic sentiments, and will interest a great many persons.

A "Companion to the Book of Common Prayer" (Low) is a useful analysis of its contents, with a view of adapting it to private or social devotion.

An instructive Pamphlet written by a Dissenter has reached a second edition, called "What! and who says it?" (Ward). It is to show the coincidence of judgment about the Anglican Church, between Mr. Binney, who thinks that it has destroyed more souls than it has saved, and Dr. Chalmers, &c. &c.

We are very sorry to have to allude again to Dr. Hampden, but the present letter, addressed to a contemporary Magazine, as bearing upon the theological views of the late Mr. Davison, claims a place in our pages.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

"SIR,—I presume to trouble you in consequence of a paragraph in a published letter from Dr. Hampden, the Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which Dr. Hampden states that 'the late Mr. Davison, the highly gifted and excellent author of the "Discourses on Prophecy," had both read and expressly approved his Bampton Lectures.'

"I have the best reason for believing that Dr. Hampden is mistaken in his impression upon the subject. I was never absent from Mr. Davison but for one short interval after the period of the publication of those Lectures, and am well satisfied they were not read by him. Mr. Davison never mentioned the work to me, with approbation or otherwise: and I possess the presentation copy, received in August, 1833, which was *uncut* at the time of Mr. Davison's removal from me, with the exception of *two leaves*; and it remained so till the year 1836, when it was seen by several friends in its unopened state.

"I have thought it hard upon me, and upon the friends of Mr. Davison, that his name should, at a distant period, be implicated in the controversy arising out of these Lectures; and under the circumstances, I felt it to be due to his memory to ask of Dr. Hampden his authority for the assertion contained in the letter to the Archbishop; but to my surprise and mortification, I have had from him a *positive and final refusal*. I am therefore obliged to take the only means within my reach of relieving Mr. Davison from the responsibilities in which Dr. Hampden has involved his name.

"I shall feel obliged to you to give this letter a place in your CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER for the following month.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient humble servant,

"MARY DAVISON."

"College Green, Worcester, 7th August, 1838."

We think it may interest the reader to have a few remarks set before him on the State of Theological Literature at this time in Germany. If we may judge by the space which it occupies in their periodical publications, the discussion caused by Dr. Strauss's late work still excites great interest in that country. Most of our readers are probably aware that this work consists of a critical examination of our Saviour's life, which ends in his

reducing those events which he considers to be based on historical truth to a most meagre outline, and treating as mythical and legendary all those sacred facts on which are built the faith and hope of a Christian. We do not propose to put either ourselves or others to pain, by entering into the nature of Dr. Strauss's theory in detail, but only to make two or three remarks on the general subject, and on the mode in which the controversy is being carried on.

If his views were a mere individual extravagance, they might well be left unnoticed, but it seems to be allowed by many of his countrymen, that they are symptomatic of the tendency of their modern theology, and do but embody its inevitable results. To us it certainly appears that the germ of Dr. Strauss's work lay in such productions as Schleiermacher's essay on the Gospel of St. Luke, only he has had the boldness to extend to the whole history those principles which had before been applied to its outset. And we think we can trace a half-consciousness of this in the minds of that section of German writers who seem to have felt themselves more especially called upon to meet the work in question, and who have done so the most elaborately.

In one of a series of Polemical Tracts, which Dr. Strauss has begun in defence of his work, he divides his opponents into three classes;—the Pietists, or those who believe the Scriptures to be divinely inspired, and that their truth must be received in faith, not submitted to criticism; the pure Rationalists; and an intermediate School, who, proceeding on a supernatural basis, give a large license to criticism in details. As regards their opinion of the matter before us, the first and second classes are easily dismissed. The former considers that the truth of the sacred volume approves itself at once to the spiritual mind, and that not to accept it unreservedly is a moral transgression, to be met by reproof rather than argument. The latter hail all speculation whatever as the only mode whereby truth, hitherto undiscovered, can be evolved. But the third class, which forms, we apprehend, the chief portion of the German learned world, and may not unfairly be taken as the representative of the tone of their Theology, have not so compendious a mode of dealing with the subject. They have given up the possibility of defending every thing in Scripture as literally and historically true; they have admitted the *mythical* principle of interpretation; so that they are obliged to go into the subject, and vindicate each event, which they consider as real, from the grasp of this tide, the floodgates of which they have themselves set open, and which they now find advancing upon them. Whether they will succeed in this attempt; whether they will be able to show that the mythical principle may be admitted, yet the fundamentals of the Gospel-history maintained in their integrity,—that many of the Old Testament miracles, and some of the New, may be given up without detriment to the remainder, is still sub judice. Meanwhile, what a strange and saddening thought it is, that in a neighbouring country the science, which so intimately concerns us, should be in so undetermined a state that the professors of it should feel themselves obliged, on the appearance of every new theory, to lay aside their ordinary studies, and to hasten to its examination; that there should be nothing placed out of the reach of discussion,

no question which may not be re-opened and investigated! What an impediment it must be to the acquisition of learning, what a constant source of labour and anxiety to the disputants, and of excitement and instability to all! And from this thought the mind naturally proceeds to another: Must there not be something radically wrong in a system which affords scope for such extravagances? and what (over and above differences of national character and the like) is our own safeguard against such evils? And when we consider that the fundamental difference between us appears to lie in this—that whereas they contemplate the Bible as a self-dependant and isolated fact, it has been placed in our hands with an accompanying guarantee and testimony of its truth, and its great outlines have been arranged, defined; and fixed for us in the creeds and services of the Church. And if this be so, we cannot but feel apprehension that without this safeguard, that elaborate structure of external and internal evidences, which was raised with such care in the last century, would avail but little against the assaults of scepticism; that whether they furnish in their result proofs intellectually conclusive or no, they would never lead to practical conviction. This consideration should make us thankful for the blessings we of this country enjoy in the Apostolical Church; and we would suggest to those, who, yielding to none in their devotion to the Sacred Scriptures, nay, making such devotion their peculiar watch-word, are disposed to look with jealousy on the upholders of what has been well called “Transmissive Religion,”—whether these last are not in fact fighting their battle for them, only on ground more advantageous than they could themselves occupy? What we mean is, that the spirit which in Germany attacks and questions the authority of Scripture and the credibility of its contents, is one and the same with that which at home impugns the authority of Catholic antiquity, and rejects the doctrines of which it is the witness. And further, that the only *solid and convincing* arguments for the former, have equal force and applicability to the latter; and could they be overthrown in this latter case, and the doctrines which rest upon them discredited, it would only be a signal for a similar attack upon the canon and contents of Scripture itself.

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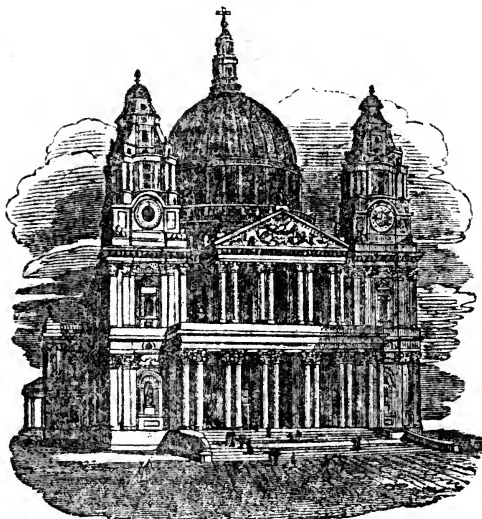
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On the 1st of October price 6s, No. VIII. of

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND Quarterly Review.

[This Periodical is now printed and published by **W. E. Painter**, 342, Strand; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed.]



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW is now firmly established, having obtained a circulation exceeding the most sanguine expectations.

It is to be hoped that a Periodical, professing sound constitutional principles, of liberty and order, will continue to receive that patronage which it well merits, *at this crisis*, from all true lovers of their country. The principles of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW are derived from those truths which, based on the oracles of the Lord, are in the keeping of our Apostolical and Episcopal Establishment. To save that revered Establishment from the subversion meditated by open and covert enemies, many of the most eminent Literati of the day, both Lay and Clerical, have resolved to devote all their energies; and the pages of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW present to the world indubitable evidence of their zeal, ability, and, under God's blessing, their TRIUMPH. The subjoined extracts indicate with what welcome it has been hailed by the public press.

CONTENTS OF No. VIII. FOR OCTOBER.

- ART. I. English Lexicography
- II. Jesuitism and Romanism absolutely identical
- III. National Education
- IV. Protestant Nonconformity
- V. British Connexion with Indian Idolatry
- VI. The History of Sects
- VII. The Political Aspect of Popery.
- VIII. The Nature and Design of Baptism
- IX. The Agreement between Nature and Revelation
- X. The Review of the Session.

GENERAL LITERATURE.—Notices of New Books.—Ecclesiastical Report, containing Original Articles, and a Registry of Ordinations, Preferments, Deaths, &c. &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

Much learning and talent are displayed by our contemporary, who has taken up the cause of the Church with a strong and zealous hand.—“*Literary Gazette*.”

It is impossible to estimate too highly, in times like these, a publication whose purpose is to rally the affections, of our countrymen around the altars of our reformed faith, and fight for its menaced institutions, against the foes who are come up against it on all sides.—“*United Service Gazette*.”

One of the ablest champions is this, in the best of causes. We have often deeply lamented the want of a periodical specially devoted to the advocacy of Protestant principles, and conducted, at the same time, with a zeal and talent which should make it be sought after, and place the interests of Divine truth upon at least a fair footing with the interests of parties, and the principles of worldly philosophy, which find no lack of powerful and richly endowed minds to exert their energies in their behalf.—“*Liverpool Courier*.”

We cordially recommend this work to the notice of our clerical friends in particular. To them it must present attractions of no ordinary character. Indeed to every Churchman its contents must prove interesting.—“*Liverpool Standard*.”

We have often wondered that a body numbering in its ranks so many men of great learning and high talent as the High Church party in this country unquestionably does, should not have possessed a periodical exclusively devoted to its interests. The want has at last been supplied by the work before us; and its conductors have brought with them an extent of erudition and a warmth of zeal worthy of a better cause.—“*Liverpool Chronicle*.”

This is a work which we recommend to the notice of our readers, as eminently calculated to serve the cause of sound religion and good government.—“*Manchester Courier*.”

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW dawns upon us in an auspicious season—its title bespeaks its purport—and the times will furnish it with employment.—“*Manchester Chronicle*.”

Evidently brought out with considerable ability and power.—“*Birmingham Advertiser*.”

It is written in an unaffected but dignified style, befitting the cause it supports; there is no uncalled-for warmth of language or manner; and though the writers are evidently capable of wielding the lash, they but rarely, and then only in flagrant cases, use it.—“*Bristol Journal*.”

The appearance of this periodical, at the present moment is, most welcome; and from the very superficial glance we have taken at its contents, we are inclined to believe that it is conducted in a manner worthy of the high and important cause which it professes to aid.—“*Herald*.”

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW attacks, with no feeble arm, the strongholds of sectarian animosity and deistical sophistry, and holds out cheering promises of ultimate triumph. As the medium of conveying sound information we regard it as peculiarly valuable, and cordially recommend it to favourable notice and efficient support.—“*Chronicle*.”

We hail the appearance of this work as that of a noble champion in the cause of the Established Church; bringing to the glorious banner he comes to defend the aids of sound learning, acute and powerful argument, and the most piercing wit; clothed in the panoply of truth, enabled by the righteousness of its cause above all its adversaries, and confronting their myriad ranks with a hope, and trust, and confidence, which must eventually prevail.—“*Hampshire Advertiser*.”

We claim the support of right thinking men; but especially do we hope that the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY**, containing all the politico-religious information of the quarter, and upholding Conservative policy on Church-of-England principles, will meet with general support from all those who are not ashamed of their cause—the good old cause of Church and King.—“*Cambridge Chronicle*.”

In a former paper we drew the attention of our readers to this excellent publication. A more intimate acquaintance with the whole of its contents enables us to confirm the opinion we then expressed, that it must take a very high rank in the periodical literature of the day. The various articles are written with great vigour and talent; and, did our space permit, we could enrich our columns with extracts on matters of religion, politics, and literature which would afford brilliant and intellectual specimens of genius and philosophy, that cannot fail to command the notice and approbation of those who are desirous of upholding the matchless institutions of the empire. We heartily wish the **CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW** the success it so well deserves.—“*Nottingham Journal*.”

This is a work which is likely to supply a long felt deficiency. Many as have been the different styles of periodicals devoted to religion, and praiseworthy as they mostly are, we do not remember having met with one exclusively devoted to the criticism of sacred literature before this, and we are happy to give our mead of praise to the able manner in which the design of the projectors is carried out.—“*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.”

Such a periodical was demanded by the awakened zeal of the nation upon all the subjects which involve its more exalted interests.—“*Worcester Guardian*.”

The learning, genius, and vigorous intellect displayed, entitles it to high rank in the numerous list of periodicals.—“*Courier*.”

A very able work, containing some excellent articles.—“*Doncaster Chronicle*.”

As Conservatives, and warm admirers of our venerable Church, we hail with pleasure the production of a work which has for its object the promotion of sound piety, and which makes a stand against those enemies of our Zion, by exposing the fallacy of their doctrines and the speciousness of their arguments.—“*Ipswich Journal*.”

We heartily wish it success, and recommend it to the notice of every member of the Church of England.—“*Chester Gazette*.”

As Christians, as Englishmen, as patriots, and dutiful sons of the Church of England, we congratulate the right-minded portion of the public on the appearance of this most able, loudly called-for, and well-timed production.—“*Stockport Advertiser*.”

For the sake of its own high objects, it has our hearty good wishes; and we shall watch its progress with deep interest, and give such aid thereto as our report and encouragement from time to time is able to bestow.—“*Surrey Standard*.”

It is an unquestionable duty of every Conservative to encourage this useful and well-timed periodical.—“*Standard*.”

There can be no doubt of the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW** speedily becoming a most effective medium for disseminating sound views and principles of the gravest consideration, in our present religious and political position. We consider we are awarding no small praise, when we state that the articles in this number are written with that christian forbearance (without a particle of indecision,) which so well accords with the title of the work, and the cause which it is established to advocate.—“*Halifax Guardian*.”

To the grave, solid, consistent member, of our orthodox Establishment, the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW** will be likely to be a welcome book.—“*Sheffield Mercury*.”

This is an uncompromising and able work, zealous in the defence of the Church of England, and a formidable antagonist to those who would assail the Church Establishment.—“*Hereford Journal*.”

We welcome the appearance of this periodical publication; with the object and general principles of the Review we most heartily concur, and, from the learning and talent displayed we anticipate that the friends of the Church will endeavour to secure to it a corresponding success.—“*Advertiser*.”

We heartily wish success to the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW**. It advocates a good cause—the cause of our ecclesiastical and civil institutions—of virtue, of religion, and of public order.—“*Edinburgh Advertiser*.”

The magnificent periodical before us is destined, we apprehend, to be of signal service; not only to the Church, of which it is the authorised organ, but to the cause of religion and liberty.—“*Glasgow Constitutional*.”

That it will do much good in England we cannot doubt; but our anxiety is to make the Churchmen of Scotland familiar with its high and nobly-sustained pretensions; and we beg to assure its conductors that they may count upon us as amongst their firmest and best friends.—“*Courier*.”

We trust the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY**, so auspiciously begun, may be received by the right-thinking portion of the community according to its deserts, and that it may continue long and prosperously to fill the useful office of a Christian Conservative Review.—“*Dublin University Magazine*.”

Every Conservative, as well as every community of the Established Church, should patronize this Review. Should? we are sorry that a word so injurious to them should have escaped us—we will entertain no doubt but that they will. We trust that the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND REVIEW** will become one of the permanent pillars of our Literature.—“*Metropolitan Magazine*.”

TO ADVERTISERS.—When it is considered that **THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW** comes under the notice of Persons of Rank, Opulence, and Respectability, and who are the most likely to become purchasers, it must be acknowledged to be an excellent medium for Advertisements.

On the First of every month, in 8vo, price SIXPENCE,

The Churchman Magazine,



IN DEFENCE OF THE VENERABLE CHURCH AND CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

THE widely extended circulation which THE CHURCHMAN has enjoyed ever since its commencement, renders it unnecessary to even state the principles upon which it has been hitherto conducted. But as in December last it passed (by purchase from Mr. M. A. Gathercole) into the hands of the present Proprietor, who has continued it in a new and Enlarged Series, he respectfully begs to give the assurance that it will still continue to illustrate and defend the holy principles of which it has ever been the firm and zealous advocate.

In the Prospectus issued previously to its establishment, it was stated that the main object of THE CHURCHMAN "would invariably be, to present to the minds of the great mass of our fellow countrymen, information and arguments in defence and support of the grand and distinguishing principles of the Church of England, under the conviction that she is 'built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, JESUS CHRIST himself being the chief corner-stone;' and satisfied that her form of Government, her Discipline, Articles, and Services, are based upon GOD'S most holy word." Such was the object of THE CHURCHMAN at its commencement; such has its object hitherto been; such it is at present; and such it will continue to be. And no sound and devoted Member of our Apostolic and Scriptural Church will say that it is less necessary now than ever, to use unwearied diligence in the defence of our Christian Rights and Liberties. Dissent, though crest-fallen, has yet extensive influence in active exertion; and Popery is becoming like "a ramping and roaring lion" amongst us; and as the adherents of these religious extremes encourage and unite with Infidels and other political Republicans of the Country, we have a formidable array of enemies, who must be overcome by the irrefutable arguments which, as Churchmen, we are, or ought to be, able to produce. These arguments will continue to be brought forward in THE CHURCHMAN, from time to time, with firmness and courage, tempered with moderation and Christian charity; and we trust with the same success as heretofore. The Scriptural command—"Fear God: honour the King,"—is our motto, and to induce obedience thereto, our object; because all the evils under which our Church and Country are now suffering are undeniably to be attributed to disobedience to this short command.

The following Portraits have already appeared:—Archbishop of Canterbury in February number. Bishop Beveridge, in April number. Bishop of Exeter, in July.

* * All communications must be addressed "To the EDITORS OF THE CHURCHMAN," (and not by name) at the Office, 342, Strand.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE CHURCHMAN, with one exception, has, during the last three years, had the largest circulation of the Church Magazines; and it is hoped its number will soon exceed that of the Methodist Magazine (17,000) among Wesleyans, and the Evangelical Magazine (14,000) among Congregational and other Dissenters. Advertisements of Livings, Curacies, New Churches, Institutions, Anniversaries, New Books, Teachers, Clerks, Apprentices, Servants and other Situations, Medicines, Sales, and Miscellanies, for the Churchman for next month, must be sent to Painter's General Printing and Publishing Office, 342, Strand, by the 27th inst. if from the Country, free of postage, and accompanied by a reference for payment in London.

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THE CHURCHMAN FOR AUGUST.—This periodical has lately changed its form and management, but has lost none of its neatness of appearance, and none of its excellence as a defender of the Protestant Church and Constitution. *We should indeed say that it has materially improved in both these respects.* These publications are indeed most valuable, and ought to be generally encouraged.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

THE CHURCHMAN, FOR AUGUST, contains most valuable information on points connected with our faith and practice, as Protestants of the Church of England. The original papers on the late Coronation, cannot fail to interest and amuse; they are given in addition to the general matter contained in each monthly number.—*Advertiser*.

THE CHURCHMAN, JULY, 1838.—*We are glad to see that this periodical is characterised by a better spirit than formerly.* This number contains several very interesting articles, among which we would enumerate the excellent biographical notice of the Bishop of Exeter—"The Church of England Independent;" "The New Marriage Act;" "The Reading Desk;" "The Pulpit;" and "The Sayings and Doings of Old Time." We may add that the price of the *Churchman* places it within the reach of every class in the community.—*Standard*, July, 1838.

THE CHURCHMAN FOR AUGUST.—This is one of the publications which the present times peculiarly call for. Its object is to defend our wise and happy constitution, and especially that branch of it upon which the value and stability of the whole depend—the venerable, orthodox, and tolerant Established Church. And the work is as ably executed as it is opportunely conceived. On the important subject of ecclesiastical history it possesses ample information; and it judiciously brings its resources to bear upon those points where information is most sought for and likely to be most beneficial. "The Church of England independent of the Church of Rome in all Ages" is an article of this description, of much merit, evincing deep research, and opening up a train of enquiry pregnant with consequences of universal interest. The occasional portraits and biographical sketches of eminent Churchmen, of whom three, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Beveridge, and the Bishop of Exeter, have appeared in the course of the present year, agreeably vary the contents of the work, and will materially assist in rendering it popular. The engravings are in the first style of art, and the memoirs are drawn up with a skilful hand. Altogether this is a publication which, from its ability, no less than its cheapness, ought to be extensively patronised by all supporters of the Church and of Church principles.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

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THE CHURCHMAN: a Monthly Magazine in defence of the Church and Constitution.—The number for this month (July) contains an animated sketch and an admirable engraving of the Bishop of Exeter, together with several minor papers that fully entitle it to the name it adopts—a Magazine defensive of the venerable Church and Constitution of England. There is also an interesting account of the details of the procession and religious ceremony of the recent Coronation. Books of this kind, whose tendencies are so beneficial, especially deserve the encouragement of a discerning public.—*Stockport Advertiser*, July, 1838.

THE CHURCHMAN, an interesting monthly periodical, published by Painter, Strand, contains in its number for July, a memoir of the Bishop of Exeter, with a very admirable likeness of that distinguished prelate. *The Churchman* is a cheap publication (being only 6d.), but it is cheap and good—it is worth its price. We can safely recommend it to our readers.—*Dublin Record*, July.

THE CHURCHMAN for July. **PAINTER.**—This number contains a fine portrait of the Bishop of Exeter, in canonicals, with a Memoir. It also contains several valuable papers in reference to the interests of the Church.—*Worcester Journal*, July, 1838.

THE CHURCHMAN.—We recommend to the notice of our readers a Monthly Periodical, called "*The Churchman*." The sound Church views, the loyal and patriotic principles it advocates, are such, that we heartily wish it the success it deserves.—*Coventry Mercury*.

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REV. MESSRS.—Domains, Whitfield, Stillingfleet, Venn, J. Wesley, Walter Shirley, Newton (Olney), James Hervey, Rowland Hill, Cornelius Winter, Borridge, Hawksworth, Venner, De Courcy, Ingham, Broughton, Clayton, Grimshawe, Lindsay, Griffith Jones, Jones of Llangan, Cennick, Fletcher of Madeley, Darracott, Wills, Jenkins, Townsend, Cecil, Foster, Madan, White, Howell Davies, Rowland, Williams, Cradock Glasscott, Jesse, Johnson, Buckingham, Bambury, Mead, Going, Ryland, Moody, Edwards, Pentycross, Piercy, Roberts, Richards, Scoles, Cooke, Marsh, Howell Harris, Plenderleth, Brewer, Bentley, Vines, Hogg, Talbot, Hon. G. Beresford, Aldridge, Holmes, Winkworth, White, Toplady, &c.

Admiral Oliver, General Hotham, General Oglethorpe, Colonel Phillips, Colonel Despard, Colonel Gardiner, Captain Scott, Captain Joss: Messrs. Pitt, Fox, Lyttleton, Swift, Pope, Akenside, Townshend, Cruttenden, Shirley, George Coleman, Beau Nash, Shawe, Capel Loft, Maturin, Taylor, &c.

HEADS OF THE FIRST EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—Antiquity of the House of Shirley, Early Life of Lady Huntingdon, Marriage, Character of the Earl of Huntingdon, Lady Margaret Hastings.

CHAPTER II.—Lord Huntingdon, Bishop of Gloucester, Lady Anne Frankland, Dr. Young, Lady Fanny Shirley, House of Lords, Hammond, the Poet, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Anecdotes, Duchess of Buckingham, Duchess of Queensberry, Lord Oxford, Lady Hinchinbroke.

CHAPTER III.—Lay Preaching: Mr. Maxwell, Fetter-lane Society, Conduct of the Bishops, Pluralities, Bishop Burnett, Mr. Mitchell, Anecdotes, David Taylor, General Baptists, Mr. Bennet.

CHAPTER IV.—Mr. Simpson, Mr. Graves, Lord Huntingdon, Mr. Wesley, Miss Cooper, Letters; Mr. Jones of Fommon Castle, Conversion and Death of a poor Woman, Donnington Park, Dr. Watts, Mr. Blair, Colonel Gardiner, Letters.

CHAPTER V.—Lay Preachers, Death of Lady Huntingdon's Sons, George and Ferdinando Hastings, First Methodist Conference, Dr. Doddridge, Letters from Lady Huntingdon, Mr. Jones, the Pretender, Lord Carteret, George II., Death of Colonel Gardiner, Letters to Mr. Wesley, Dr. Doddridge, and Charles Wesley.

CHAPTER VI.—Death of the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir John Thorold, Lady Huntingdon's Piety, Letters to Dr. Doddridge, Lady Kilmorey, Duchess of Somerset, Welsh Preachers, Lady Frances Hastings, Mrs. Edwin.

CHAPTER VII.—Lady Huntingdon and Mr. Wesley, Mr. Whitfield arrives in England, Preaches at Lady Huntingdon's, Letters, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bolingbroke, Anecdotes of Whitefield's Preaching, Whitefield appointed Lady Huntingdon's Chaplain, Christian Soldiers, Bishop of Exeter, Colonel Gumley, Mr. Edwin, Lord St. John, Lady Suffolk, Lord Chesterfield, Scotch Nobility, Anecdotes, Lady Townshend, English Nobility at Lady Huntingdon's, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Marmaduke Gwynne.

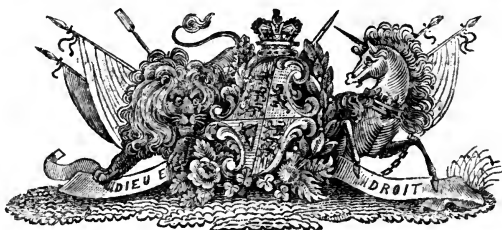
CHAPTER VIII.—Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Gill, Mr. Darracott, the young Lord Huntingdon, Lord Chesterfield, the Jews, German Ministers, an Impostor, David Levi, Lady Fanny Shirley, Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Wesley, Ashby-place, Mr. Baddeley, Lady Huntingdon's illness, Lady Anne Hastings, Mr. Hervey, Bishop of Exeter, Mr. Thompson, Duke of Somerset, Mr. Moses Bruce, Bishop Lavington.

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